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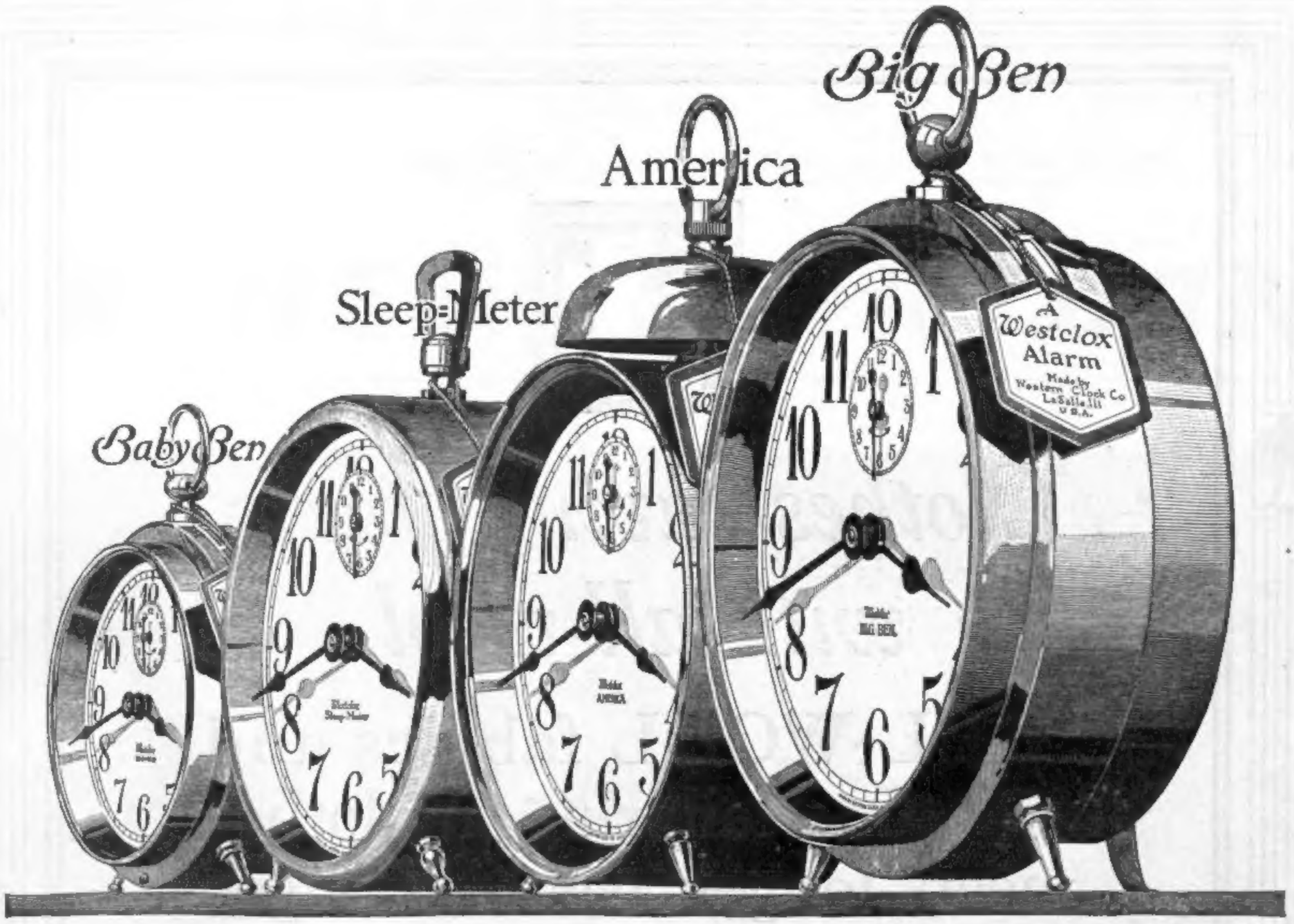

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THE NEW FAIRYLAND

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ONE gathers from our best magazines that science has at last married spiritualism and made a lady of her. And thirty, twenty, even ten years ago, who could have guessed it would happen? In those days the bride was widely thought to be no better than she should be; a creature of the dark; venal, shifty, devious; looked upon askance by the gendarmery. She was not even intellectually respectable. Yet to-day her detractors are abashed to hear the names of the distinguished men of science who have brought about this amazing marriage. And the bride lolls respectably in the laboratories of these shrewd men and is declared to have been always what she should be. And I am wondering what brought science to this strange espousal. Did the bride reform, or did the groom wax tolerant?

Certainly it is no longer seemly of a layman to attack the lady's integrity. When Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes and Russel Wallace and Professor Hyalop and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and "at least fifty professors in various seats of learning," according to the latter gentleman, affirm that our dead communicate with us through raps and automatic writing, that they may be seen materialized as we knew them in the flesh, that they speak through the lips of others but in their own tones and accents, that they speak directly through trumpets hung in midair by no human hands, that they levitate heavy bodies and remove sleeved garments from mediums whose hands are clenched by possible skeptics—the time has come, it seems to me, either to refute these scientists with better science or to admit that the lady is all she pretends to be.

I for one have not the science to do this refuting. So for present purposes I concede the genuineness of all psychic phenomena. And what then? Well, it is like this: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle lately said, "Too much attention has been paid to the telephone bell and not enough to the message." That is, we have been so lost in amazement at the wonders of spirit communication itself, so engrossed in the startling phenomena of materialization, spirit voices, spirit photography and table rapping, that we have given too little thought to what Sir Arthur and other eminent scientists and thinkers herald as a new revelation. And I agree with Sir Arthur. I believe it is high time to consider this new revelation—which many go so far as to call a new gospel—as it comes from our spirit friends. Let us look first at the spirit world as Sir Arthur himself has learned of it. It is in brief our own world perfected. There is action for the man of action; intellectual work for the thinker; artistic, literary, dramatic and religious work for those who like it. Age disappears and the individual "reverts to the full normal growth and appearance of completed manhood or womanhood." That is, we shall all be about twenty-five years old. And there will be no deformity or bodily weakness. "It is a world of sympathy. All is sweet and peaceful. It is the rest cure after the nervous strain of life. Happy circles live in pleasant homesteads with every amenity of beauty and music. Beautiful gardens, lovely flowers, green woods, pleasant lakes, domestic pets."

These are fully described in the messages of spirits who have "at last got news back to those who loiter in the old dingy home." "Everything has its earthly equivalent. Scoffers have guffawed over alcohol and tobacco, but"—and here we detect scientific reasoning as distinguished from the reasoning of those who are not scientists—"if all things are reproduced it would be a flaw if these were not reproduced also."

The conclusion seems flawless. Sir Arthur has proved in a perfectly scientific manner that alcohol and tobacco are reproduced in the spirit land. If all things are reproduced of course these will be.

Sir Arthur continues to reason with that cold lucidity we should have expected from the author of Sherlock Holmes: "If a human being has technical, literary, musical or other tendencies, they are an essential part of his character and to survive without them would be to lose his identity. But it is no use their surviving unless they can find means of expression, and means of expression seem to require certain material agents and also a discriminating audience. So also a sense of modesty has become a part

of our very selves and implies some covering of our forms if personality is to continue. Our desires and sympathies would prompt us to live with those we love, which implies something in the nature of a house, while the human need for mental rest and privacy would predicate the existence of separate rooms. Thus merely starting from the basis of continuity of personality one might even, without the revelations from the beyond, have built up some such system by the use of pure reason and deduction."

Indeed, yes, one might have! And I give another bit of Sir Arthur's keen reasoning to show how much more scientific he is than the run of us. He speaks of earth-bound spirits—"the ghosts who impinge very closely upon matter and have been seen so often by those who have no psychic sense. It is probable from what we know of the material laws that govern such matters that a ghost could never manifest itself if it were alone; that the substance for the manifestation is drawn from the spectator and that the coldness, raising of the hair and other symptoms of which he complains are caused largely by the sudden drain upon his vitality."

Surely this is a valuable addition to our lore of the haunted house, coming as it does from a clear-headed man of science. Sir Arthur himself once visited a haunted house where the manifestation was said to take the form of a loud noise. He did not hear the noise, but later the skeleton of a child was exhumed from the grounds; and Sir Arthur says the supernatural racket reported to occur in the house would indicate that the child had died a violent death.

Here again the scientific mind solves a problem that might have puzzled the unlearned. I have always wondered if it occurred to Sir Arthur that by his own reasoning—deaths by violence being thus attested—we should now be deafened by the racket from a certain long battle line. When next he is in the totally darkened room of his favorite medium, listening to the voices of his spirit friends as they issue from the tin trumpet held in midair by no mortal hands, I wish he would ask about this. If a small child could make so much noise from having died a death of violence, what should not the dead of Flanders do?

Sir Arthur feels bound to believe these delightful reports of the other plane because the same spirits who bring them have told him truths of our own world. As he says: "I repeat—and it cannot be too often repeated—that if a spirit can tell the truth about a sphere not its own it is not conceivable that it can be wholly mistaken about the one in which it is actually living."

Is not this an inspired flash of deduction or induction—or something?

Anyway, it is a delightfully perfect world that the spirit voices lay open to Sir Arthur and to us—a world in which there is no pain, no struggle, no failure. But what needs to be pointed out right here is that all of us will go there the moment we come to believe in its existence. Who would endure life in this squalid tenement when a lovely palace awaited him across the way? Has Sir Arthur taken thought of this? Does he ever reflect that the doctrine he now preaches will depopulate this poor old earth if ever it prevails?

Incomprehensible Simplicity

BUT let us look further into this land of promise. Let us consider the words of one Henry Talbot, coming to us through the courtesy of Mr. Basil King. Why writers of fiction should be so highly favored by our spiritual messengers has not yet been explained by them. Anyway, Henry Talbot is the name given by his sponsor to one "well-known throughout Europe and America."

And what he has to tell us is said by his sponsor to be "beautiful and strange," with "a luminous clarity of beauty." Henry Talbot says his special mission is "to regenerate the world." He refers to himself as "holding the lamp." He adds: "It hurts me when I try in vain and all turn from me." Let us see, then, what we can see by the light of Henry Talbot's lamp.

His spirit world at first appears to be rather like the world reported to Doctor Doyle. It is our own poor world made perfect—a world where pain and failure are not.

"Only the natural happens here," says Henry—and adds that we of the earth "are profoundly ignorant of the most obvious natural laws."

It is, by the way, a thing to note that our spirit friends constantly remind us of our ignorance and their own superior knowledge, often doing this in a vastly superior manner.

Henry Talbot has been questioned about those passing to the other plane by accident.

"There is," he says, "no reason why a person cannot be under water a long time and yet live, but you have willed to believe drowning the inevitable consequence of such experience. Persons who die violent deaths do so because of the ignorance which you still entertain regarding natural laws. They are killed by your belief that life has become impossible to them."

Here we get a taste of Henry's mental quality. A belief that one would drown under water became fixed in the mind before any case of drowning had occurred. Oxygen became necessary to the life of our tissues only when we came to believe it necessary. Even our simian forebears must have believed oxygen necessary to their survival, otherwise they could have remained under water like the fishes. And a man thoroughly mangled in a railway accident dies because we believe that life has become impossible to him.

Well, indeed, has Henry Talbot reminded us that we are ignorant of the most obvious natural laws.

And now his sponsor became worried about the survival in that perfect beyond of savage beasts and noisome insects. But Henry reassures him:

"You have pushed them about with evil forces and displaced their energies. Conform yourselves to harmony and they will quickly find their rightful areas of action and help rather than hinder you."

And how are we to conform ourselves to harmony in order that there shall no longer

be death by drowning or falls from high places, and in order that the rattlesnake, the boll weevil and the typhoid bacillus may find their rightful areas of action and help rather than hinder us? This is what Henry has come to teach us and what he seems to believe he is teaching us—and he is highly desirous that his lessons should be published in a book—but somehow I am left wondering just how and why it was that Henry Talbot became "well-known throughout Europe and America."

One of the fears his sponsor early confides to Henry is that since all the life that has ever passed from this earth now survives on the other plane the result might be a condition of overcrowding. But Henry is equal to a simple problem like this. He aptly reminds Mr. King that "There is infinity to live in and space has no limits."

How simple these mysteries are when once explained.

We learn further from Henry that the better sort on the other side are engaged in healing, teaching, building; but healing what, teaching what, building what—these things we never, never learn. But perhaps this is due to "our limited comprehension of what is spiritual."

Spiritual is a word highly favored by our friends from across the border. They use it, apparently, when they can't think of any other word, yet my own poor mind is unable to grasp the meaning they attach to it. I can understand Sir Arthur's belief that he will need and will have suitable garments to clothe his spiritual body in a modest manner, but what does Henry Talbot mean when he says "The spiritual is the breath of all action not only on that plane but on this"?

Again we are told that spirituality is rhythmical. "Spiritual thoughts are transmitted quickly by the waves of rhythm and reach us here."

Henry's sponsor having been caught by the phrase "waves of rhythm"—which it seems to me would catch almost anyone—asks: "Have the waves of rhythm any connection with the Hertzian waves?"

"It is the same principle," says Henry in his best manner, "only that the Hertzian waves have been discovered by science whereas these waves discover science to you."

This made a neat sentence and one that Henry's sponsor seemed to believe meant something, for he did not press for particulars as to what science these waves of rhythm discover to us.

Going "over there" is not only easy but beautiful, according to Henry, and each newcomer is very soon engaged "in the conscious development of spiritual forces."

Sparrows and Ants Exchange Thoughts

THIS appears to be the only work on the other plane, and Henry says, "the plant, the animal, the human being and the being that has never been incarnated share in it all."

"There are those who have the sympathy which qualifies them to deal with the flowers, tending their spiritual beauty and development," says Henry. One who in this life was even "severe, taciturn and grim," says "we do the flowers." But "We do not grow weary," says Henry. "We rest often. Sometimes we sleep because it is so lovely, as we sometimes eat."

Of the animals, who all go over, he remarks: "Here they do not have to drag things. No living thing does anything against its own will."

"You are living our life with the limitations of the flesh." Yet they sleep and eat. Also, "Anything that we desire can be at once created, for material substance is the agglomeration of force, which is one of our attributes."

This, to my mind, reaches nearly the intellectual height of "waves of rhythm." It makes me glad of the reassurance that over there "We cannot make mistakes because the light is too strong to allow of anyone's missing the way."

Then Henry tells much about thought exchange, which is the approved method of communication over there, speech being a clumsy device used only by newcomers for a little time. Thought exchange, as might have been expected, has much to do with Henry's waves of rhythm. The animals are more sensitive to waves of rhythm than we are and as a result are even now our superiors in thought exchange. Henry has imparted some secrets about this to Mr. King. Says the latter: "He says very plainly, in words which I am not yet at liberty to quote," that the world is full of thought exchange, citing dogs, sparrows and ants in their use of it.

At one place Henry says plainly that they over there cannot see evil on our plane—they see only blanks where evil exists. Later he indicates that they recognize evil and fear it. He begs of his sponsor, "Do not talk to them of evil, for it would keep them back in their development."

And I find Henry interesting about the mission of the various nations of earth. He tells the mission of each, but I will pause only for that of Canada.

"The Canadians have a mission for which they have been specially selected. They are to represent the Anglo-Saxon God idea. Their task will be one of production. It is not yet clear to me just how, but they will represent God. They understand the mission of sex better than any people and this will be the kernel of their greatness."

Asked what he meant by understanding the mission of sex better than any people, Henry replied: "The men are more intelligent toward the women and have more intuitive tenderness."

And at that point I shut Henry off in order to wager a large sum of money with myself that Henry Talbot—or some one—first saw in Canada the light of this earth plane.

(Continued on Page 162)

THE ZEBRA MULE

By Harry Snowden Stabler

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

SHORTLY after sunup of a warm clear October morning, in those days when there were no such things as coke, craps, gin shorts and lynchings, a negro boy riding a thoroughbred saddle mare descended a rough narrow road which joined the Shenandoah Valley Pike a half mile ahead.

The pair would have attracted instant attention anywhere, even in that land of negroes and good horses. Save for a white spot about the size of an old-fashioned copper cent set square between her soft intelligent eyes, the mare's coat was of the color and peculiar sleekness of the newly ripe chestnut that still hangs in the open bur. She wore nothing in the shape of a bit or bridle except a headstall, which lay coiled round her neck and against her chest.

The rider, a lank loose-jointed boy about twenty years of age, sat astride of an old meal sack. He was barefooted, his shoes being slung over his shoulder in a bag made of bed ticking. An old slouch hat had been turned upside down and pressed over the crown of his head at a distinctly rakish angle. The ginger-cake colored features were half hidden behind hands cupped over a wide humorous mouth, from which issued the rollicking strains of Old Dan Tucker—he who got drunk, then "fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk"—done on a harmonica in such ragtime as no white man can ever hope to imitate.

He leaned far back, with eyes half closed, his body swaying to the syncopated rhythm of the tune as if in a mocking bird's ecstasy over its own music, while the mare picked her own way down the deeply gutted road toward the pike.

The creaking of an oxcart brought the negro out of his trance at the junction of the two roads.

"Wait a minit, hoss; whut's yo' hurry?" he said, as though addressing another person. The mare stopped, sidled over on the edge of the road, snipping at a bit of dusty grass.

"When you hit de pike turn ter de right an' keep a-goin'," he said with a smile, quoting aloud his last informant. "Me an' you done come a long ways, hoss. An' hit look ter me like we's mos' got ter whar we's gwine. Marse Sam say we got ter git dar on Thursday 'cause 'twuz her birfday, an' dat's ter-day. Lemme tell you sump'n, hoss—ef me an' you gits ez good a home ez de one we lef' ——"

He eyed the approaching oxcart and its occupants—some five or six negro women and children, all in their Sunday best. An elderly negro, a long hickory switch in his hand, sat on the front of the cart, his feet resting on the tongue. As the clumsy long-horned brutes came swaying and scuffing along, a mile or so an hour, the boy rode up alongside.

"Kin you tell me how fur 'tis f'm hyar ter Cunnel Byrd's place?"

"Does you mean Cunnel Tip Byrd, whut live at de place dey call Tranquil'ty?" the negro inquired. "Lawd! Dat's 'bout twenty mile f'm hyar. You won't git dar dis day," he laughed; "not ef you gwine ter de sukkus."

"De whut?" the boy said, moving closer to the cart to allow two white folks' carriages to pass. "De whut?"

"Whar you come f'm, nigger, w'ich you don' know nuthin' 'bout de sukkus come ter town?" one of them jeered.

The word "circus" would have had no meaning for the boy on horseback even if his mind had not been sadly preoccupied with the disagreeable news that there were twenty miles yet to go. He leaned forward slightly, shifting the meal sack under him.

"How fur ter town?" he asked, ignoring the woman's sarcasm with a glance over her head.

"'Bout five mile, straight on," the driver answered; and turned to remark: "An' dat's 'bout fur ez he'll git dis day, I reck'n."

"Twenty mile 'fo' sundown, hoss. You heerd dat, didn' you? I'm hongry, an' you is too. Move erlong."

The mare at a touch of his hand on her neck broke from a walk into a rapid single-foot. Another carriage followed by a buggy passed him in a cloud of dust. Ahead of them two white boys on horseback turned into the pike.

"Seem ter me like er heap o' people on dis road, hoss; all uv 'em goin' de same way, too," the rider observed. "Wonder whut dat sassy nigger 'ooman mean when she say 'sukkus'?"

Round a bend in the pike a mile farther on he brought the mare up short with a sudden "Whoa, hoss!" to stare at the pictured answer to his question, pasted on the side of a tobacco barn which stood a few yards back from the road.

To the huge colorful posters of to-day the small two-sheet affair, printed from woodcuts, was like a lady's handkerchief compared to a double blanket. With so little perspective and color how could an entire World's Congress of Wild and Savage Beasts be pictured upon such a small poster? Yet there they all were. Upon the top of what seemed to be an immense cliff the lordly king of beasts roared an open-mouthed defiance to all the lesser beasts packed close below him. Off at one side a springbok sprang into the air, wrapped in the coils of a huge python. Below them, near the bottom, an elephant with upraised trunk was trying to defend itself from the Royal Bengal tiger whose teeth and claws were fastened onto the huge creature's back, while the elephant's mate was trampling another tiger under its feet. The branch of a tree which grew out from the side of the cliff bent under the weight of a dozen monkeys chattering with fright at the leopard crawling out to bite them. On the bank of the river which ran round the base of the cliff a rhinoceros had got the best of a lion by impaling him on one of his two horns. And out of the river rose a hippopotamus—the huge Blood-Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ—its enormous wide-opened jaws about to crush a canoe full of men who were trying to capture it.

Some of these terrible animals and their doings the pop-eyed negro had seen in the white children's books back yonder in Appomattox. But never had he imagined anything like what he saw on the other sheet. There were strangely dressed men and women doing all sorts of things away up in the air—hanging head down from swings and jumping from one ring to another. One woman who looked as if she was naked—he knew she was a woman by her long hair flying straight out behind her—came flying through the air, to be caught by the outstretched hand of a man who hung from a swing by the very tips of his toes.

Down below, running round in a sort of circle, were two horses without saddles or bridles. One had a woman standing straight upon its back; she looked as if she was kissing her hand to the man on the other horse. He was standing on one foot; the other one was stuck straight out—and both horses running as hard as they could too. But funniest of all—in the middle of the circle on the ground—was a fat man with a high sharp-pointed hat and spots all over his clothes, riding a little bit of a mule so small that the man's feet almost dragged the ground. And all round were hundreds of folks looking. Though the negro could not read, his eyes missed no detail of all these wonderful things. Vehicles of all kinds passed by unnoticed until the dust almost obscured the pictures.

"Great Day, Man! Don' be So Evil-Minded. You's Got ter Make de 'Lowances"

"Hit mus' be de sukkus whut dat sassy nigger talk 'bout," he exclaimed with quickened pulses. "Come on hoss, les' be movin'!"

Three miles farther on they breasted the top of a long hill. Below, a mile or more away, the town lay almost hidden among the trees, while on the far edge of it was a big white tent—or rather two tents, one smaller than the other. Flags were stuck all over them like candles in a birthday cake.

"Dat's it, hoss, sho ez you bawn." He slid to the ground, took his shoes out of the bag and put them on, sticking the bag in his pocket. The mare jerked her head away as he sought to put the rope bit in her mouth.

"Look hyar, hoss," he argued, one hand gripping her forelock, "you ain' nuvver bin 'way f'm home but twice, is you? Nor suh, you know you ain't. An' you reckerlec' whut happen when you seed dat steam ingine dat day, don't you? Ef you don't, I does. An' you don' know whut you's gwine ter see down yonder—ner me, nuther," he added to himself with an excited grin.

He backed the mare into a corner of the snake fence, slipped the rope into her mouth and was on his way—Marse Sam back in Appomattox and the young lady up the road, whose birthday was to-day, clean gone from his mind.

The streets of the small town were packed and jammed with people, white and black; with every sort of rig and animal that could pull and carry them—from the single oxcart to the carriage of the plantation owner. Even the stagecoach from Washington had been tied up for the day.

"Bofe stables full up," said a negro in answer to the boy's inquiry. "Howsomuvver, you mout try it," he added with a glance at the mare. "Nex' street down an' turn ter de lef'."

The stableman had no room and not enough feed to last him out the day, he said, appraising both horse and rider carefully.

"Mighty likely-looking mare," he commented as both were about to turn away. "Who does she belong to?"

The negro hesitated. He didn't really know whether she belonged to his Marse Sam or to the young lady up the road; and he didn't want to make any mistake talking about Marse Sam's business.

"What your name, boy?" the man demanded peremptorily, eying him closely.

"Who, me, suh? My name Sawney; Sawney Mason, suh. I jes' come f'm App'mattox County an' I'm takin' de mare ter Cunnel Byrd's place; dey tell me 'tis 'bout fifteen mile f'm hyar. Ise got ter git sumpn' fer her an' me ter eat."

He felt for a letter in his pocket to help identify him, but changed his mind when the man said, "I reckon I can take care of anything that belongs to him. Why didn't you say that at first? Here, Jupiter," he called down the long line of stalls, "take that horse out of Box Stall Number One and put this mare in. Twenty-five cents for the feed."

Sawney alighted and thrusting his hand into a breeches pocket drew forth a thin roll of shinplasters wrapped round a barlow knife. There were five of them, one fifty-cent and four twenty-five-cent notes. One of the latter he gave to the man, saying noncommittally that he would be back before long. At the door of the kitchen in the rear of the road house across the street another twenty-five-cent note procured an ample snack, together with the information from the cook that "de sukkus ticket orfice open at ha'f past twelve, an' de 'formance start at ha'f past one"; also that there was to be another performance at half past seven and that he could get another snack for another quarter.

By the time Sawney had swallowed the last mouthful he had joined the biggest crowd he had ever seen—milling round in the dust and standing in front of the ticket wagons, one for white and one for black.

It was the first full-fledged combination of circus and menagerie to try to tour the country away from the towns along the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, where it had undergone a surprisingly quick evolution from the itinerant minstrel, acrobatic and pantomime shows with French clowns from New Orleans.

The tents were pitched in a flat meadow bordered beyond by a branch, which was half dry in the ten days' lack of rain, but with enough running water for the half a

"Was I Ridin' Dat Mule or Didn' I? I Sho Was! An' ef I Rid 'Im—Who Dat Mule B'long Ter?"

hundred horses picketed in the space between it and the tents, which was roped off to keep the crowd away.

Unable to get near the ticket wagon, half choked with dust, Sawney sought the branch, and then forgot his thirst in admiration for the horses. One line of them was strung out just inside the protecting rope.

"Gret Jiminy! All kind o' hosses whut's in dis worl'. Some uv 'em sho mus' be painted!" the boy exclaimed as he went on down the line.

At the very end, near the branch, he stopped suddenly, like a pointer in the stubble, his gaze fixed on a little mule no bigger than the small Shetland pony picketed near by. His legs and sides were distinctly striped, especially the legs; a wide blacker stripe extended along his back from tail to shoulder. His ears, even longer than those of a full-grown mule, were drooped over his half-closed, sleepy-looking eyes, as though he were weary of all this world. But a front leg suddenly flashing up and down like a steel spring to drive the flies away belied any physical weariness.

"Fer Gawd's sake!" the negro gasped in a long-drawn breath of amazement. He came close to the rope, squatted down and burst out laughing. "Gret day in de mawnin', little feller, whar wus you bawn—in jail?"

Chuckling at his own witticism, but staring hard into the half-closed eyes he straightened up, reached over and gently stroked the iron-gray muzzle, talking in a low voice: "Why, we's frien's, ain't we? I didn' mean ter hu't yo' feelin's 'bout you bein' bawn in jail. But I cert'n'y would like to know who had de stripes—yo' mammy er yo' daddy. Sho we's frien's," as the mule took the single step forward allowed by the rope and nibbled at his fingers.

These had hardly wandered up to scratch between the long ears when the mule raised his head, the ears flew up and his mouth opened in a long, high-pitched hee-ee-ee-haw. The startled negro drew back, almost bent double with laughter, and stood up to find the spoke of a buggy wheel close to his face.

It was in the hands of a heavy-set, unshaved white man with a pair of mean-looking bloodshot eyes—one quite likely to use the spoke on the slightest provocation.

"Move along, nigger," he ordered briefly. "You got no business here."

"Lawd, boss, I warn't doin' de mule no harm. I wuz jes axin' 'im ef he wuz bawn in de pen'-tench'ry." Sawney grinned ingratiatingly. "An' you heerd whut he said?"

The man smiled in spite of himself.

Quick to take advantage of it the negro drew forth a yellow Albemarle pippin. "Boss, kin I give 'im dis? Whut does dey do wid 'im—drive 'im er ride 'im?"

The man took the apple as though to give it to the mule, but without a smile sank his own tobacco-stained teeth into it.

"Go inside," he said, pointing his stick at the ticket wagons. "You may get the chance to ride him. If you do you can have him or a hundred dollars cash."

"Lawd, mister, does you mean ——"

But the man turned away, munching the apple.

Sawney looked long into the sleepy eyes.

"Mule," he said, a slow grin overspreading his copper-colored features, "I don' know yo' name, but howsomuvver ——"

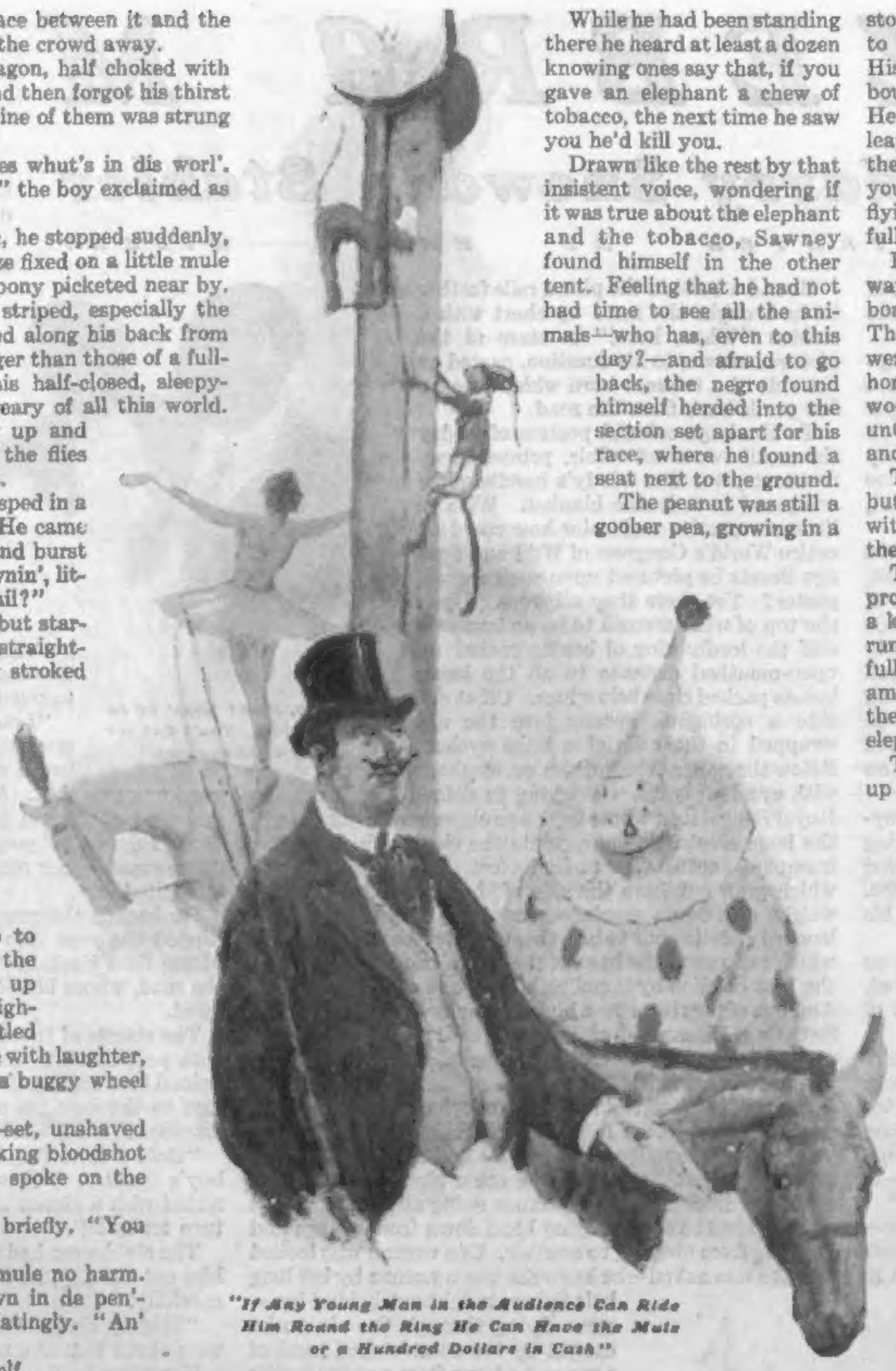
Without finishing the sentence he turned and made for the ticket wagons.

At first he could not get within twenty yards of them. But squeezed half to death, choked with dust, holding aloft his twenty-five cent note, he managed to exchange it for the coveted bit of pasteboard, and followed the crowd into the tent.

It, too, was packed with people, bewildered like himself, not knowing which way to go. He did manage to hold on to the rope in front of the monkey cage for a few delighted minutes. He caught but a glimpse of an old moth-eaten, toothless lion, which yawned sleepily; of a laughing hyena, which never laughed at all, but paced continually back and forth behind the bars, stepping in exactly the same spot each time, until one had to feel sorry for even so hideous a creature.

Toward the insistent voice of someone ahead who kept calling, "This way, ladies and gents!" the crowd behind pushed the goggle-eyed negro past two camels lying down, their front legs curled under them—disdainful-looking creatures, who seemed to be silently defying you to laugh at their deformity.

Open-mouthed he held his ground for a while in front of the rusty-looking elephant with little wicked-looking eyes—until the snakelike trunk curled out, to send him backing away with the rest of the crowd.



"If Any Young Man in the Audience Can Ride Him Round the Ring He Can Have the Mule or a Hundred Dollars in Cash"

While he had been standing there he heard at least a dozen knowing ones say that, if you gave an elephant a chew of tobacco, the next time he saw you he'd kill you.

Drawn like the rest by that insistent voice, wondering if it was true about the elephant and the tobacco, Sawney found himself in the other tent. Feeling that he had not had time to see all the animals—who has, even to this day?—and afraid to go back, the negro found himself herded into the section set apart for his race, where he found a seat next to the ground.

The peanut was still a goober pea, growing in a garden here and there, not yet a thing of commerce; lemonade had not turned pink nor had popcorn been rolled into a red and sweetened ball. So there was nothing to do but look round and wait until the performance began.

Sure enough, there were the little swings hanging down from the top of the tent, just like the picture on the barn. There was the wire, too, stretching between the two poles that held the tent up. But there was nothing on the ground but sawdust and shavings except a big canvas pillow that leaned against one of the poles.

The crowd was getting so big that the people, both black and white, began to sit all round on the ground between the seats and the ring, so Sawney kept on creeping up with those in front. He had gotten almost up to the edge of the ring when the band crashed out the announcement of the Grand Entry—then as it is now.

When it had wound its bespangled, bedizened, bewildering way in, round and out again, it left in the middle of the ring a tall man in a swallowtail coat and stovepipe hat. He wore a beautiful red necktie and carried a great long whip. He raised his hat and began to speak. It was the announcement for what was—for, alas, it is performed no more—the most spectacular and probably the most difficult and dangerous of all circus acts.

Sawney didn't hear the announcement, his attention being fixed on the funniest-looking man he had ever seen in all his life. Bald-headed, with a big red mouth and nose, he had on a suit one side of which was red, the other white, and ruffles round his neck, wrists and ankles. He was running round pretending to help a gang of men who had come in to haul the heavy canvas pillow near the edge of the ring. He got in the way so much that the man in the swallowtail suit took careful aim with his whip. A roar of laughter greeted the loud crack of the lash as the clown limped over to boss two of the men who were fixing the end of a board across a sawbuck on the outside edge of the ring. The other end of the board rested on the ground, where it joined a narrow one-plank runway, which slanted up and back to the top of the tent wall.

There were six men in different-colored tights standing up there, one behind the other. The music suddenly stopped. The front man, in a green suit, kissed his hand to the silent throng, and came flying down the runway. His feet scarcely seemed to touch the springboard when he bounded into the air, turning a slow-curving somersault. He had hardly alighted on the big pillow when a white one leaped into the air, his body almost straight until it reached the highest point, when he flicked the somersault before you could wink your eye. One after another they came flying, each one turning in a different manner, but so gracefully that it was a delight to watch them.

By the time the six had gone back to the top of the runway the pillow had been pulled farther from the springboard and two horses brought in for them to leap over. The green one turned over them as easily as though they were not there; and the clown yelled, "Bring in another horse!" Each time a man lit on the pillow the clown would dance round and yell, "Bring in another horse!"—until there were eight of them between the springboard and the pillow.

Two camels took their places at the end of the string; but over them all, "horses and humps," the leapers turned with the same graceful ease, and remained standing round the cushion while the elephant was brought in.

The clown strutted out to the middle of the ring with a profound bow, ran up to the far end of the runway, blew a kiss to the tense audience and started down on a dead run. He stumbled twice, slowed down to a walk, and carefully stepped from the springboard onto the nearest horse; amid the jeers and shrieks of laughter he crawled over their backs, over the humps of the camels and up on the elephant and slid to the ground, holding by its tail.

The ringmaster chased him away with the whip and held up his hand to announce that Signor Boldini, the world's most famous acrobat, would turn a double somersault—two of them, count 'em—in midair, over eight horses, two camels and an elephant. He went on to explain at some length the technical and physical difficulties of such a feat.

Ah, here was to be the real thing; no fooling this time, for there he was, the swarthy little man in white, with a red rose pinned on his chest, at the top of the incline, while the others stood round the pillow.

The snare drum started a long, snarling roll, swelling louder and faster as the man came flying, so fast that his legs twinkled like the spokes of a buggy wheel. His feet struck the springboard with a thump. He rose into the air, and—flip-flip—he turned two somersaults so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow, his body just grazing the elephant's back.

Following the trained dogs was the lady bareback rider, she of the poster. Strange to say, however, beautiful and wonderful as she was, her costume simply scandalized some people. They had caught hardly more than a glimpse of her in the Grand Entry, which was even now a confused dream as if seen through a kaleidoscope. But now those pink legs—next to no dress at all—the cynosure of all eyes; it seemed no place for a member of the church. Sawney turned to argue the matter with the negro elder sitting next to him:

"Gret day, man! She jes nachully couldn' jump an' bust thoo dem paper hoops an' over dem curt'ns wid a long dress on; an' her dancin' roun' on de back o' dat hoss too. Don' be so evil-minded. You's got ter make de 'lowances fer all dem ——"

He was interrupted by a gale of laughter that swept all round him. Turning quickly about he saw what he had been waiting for—the little mule. Astride of him, with feet stuck out to keep them from dragging on the ground, was a funny-faced man like the other, only this one had on the white suit with black spots and the tall sharp-pointed hat.

He rode to the center of the ring and stopping his steed with a "Whoa, January!" scratched him between the ears. The long hee-ee-ee-haw was almost drowned in the laughter; whereat the rider bowed so low that his hat fell off. But he caught it on his toe; and while awkwardly trying to reach it without drawing his foot up the ringmaster strode up, angrily cracking his whip. He pointed to the pink-legged lady sitting on the cream-colored horse, which was slowly walking round the ring, and with a violent gesture ordered the intruders out, so that the act might go on.

The clown shrugged his shoulders, gave his foot a quick flirt, the tall hat flew up, turned over and settled upon his bald head. Thumb to nose he twiddled derisive fingers at the ringmaster before departing.

"Get up, January!" he ordered, giving the mule a kick in the ribs.

Quick as a flash its heels flew into the air and the rider went over its head, sprawling in the sawdust while the crowd shrieked its mirth. Even the pink-legged lady clapped her hands.

A somewhat doubtful smile appeared on Sawney's face as he watched the clown pick himself up painfully, shake his fist and limp toward the mule. It was no longer the dejected, bored-looking creature that had come in with drooping ears. They were now laid flat, its mouth was open and its little forefoot stamped the sawdust. As the clown

drew near the mule whirled and let fly both heels, which barely missed the fat stomach. Scared to death the fellow flung his hat in the mule's face, and going up to the ringmaster spoke in excited, angry pantomime.

The latter nodded, held up his whip to attract the attention of the crowd and pointing to the clown said: "He wants someone to ride him. If any young man in the audience can ride him round the ring he can have the mule or a hundred dollars in cash."

The man outside had told the truth after all. But in the moment Sawney hesitated before jumping into the arena before all those people a young white man had gotten ahead of him.

At a word from the clown he sat down on the edge of the ring and watched the white man button his coat carefully and pull his hat down tight. The mule stood still, looking bored to death, while the would-be rider locked a pair of long legs underneath his belly and arms round his neck. The negro sat praying over the outcome, which needn't have worried him at all.

"All right," said the man, drawing his head in like a turtle and shutting his eyes.

The instant the clown let go the long ear its owner was transformed into a living combination of India rubber and steel springs. He took three or four jumps forward, with the man sticking to him like a leech. Then as if on a pivot, and quicker than a cat, he whirled completely round and sprang sidewise. It seemed to be done all in one motion. The man's body slipped sidewise in the opposite direction, breaking the hold of his locked ankles. Before he could recover, the mule's head went down, his heels flew up like the snap of a rubber band. The man flew off, to hit the sawdust on all fours. The place was rocking with mirth as the man, with a sheepish grin, came back to his seat.

"You next," said the clown, beckoning to Sawney.

The negro approached the mule, which had resumed its bored, dejected attitude, and stroked its nose. A thrill went through him as the lips nibbled at his fingers. "I reck'n I kin ride 'im," he said confidently; and was astonished to hear this good-humored fellow with the funny face growl in a deep bass voice: "Like hell you can, nigger! Get on him or get out, quick!"

While locking his arms and legs as the white man had done, but merely as a precaution, the negro laid his dark face against the animal's neck and crooned prayerfully: "Ride me, little feller! Oh, my baby, ride me, an' you's my mule! Turn him loose, boss."

The clown did so, and sprang back with arms outflung. Before he could recover the mule had calmly trotted off perhaps fifteen paces, almost to the entrance to the dressing room. Sawney sat up straight, with feet unlocked, snatched off his hat, and was about to wave it triumphantly overhead, when he heard a swift, vicious oath alongside of him.

A hand was slipped under his knee; the mule bucked with the effect of an explosion, and off he went, landing on his back.

Bewildered and half stunned he rose to his feet, protesting: "I rid 'im! I wuz ridin' 'im an' you ——"

A pair of rough hands seized him by the collar and breeches and propelled him swiftly out and through the dressing room. The owner of those hands yelled, "Hey, rube!" and Sawney felt the impact of a heavy foot where one of the man's hands had been. He stumbled forward into the hands of two others, who without pause kept him going. They too yelled, "Hey, rube!" as he came out into the sunlight. With a parting kick they turned him over to two more men, who came running across the horse lot. They repeated the process with even greater dexterity and speed, for the next thing the negro knew he had lit in a patch of dock weeds outside the roped-off area.

Feeling as if he had been picked up and slammed round by a whirlwind Sawney lay still, trying to collect his scattered senses. He worked his arms and legs, feeling himself all over. A slow, irrepressible grin spread over his face at the realization that he was not really hurt and that he had managed somehow to keep hold of his hat.

"Man, suh," he muttered, "dey sho knows how! Dey jes passed me 'long, jes passed me 'long!"

Slowly raising himself to a sitting posture—no higher, for he never wanted to see those men who might still be there—he pulled the cockleburs off his head and taking a homemade twist of tobacco from a pocket bit off a chew and began to ruminate. "Wuz I ridin' dat mule or didn' I?" he asked himself. "I sho wuz! An' didn' de boss man wid de whip say 'fo' all dem people whouvver rid 'im could have 'im. He cert'n'y did, t'other man, too, sho es I'm a nigger. An' ef I rid 'im—who dat mule b'long ter?"

Prudence said, "Sukkus man's mule—white folks' mule." Inside of him the mule's affinity said, "He's my mule, an'—an' de man call 'im Janiwerry."

Sawney chuckled at the recollection and began to go over the whole thing—from the first time his heart went out to the animal in the horse lot to the time he himself went out of the tent and across it. He sat still, thinking.

Suddenly he remembered that there was to be another performance that night. Would anybody else be able to ride him? Suppose some white man did—would they give him the mule? He felt in his pocket. Yes, the money was still there.

"I'm gwine in dar agin ter-night," he decided, "jes ter see whut happen."

Glancing at the sun and judging it to be about three o'clock he took off his coat to roll it into a pillow. It was just as comfortable there as anywhere else, and out of sight too. The letter from his Marse Sam to the young lady whose birthday was to-day stuck out of his pocket. "My Lawd!" he exclaimed. "I done clean fergot."

Putting on the coat he raised up on his knees and looked about cautiously. Not more than ten feet away was the man with the wheel spoke tying the mule to the stake at the edge of the branch. Torn between love and duty Sawney hesitated long, finally looked up at the sun again.

"Too late now," he muttered, weakly excusing himself. "Time I get dar 'twill be mos' dark, an' white folks all at dinner. Don' do ter 'sturb white folks when dey eatin'."

Thus having put that matter out of his mind as he watched the man go out of sight he stood up and looked at the mule.

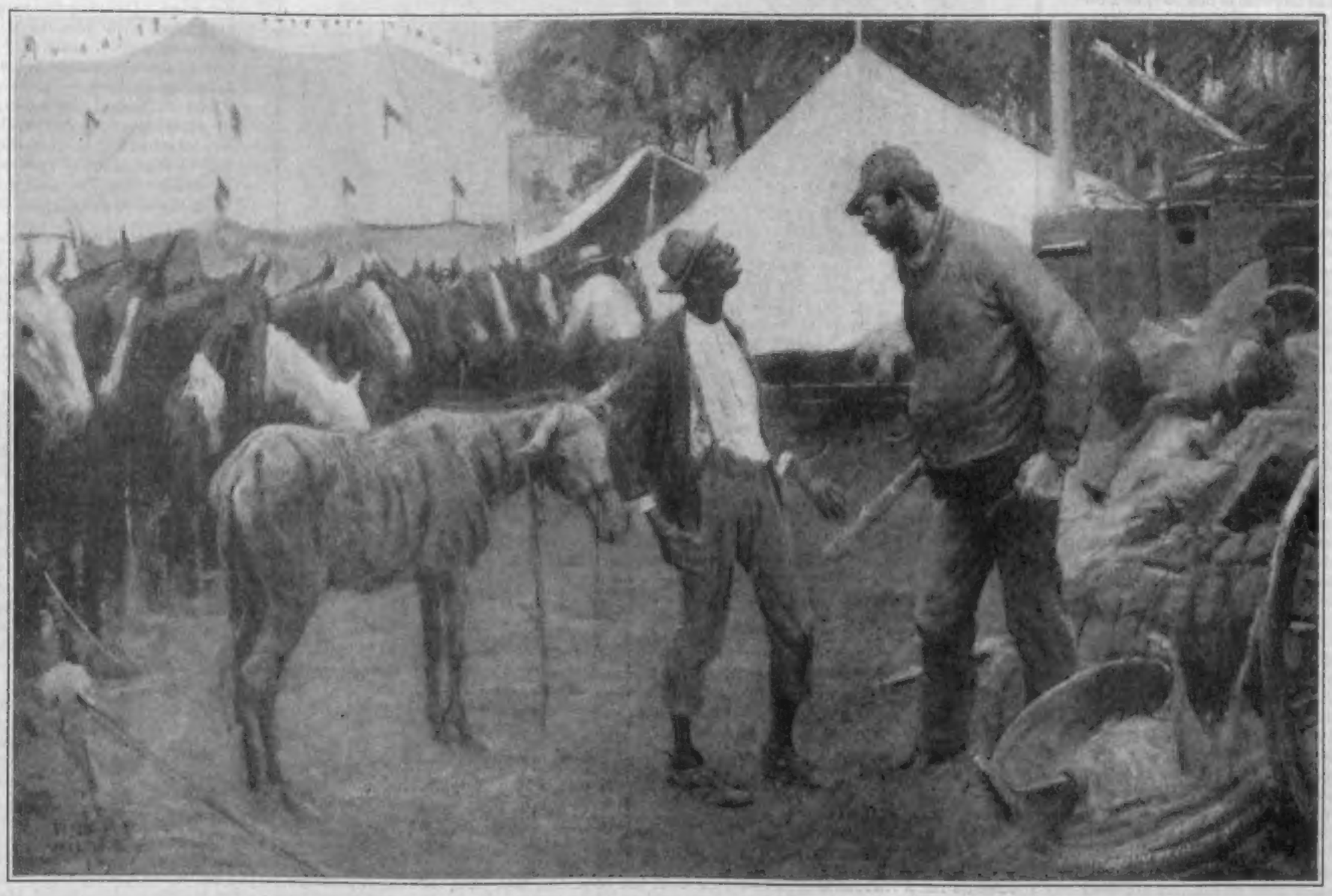
"Little feller, fer Gawd's sake do yo' bes' ter-night! An' don' let nobody ride you."

Crossing the branch he looked round carefully, taking his bearings, and followed its shallow waters for half a mile, until with a satisfied smile he came in sight of the pike, and took the highway back to the stable.

"Hi! Didn' you go ter de sukkus?" old Jupiter inquired. "Boss gimme quarter ter go ter-night," he chuckled.

"Bin busy," Sawney replied; then opened his mouth in a wide, soundless laugh at the unconscious statement of a well-remembered fact.

(Continued on Page 104)



"Boss, I Warn't Doin' de Mule No Harm. I Wuz Jes' Axin' 'Im ef He Wuz Bown in de Pen'tenc'ry"

Why Mr. Lobel Had Apoplexy

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE real purpose of this is to tell about Mr. Lobel's attack of apoplexy. What comes before must necessarily be in its nature preliminary and preparatory, leading up to the climactic stroke which leaves the distinguished victim stretched upon the bed of affliction.

First let us introduce our principal. Reader, meet Mr. Max Lobel, president of Lobel Masterfilms, Inc., also its founder, its chief stockholder and its general manager. He is a short, broad, thick, globular man and a bald one, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, carrying a gold-headed cane and using a private gold-mounted toothpick after meals. His collars are of that old-fashioned open-faced kind such as our fathers and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., used to wear; collars rearing at the back but shorn widely away in front to show two things—namely, the Adam's apple and that Mr. Lobel is conservative. But for his neckwear he patronizes those shops where ties are exclusively referred to as *scarves* and cost from five dollars apiece up, which proves also he is progressive and keeps abreast of the times. When he walks he favors his feet. Mostly, though, he rides in as good a car as domestic currency can buy in foreign marts.

Aside from his consuming desire to turn out those superior achievements of the cellular-cinema art known as Lobel's Masterfilms, he has in life two great passions, one personal in its character, the other national in its scope—the first a craving for fancy waistcoats, the second a yearning to see the name of Max Lobel in print as often as possible and in as large letters as likewise is possible; and for either of these is a plausible explanation. Mr. Lobel has a figure excellently shaped for presenting the patternings of a fanciful stomacher to the world and up until a few years ago there were few occasions when he might hope to see the name Lobel in print. For, know you, Mr. Lobel has not always been in the moving-picture business. Nobody in the moving-picture business has always been in the moving-picture business—excepting some of the child wonders under ten years of age. And ten years ago our hero was the M. Lobel Company, cloak and suit jobbers in rather an inconspicuous Eastern town.

What was true of him as regards his comparatively recent advent into the producing and distributing fields was true of his major associates. Back in 1911 the vice president and second in command, Mr. F. X. Quinlan, moved upward into a struggling infantile industry via the stepping-stone of what in the vernacular of his former calling is known as a mitt joint—summers at Coney, winters in store pitches—where he guided the professional destinies of Madame Zaharat, the Egyptian seerist, in private then as now, Mrs. F. X. Quinlan née Clardy.

The treasurer and secretary, Mr. Simeon Geltfin, had once upon a time been proprietor of the Ne Plus Ultra Misfit Clothing Parlors at Utica, New York, a place where secondhand habiliments, scoured and ironed, dangled luringly in show windows bearing such enticing labels as "Tailor's Sample—Nobby—$9.80," "Bargain—Take Me Home For $5.60," and "These Trousers Were Uncalled For—$2.75."

The premier director, Mr. Bertram Colfax, numbered not one but two chrysalis changes in his career. In the grub stage, as it were, he had begun life as Lemuel Sims, a very grubby grub indeed, becoming Colfax at the same time he became property man for a repertoire troupe playing county-fair weeks in the Middle West.

As for the scenario editor and continuity writer, he in a prior condition of life had solicited advertisements for a trade journal. So it went right down the line.

At the time of the beginning of this narrative Lobel Masterfilms, Inc., had attained an eminence of what might be called fair-to-medium prominence in the moving-picture field. In other words, it now was able to pay its stars salaries running up into the multiples of tens of thousands of dollars a year and the bank which carried its paper had not yet felt justified in installing a chartered accountant in the home offices to check the finances and collect the interest on the loans outstanding. Before reaching this position the concern had passed through nearly all the customary intervening stages. Nearly a decade rearward, back in the dark ages of the filmic cosmos, the Jurassic Period of pictures, so to speak, this little group of pathfinders tracking under the chieftainship of Mr. Lobel into almost uncharted wilds of artistic endeavor had dabbled in slap-stick one reelers featuring the plastic pie and the treacherous seltzer siphon, also the trick staircase, the educated mustache and the performing doormat.

Next—following along the line of least resistance—the adventurers went in more or less extensively for wild-western dramas replete with stagecoach robberies and abounding in hair pants. If the head bad man—not the secondary bad man who stayed bad all through, or the tertiary bad man who was fatally extinguished with gunfire in Reel Two, but the chief, or primary, bad man who reformed and married Little Nell, the unspoiled child of Death Valley—were the smartest frontier get-up of current year's vintage that the Chicago mail-order houses could turn out; if Little Nell's father, appearing contemporaneously, dressed according to the mode laid down for Forty-niners by such indubitable authorities as Bret Harte; if the sheriff stalked in and out of lens range attired as a Mississippi River gambler was popularly supposed to have been attired in the period 1860 to 1875; and if finally the cavalry troopers from the near-by army post sported the wide hats and khaki shirts which came into governmental vogue about the time of the Spanish War, all very well and good. The action was everything; the sartorial accessories were as they might be and were and frequently still are.

Along here there intruded a season when the Lobel shop tentatively experimented with costume dramas—the Prisoner of Chillon wearing the conventional black and white in alternating stripes of a Georgia chain gang and doing the old Sing Sing lock step and retiring for the night to his donjon cell with a set of shiny and rather modern-looking leg irons on his ankles; Mary Queen of Scots and Catharine de' Medici in costumes strikingly similar; Oliver Goldsmith in Sir Walter Raleigh's neck ruff and Captain Kidd's jack boots.

But this season endured not for long. Costume stuff was nix. It was not what the public wanted. It was over their heads. Mr. Lobel himself said so. Wake him up in the middle of the night and he could tell you exactly what the public did and did not want. Divining the popular will amounted with him to a gift; it approximated an exact art; really it formed the corner stone of his success. Likewise he knew—but this knowledge perhaps had come to him partly by experience rather than altogether by intuition—that historical ten reelers dealing with epochal events in the life of our own people were entirely unsuited for general consumption.

When this particular topic untactfully was broached in his presence Mr. Lobel, recalling the fate of the elaborate feature entitled Let Freedom Ring, had been known to sputter violently and vehemently. Upon this production—now abiding as a memory only, yet a memory bitter as aloes—he had spared neither expense nor pains, even going so far as personally to direct the filming of all the principal scenes. And to what ends? Captious critics, including those who wrote for the daily press and those who merely wrote in offensive letters—college professors and such like cheap highbrows—had raised yawping voices to point out that Paul Revere galloping along the pre-Revolutionary turnpike to spread the alarm passed en route two garages and one electric power house; that Washington crossing the Delaware stood in the bow of his skiff half shrouded in an American flag bearing forty-eight stars upon its field of blue; that Andrew Jackson's riflemen filing out from New Orleans to take station behind their cotton-bale breastworks marched for some distance beneath a network of trolley wires; that Abraham Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation did so while seated at a desk in a room which contained in addition to Lincoln and the desk and the Proclamation a typewriter and a Persian rug; that at Manila Bay Admiral Dewey wore spats and a wrist watch.

But these primitive adventurings, these earlier pioneering quests into the realm of the speculative were all in limbo behind them, all wiped off the slate, in part forgiven, in a measure forgotten. Since that primitive beginning and those formulative middle periods Lobel Masterfilms had found their field, and having found it, now plowed and tilled it. To those familiar with the rise and the

If it Could be Played Vampishly, the Principal Rôle Went Without Question to Vida Monte

ever-forward movement of this, now the fourth largest industry in the civilized globe—or is it the third?—it sufficiently will fix the stage of evolutionary development attained by this component unit of that industry when I state that Lobel Masterfilms now dealt preponderantly with vampires. To be sure, it continued to handle such side lines as taffy-haired ingénues from the country, set adrift among the wiles and pitfalls of a cruel city; such incidentals as soft-pie comickers and chin-whiskered by-Hectors; such necessary by-products as rarely beautiful he-juveniles with plush eyelashes and the hair combed slickly back off the forehead in the approved Hudson seal effect—splendid, manly youths these, who might have dodged a draft or two but never yet had flinched from before the camera's aiming muzzle. But even though it had to be conceded that Goldilockses and Prince Charmings endure and that while drolls and jesters may come and go pies are permanent and stale not, neither do they wither; still, and with all that, such like as these were, in the Lobel scheme of things, merely so many side lines and incidentals and by-products devised and designed to fatten out a program.

Where Mr. Lobel excelled was in the vamp stuff. Even his competitors admitted it the while they vainly strove to rival him. In this his own chosen realm of exploration and conquest he stood supremely alone; a monarch anointed with the holy oils of superiority, coroneted with success's glittering diadem. Look at his Woman of a Million Sins! Look at his Satan's Stepchild, or How Human Souls are Dragged Down to Hell, in six reels! Look at A Daughter of Darkness! Look at The Wrecker of Lives! Look at The Spider Lady, or The Net Where Men Were the Flies! Look at Fair of Face Yet Black of Heart! All of them his, all box-office best bets and all still going strong!

Moreover by now Lobel Masterfilms had progressed to that milestone on the path of progress and enterprise where genuine live authors—guys that wrote regular books—frequently furnished vehicles for stardom's regal usages. By purchase, upon the basis of so much cash or—as the case might be—so little cash down on the signing of the contract and the promise of so much more—often very very much more—to be paid in royalties out of accrued net profits, the rights to a published work would be acquired. Its name, say, was A Commonplace Person, which promptly would be changed in executive conclave to The Cataract of Destiny, or perhaps Fate's Plaything, or in any event some good catchy title which would look well in electrics and on three sheets.

This important point having been decided on, Mr. Ab Connors, the scenario editor, would take the script in hand to labor and bring forth the screen adaptation. If the principal character in the work, as originally evolved by her creator, was the daughter of a storekeeper in a small town in Indiana who ran away from home and went to Chicago to learn the millinery business, he, wielding a ruthless but gifted blue pencil, would speedily transform her into the ebon-hearted heiress of a Klondyke millionaire, an angel without but a harpy within, and after opening up Reel One with scenes in a Yukon dance hall speedily would move all the important characters to New York, where the plot thickened so fast that only a succession of fade-outs and fade-ins, close-ups and cut-backs saved it from clabbering right on Mr. Connors' hands.

The rest would be largely a matter of continuity and after that there was nothing to worry about except picking out the cast and the locations and building the sets and starting to shoot and mayhap detailing a head office boy to stall off the author in case that poor boob came butting in kicking about changes in his story or squawking about overdue royalty statements or something. Anyhow, what did he know—what could he be expected to know—about continuity or what the public wanted or what the limitations and the possibilities of the screen were? He merely was the poor fish who'd wrote the book and he should ought to be grateful that a fellow with a real noodle had took his stuff and cut all that dull descriptive junk out of it and stuck some pep and action and punch and zip into the thing and wrote some live snappy subtitles, instead of coming round every little while, like he was, horning in and beefing all over the place.

And besides, wasn't he going to have his name printed in all the advertising matter and flashed on the screen, too, in letters nearly a fifth as tall as the letters of Mr. Lobel's name and nearly one-third as tall as the name of the star and nearly one-half as tall as the name of the director and nearly—if not quite—as tall as the name of the camera man, and so get a lot of absolutely free advertising that would be worth thousands of dollars to him and start people all over the country to hearing about him? Certainly he was! And yet, with all that, was there any satisfying some of these cheap ginks? The answer was that there was not.

There was never any trouble, though, about casting the principal rôle. That was easy—a matter of natural selection. If it could be played vampishly from the ground up, and it usually could—trust Mr. Connors for that—it went without question to Vida Monte, greatest of all the luminaries in the Lobel constellation and by universal acknowledgment the best vampire in the business. In vampiring Vida Monte it was who led; others imitatively followed. Compared with her these envying lady copy cats were as pale paprikas are to the real tabasco. Five pictures she had done for Lobel Masterfilms since placing herself under Lobel's management and a Lobel contract, all of them overpowering knock-outs, sensations, sure-fire hits. On the sixth she now was at work and her proud employer in conversation and in announcements to the trade stood sponsor for the pledge that in its filming Monte literally would out-Monte Monte.

Making his word good, he took over volunteer supervision of the main scenes. His high-domed forehead glistening with sweat, his spectacles aflame like twin burning glasses, his coat off, his collar off, his waistcoat off, he snorted and churned, a ninety-horse dynamo of a little fat man, through the hot glary studio, demanding this improvement, detecting that defect, calling for this, that or the other perfect thing in a voice which would have detained the admiring ear of an experienced bull whacker. Before him Josephson, the little camera man, quailed. From his path extra people departed, fleeing headlong; and in his presence property men were as though they were not and never had been. Out of the hands of Bertram Colfax, born Sims, he wrenched a megaphone and through it he bellowed:

"Put more punch in it, Monte—that's what I'm asking you for—the punch! Choke her, Harcourt! Choke him right back, Monte! Now-w-w then, clinch! Clinch and hang on! Good! And now the kiss! You know, Monte, the long kiss—the genuwine Monte kiss! Oh, if you love

(Continued on Page 94)

"Oh, if You Love Me, Monte, Give Me Feelings on That Kiss! Hold it! Hold it! Keep on Holding It!"

SINGLE FELLOWS

By Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

CROISSANT rolls and *café au lait*, please—oh, yes, Jean, and please see that the rolls are hot this morning." Miss Sue Kirkpatrick, sitting at her usual window table in the corner, gave her usual order in a crisp but friendly voice. The same kindly alertness was in her eyes as she looked up at the waiter under her modish hat of French-blue felt. And in all her subsequent gestures—the precision, absolutely devoid of coquetry, with which she removed a smart black veil and laid over the back of a near-by chair a tiny neck piece of sable, the short, impersonal examination of herself in the wall mirror at her side and the businesslike way with which she finally unfolded her morning paper—one might detect a certain fixity of type.

It was not the news to which she turned. She hardly even glanced at the headlines before one after another she skimmed through the store advertisements. When she came to the half page devoted to Downington's merchandise the survey became an examination. Hungrily then, almost ferociously, Miss Kirkpatrick devoured each word and each price. At last her brows puckered.

"Botheration!" she said to herself. "They've squeezed down my dressmaking department again. And look at this cut! I told Reavis to mark that a heavy Ben Day."

Miss Kirkpatrick had humor. That was shown by the mobility of lips which just escaped thinness in their extreme delicacy. Very often indeed she had that crowning sense of humor—the consciousness of being herself both parade and spectator. But this morning she did not get out on the curbstone to watch herself pass. To her it did not seem at all phenomenal that she, a pretty woman in her early thirties, should each morning of her life be consumed by one emotion—that attendant on examining the Downington advertisement.

If, however, she herself did not find it strange, there may have been other presences who—finger on lip—drew back to wonder at this figure of modern New York. The old hotel on lower Fifth Avenue, where she now sat, had entertained all the great guests who came to New York in the sixties. Here in this very room whirling figures in crinolines had been encircled by high-stocked and pomaded gentlemen. Did these ringleted sisters of the past in their tight bodices with the tulliplike skirts of rose taffeta press about Miss Kirkpatrick now as she muttered "Heavy Ben Day"? Did they float out from that old ballroom to whisper, "Ah, but sister, how about romance"?

There may have been certain wistful little moments when she caught that query. This morning was not one of them. She was, in fact, still concentrated upon Downington merchandise when the waiter brought her coffee and rolls.

"Fine, Jean—just right," she commented graciously as laying back the napkin from her rolls she took the pulse of each crescent with one slender, perfectly manicured forefinger. Then as he hovered over her for a second she added, "And how about the new baby? Let's see—he must be a month old by this time?"

"Five week. And only think, mees—he that long now." And Jean measured off a lavish space with his hands.

"Dear, oh, dear! And what do you call him?" continued the woman as she poured her coffee.

Jean, using the same delicate flicking motion of the wrist with which Beau Brummel might have pecked at his enamel snuffbox, deposited two lumps of sugar in his patron's cup as he replied.

"Chreestopher 'Enry—it is for the gentleman who sits there," and he nodded his head toward a vacant table in the window corner opposite Miss Kirkpatrick's seat. "Do you know him—M'sieu Henry?"

"Only by sight."

"I'll Surprise Him, Give It to Him for Christmas. Then He Can't Offer to Pay Me Back"

Something in her tone made Jean's shoulders conduct a plaintive defense:

"Ah, but he is a ve'y fine gentleman—that M'sieu Henry. Just so each morning I bring his rolls hot he go like a kitten. But eef I should not ——" His upraised eyes indicated a respected variability of conduct on the part of Mr. Henry.

A few minutes later, when Jean's favorite male patron entered the restaurant, Miss Kirkpatrick stole a glance at the familiar figure from under her modish hat of French blue. For the past two years there had been only one event comparing in regularity with the morning possession of that table in the right-hand window corner by Miss Sue Kirkpatrick. This was the morning possession of the left-hand window table by Mr. Christopher Henry. The fact of it was that she would have missed him just as she would one of the heavy lace curtains or the red carpet or the funny musty smell of the Dyckmann restaurant.

This morning for the first time she had heard his name. Perhaps that detached him a trifle from the other furniture. At all events she looked more curiously than ever before at the tall, broad shouldered gentleman in his late thirties. She noted his perfectly fitting brown suit, the expensive scarf under the square chin with the deep cleft, the polished redness of face extending to a sleek line of hair. She saw him give a curt impersonal glance at himself in the side mirror and then flap out a paper. She watched him leafing back quickly to the last pages. And the more she observed the more she objected.

"The Stock Exchange, of course," she surmised scornfully. "What a machine of a man!"

Mr. Henry, however, seemed quite unconscious of his infirmities. He was equally unconscious of Miss Kirkpatrick. It was only indeed when she was on the last installment of the very long, very monogrammed cigarette with which she always topped off her breakfast that she met his eye. He was then puffing on his own cigarette, always consummated economically during his coffee and rolls, and as she caught the quality of that glance some tiny legacy left her by those ringleted, tulip-skirted sisters of the past came to vex Miss Kirkpatrick.

"Well," she murmured to herself, "I'm not exactly a swivel chair."

She was not. The glass beside her said she was not. Yet—the man over there, the highly-polished machine, looked straight at her without seeing her. So, for that matter, did most men. A little disquieting sense of the difference between being effectual and being efficient haunted her as, leaving her customary tip of thirty cents for her forty-five-cent breakfast, she walked out of the restaurant.

At the very first instant of entering her place of business, however, the real Sue Kirkpatrick came back. Just as the average woman walks lovingly among the shrubbery which she has planted, Sue made her usual nine-o'clock progress through the great department store. This was not strange. She had come to Downington's twelve years before, when as a girl of twenty-one she had just been graduated from Smith. First she had been an advertisement writer. Then in a few years her suggestions regarding the display of merchandise had created a new, anomalous, highly important position for her. There was about her indeed a deft æstheticism which made this importance. She knew good music, good books, good furniture; and everything that she saw—the peasant vases which she had once picked up in Belgrade and which now gave the last touch to the new dressmaking salon, the Russian Ballet that had named the most stunning Downington hat of a certain season—had been turned into the channel of commerce.

Her office was in the advertising department, over which indeed she exercised the general supervision permitted her in nearly every other department of the establishment. As soon as she entered this morning she sailed in upon Reavis, the advertising manager.

"Well, well," she began crisply after her brief good-morning. "How about that cut in the morning papers? I thought I asked you to mark that cut of the Jenny coat a heavy Ben Day. The whole effect was ruined."

Tom Reavis, a tall, sallow chap who had been a newspaper man before he came to the store, looked up with the easy-going smile which always maddened her.

"Well," he replied, and the smile was routed by the worry in his eyes, "I suppose I was a little flustered yesterday evening. Just as I was marking up the copy my wife telephoned me that the second kid was down with the measles and that she thought the baby seemed feverish."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Kirkpatrick. Her horror amounted to awe of the unfamiliar. She stood there as if she were trying to picture an uprising of the savage tribes of Mesopotamia.

Tom Reavis caught the groping, for the grin returned.

"Hard for you single fellows to understand, isn't it, Miss Kirkpatrick? Don't know what it means to ride for an hour out to the suburbs and then to find the cook gone, no dinner, the sick kids trying to sneak out of their beds and the radiators not acting right."

Miss Kirkpatrick did not say anything. But when, back in her office, she could hear through the partition Reavis frantically calling up doctors and domestic employment agencies her delicate brows contracted. Though she

would not have admitted the sentiment, she felt there was something blameworthy about a man whose children contracted measles during October, one of the busiest months of the Downington store.

It was a very busy day for her. She went up to the stock rooms to superintend the unpacking of some new French hats just arrived. She gave the saleswomen in the millinery department a few instructions as to the selling of these models. She dictated a number of letters. Above all, she interested herself in the dressmaking department. This last section was now, in fact, the chief object of Miss Kirkpatrick's solicitude. She had just completed the furnishing of its new reception room. Through her efforts two new Paris tailors had been employed. The models to which these tailors looked for guidance had been culled abroad, not by the regular head of the department, but by Miss Kirkpatrick herself. In order to get them she had made this very summer one of those flying trips to Paris to which she was thoroughly inured. By means of all this fostering care she hoped to attract to the Downington store a wealthy class of patrons. The dressmaking department was to tame forever that shy wild colt, the subjugation of which is so near to the heart of every New York retailer—the carriage trade. All of this Miss Kirkpatrick's present biographer tells you with no mere wish to be chatty. We wish to point out how vast was the upheaval of spirit which was one day to make her turn her back upon the Downington dressmaking department.

After a day such as we have described it was a thoroughly exhausted captain of industry who sank that evening into a taxi which she could not then afford. The taxi bore her to a woman's club uptown. Here in the restaurant she waited for her two boon companions. The first of these to arrive was Miss Phyllis Boswell, the household decorator.

"H'llo, old top," groaned Miss Boswell, sinking into the lounge seat beside Miss Kirkpatrick. "How are you?"

"Dead. How are you?"

"Dead."

The silence that fell thereupon was broken in a few minutes by the arrival of the third member of the trio. Miss Adeline Tuthaul, the violinist, wasted no time upon inquiries.

"Well, I'm just about dead," she confided immediately. "Now what do you suppose has happened? Simpson's got the flu, Æolian Hall engaged for next week and not another accompanist in sight! Can you beat that for luck?"

She slumped back into her chair. The other two slumped with her. And thus three skirted economic units, ravaged by the day's toil, they presented a companion picture to any three trousered economic units in one of the men's clubs a few blocks away. In both panels the mood was one of grouchy relaxation that amounted to vacancy. The day's work was over. There was nothing left save the gregarious bidding to share their vacancy.

The soup brought a softening to each of the three women at arms.

"Um—good potage, Nora," remarked Sue, looking up into the face of her favorite waitress. Then she added kindly: "Look a little tired to-night, Nora. Had a busy day?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Kirkpatrick! Just awful! We had such a rush for lunch to-day."

"Lord," breathed Miss Tuthaul as lighting a cigarette she stared after the pretty Irish waitress, "what a woman's world! Women, women, women—and all of us tired and disgruntled! Nora's the only one that's got the right principle. She's probably going out to-night with the nice young man that works in the garage."

Miss Kirkpatrick always leaned forward at this point in the evening's fatigue and reminded her friend that if she, Miss Tuthaul, had wanted a nice young man to call upon her she would have had him. This evening, however, the ritual was disturbed. Before she had a chance to say anything a girl brought her a special-delivery letter. A minute later a white-faced, wide-eyed, thoroughly terrified Miss Kirkpatrick stared across at her cronies.

"It's Nibs," she muttered with stiff lips. "I've got to take care of him for three weeks."

"For heaven's sake, what's Nibs—a fox terrier?" asked the household decorator.

"No such luck," moaned her friend. "He's a boy—a sixteen-year-old boy—my sister's son. She and her husband have got to go to Honolulu right away—the boy's in a school—he's got no place to go for his Christmas holidays. Oh, heavens, did you ever hear of such luck? I'm awfully in debt as it is—and just wildly busy. Why, what's going to become of my dressmaking department?"

That final question was still haunting Miss Kirkpatrick when at ten o'clock that night she entered the apartment hotel on Waverly Place, where she had long occupied one of the most costly apartments. As she got her mail and took her key—stricken as she was, she did not forget to ask the clerk whether his cold were any better—she noticed entering the door none other than her *vis-à-vis* of the Dyckmann restaurant, none other than Mr. Christopher Henry.

"I wonder if he could have moved here?" speculated she indignantly as, under pretense of reading one of her letters, she lingered by the office desk.

He had moved here. He was getting his key—not forgetting to offer the clerk a cigar—when one of Miss Kirkpatrick's letters fell to the ground.

"Permit me," said he with a touch of grave, old-fashioned courtesy as he restored the letter to her.

"Thank you very much," murmured Miss Kirkpatrick with cold politeness.

As she said it their eyes met. Aye, more, their very souls crossed.

"Beastly kind of woman," said Mr. Henry's hazel eyes.

"Beastly kind of man," retorted the blue eyes just as forcefully.

Neither of them realized that it was the one implacable hostility in this world—the enmity of kinship—which spoke.

It was toward the end of December—almost two months after this date—that Miss Kirkpatrick entered the Dyckmann restaurant with a pink-cheeked male. His razor was a matter of punctilio. His nose had not yet settled down. And his eyes showed a strange blend of eager experimentation and slightly cynical acceptance. He was unmistakably sixteen.

In the presence of this being, Miss Kirkpatrick did not seem quite so adequate as she had two months before. Glancing furtively at her nephew across the table, she felt, in fact, as if she were being tried by some strange new tribunal. Why did boys watch every movement that one made?

"What do you want for breakfast, Nibs?" she asked finally, passing him the menu which Jean now handed her.

Nibs' eyes were focusing on the righthand side of the card.

"Thirty-five cents—grapefruit. Forty cents—orange juice," he muttered. "Gee, what a nerve!"

"Oh," responded his aunt with a smile, "don't bother about the price. Take what you want."

"Lemme see. Seventy-five cents—bacon and eggs. Eighty cents—broiled sea bass."

Miss Kirkpatrick waited no longer for this converse reading.

(Continued on Page 133)

Nibs and Elsie Sailed Off Together and Miss Kirkpatrick's Heart Sank. She Was Alone With That Man

MOVIE SIGNBOARDS

How the Cinema Has Advertised American Goods in Foreign Lands

By LEWIS R. FREEMAN

Laying the Foundations of the Hindieh Barrage, Mesopotamia, the Work on Which Was Greatly Accelerated by the Use of American Brick-Machines, Introduced After Being Seen in a Karachi Movie

THE Javanese peasant is a quiet and reposeful follower of the Prophet and that is why doubtless the slap-bang Yankee Wild West film streaked and patchy with the countless reelings and grillings it must have had in the year or more that had elapsed since it had first been locked up in its little tin box and sent out from the Southern California studio where it had been coaxed into being—seemed to be striking no responsive chords in the breasts of the two or three hundred of him gathered that night in the durian-and-mango-peel-scented atmosphere of Buitenzorg's premier picture palace.

Scene after scene—flickering through the cinematic gamut of everything from a gun fight over a poker game and a lynching to a train hold-up and an Indian massacre—had clicked by without wakening enough of a thrill to make a one of the barefooted sarong-clad crowd straighten up from his Buddhalike hunch on the floor mat or even miss a bite from his interminably crunched betel nut.

The Hit of the Evening

SO IT went on right through to the finale, where the heroine, her head surmounted by the halo where the last rays of the setting sun struck through her cabin window and mingled their effulgence with her tousled locks of gold, was discovered pensively fingering one of those little garments which is the invariable movie symbol of the fact that all the survivors are about to enter upon the lived-happily-ever-after period. Continued apathy prevailed during the long-drawn-out interval of pensiveness, but the instant the girl roused herself, opened up a convenient sewing machine and commenced reinforcing the seams of the little garments with smartly run rows of stitches it was as though an electric current had been turned on to galvanize the crowd into a throbbing unit of avid, eager interest.

All straightened up and many even sprang to their feet the better to see the flickering shadow picture of the remarkable contrivance which worked with the feet and left the operator both hands to manipulate her sewing with. Here was something which touched the lives of the most of them so intimately that it stirred them to instant excitement, where gun play, hold-ups and hangings had left them cold. Here was a contrivance which made it possible for a girl to get at a fresh quid of betel nut without stopping her sewing machine, which left her a hand free to dandle a baby with or to help the other hand run more elaborate tucks and frills into one of those jaunty little jackets worn above her gaudy sarong.

A buzz of gesticulative comment filled the thatch-roofed, mat-sided building as long as the heroine went on working the treadles, to give way to guttural grunts of impatience and disappointment when the hero tiptoed in across the clapboards of the cabin and put a period to the sewing—and incidentally to the reel—with the inevitable strangle-hold-cum-soul-kiss embrace in the heart of a vignetted fade-away. The Dutch cacao planter, whose guest of the evening I chanced to be, spoke of the amusing but highly illuminative incident as he drove me in his dogcart down an orchid-scented avenue past the botanical gardens to my hotel.

"You have been knocking about Java long enough," he said, "to have noticed that no matter what other refinements a native house may lack, it will usually have a sewing machine, always conspicuously displayed. A sewing machine represents to a Javanese family everything that a piano does to one in Europe. Outside of the fact that they get a lot of real use out of it, it is a sort of symbol of social standing—they feel it is not quite respectable not to have one. You will also have noticed that all of the machines you have seen have been small affairs—hardly larger than a typewriter and not nearly so heavy—the operation of which involved the turning of a crank with one hand and the control of the sewing with the other. This was the first type to be introduced into Dutch Malaysia, and its comparatively low price and the ease with which it is transported have been the principal factors in preventing the introduction of the larger and more expensive foot-driven machine.

"A few of these latter have been brought to Batavia and Surabaya, but in the interior they are still quite unknown. That is the reason the crowd in the cinema to-night was so excited at the picture of a machine that would set free the hand they have always had to use to turn the crank. They didn't realize that it would cost them three or four times as much as the little affair they have been accustomed to; that it would take up much more room and be far harder to protect from the moisture which is always present in their thatched houses. Nor did they appreciate how difficult it would be to accustom themselves to sitting on a chair—as they would have to do in running the larger machine instead of squatting with their feet doubled up under them as their fathers before them have done for countless generations."

Great Publicity Opportunities

"NO, THOUGH I have no doubt that great numbers of the people would find the money to buy one of them—if for no other reason, for the kudos that its possession would give them—I hardly think the time is ripe for the introduction of the foot pusher into Java. But just supposing that one of the importers were ready to throw a machine of this kind onto the market here, what an incomparable piece of advertising that one scene in this cowboy drama would be to them!

"I have often thought," he went on, drawing up under the big banyan at the hotel entrance, "that your American exporter has so far at least quite failed to take advantage of the unique opportunity for effective advertising that is exclusively his as a consequence of the fact that at least nine-tenths of the moving pictures exhibited in all parts of the world are made in the United States, and that incidental to their showing practically every commodity that your country has been trying to sell or could profitably sell abroad is more strikingly and interestingly displayed than would ever be possible through catalogues or anything short of actual demonstration.

"In Europe there is a considerable manufacture of films of local subjects, especially in France, Italy, England and Germany; yet even in those countries anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent of the pictures shown are of Yankee origin. A few French and Italian pictures find their way to the Near East, but this side of Suez—in India, Malaysia, China and Japan—practically nothing but American films are ever seen. I have no doubt that the situation in Australia, South Africa and South America is about the same. For what it is worth—and

The Sudan Railway First Got the Idea of Steel Water Tanks From a Yankee Movie Show in Khartum

I am certain that is more than anyone dreams of at the present time—the cinema signboard belongs almost exclusively to America. I have no doubt that in time systematic measures will be taken fully to exploit the advantage."

This little incident, which I have taken the liberty of setting down in considerable detail, occurred seven or eight years ago—two or three years before the outbreak of the war. Up to that moment—though I had occasionally remarked the interest manifested by the people of this or that out-of-the-way corner of the world in some special American machine or contrivance seen for the first time on a cinema film—it had never come home to me what a tremendous foreign-trade asset we had in the movie signboard. From that time down to the present I have missed no opportunity to see what—quite inadvertently in every case, I believe—we were showing to the world in this way and what, if any, were the consequences.

Things That Rouse the Sleepy East

PERHAPS I should explain that by movie signboards I refer only to the type of film made and sent out for amusement purposes—most of which would doubtless classify as photo plays—and in which the display of some article of possible foreign export is quite incidental to the development of the plot. These are, of course, quite distinct from straight advertising and demonstration films, which both American and European manufacturers have sent abroad for a number of years to popularize and introduce certain of their articles of export.

As an interesting sequel to the incident of the sewing machine I have mentioned, the importing agent of a large American company in Surabaya told me that he had been able to trace the progress of the film in question from one end of the island to the other and then up to Borneo and Celebes by the steady streams of inquiries coming from his representatives at these various points as to whether the foot pushers were likely soon to be offered for sale in Insulinde. Unluckily his company was not prepared to take advantage of the opening at the time and I have never heard whether anything has been done since or not. If so, I dare say the lesson of what the movie signboard could do in the way of stimulating local interest was not forgotten.

As I began to follow up the results of movie-signboard advertising I became more and more impressed with the character and intelligence of the men who had bought, or endeavored to buy, articles of American manufacture which had first come to their attention on the screen of a cinema theater. There were, of course, numerous instances where—as in the case of the Javanese peasants—the interest of a more or less primitive people was roused in some article which it was not practical to supply them with. Thus several of our consuls stationed in South and East Africa told me that the showing of a certain comedy film had started a lively inquiry among the blacks for flexible rubber hammers and daggers and that a folding opera hat which had figured extensively in another comedy film had set the natives yearning for the possession of one of those elusive specimens of headgear. Similarly I was told in Muscat, Bushire, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus and a number of other centers in Southwestern Asia that the showing of an American cowboy film was invariably followed by an attempt on the part of the Arabs to learn how they could procure some of the saddles you cannot fall out of.

This Was the Way Coffee Was Loaded at Santos, Brazil, Until They Got the Idea of the Endless-Chain Conveyor From a Movie Film

This interest on the part of the Arabs never developed into a demand for Mexican saddles tangible enough to make it worth while endeavoring to supply, but in Australia and Argentina I learned that the constant showing of Yankee Wild West films was directly responsible for the fact that the boundary rider of the one and the Gaucho of the other are affecting more and more the high-pommeled, heavy-stirruped seat of the American cowboy and that by both it is considered a mark of distinction that the saddle shall be an imported one rather than a cheap local imitation.

A Sumatran sultan, I was told in Singapore, had made persistent attempts to buy a yacht he had seen in an American movie; but perhaps the best story I heard of this kind was from the British Resident of a certain Rajput state of Northwestern India, the rajah of which had endeavored to have included in his annual budget an appropriation of a lac or two of rupees for the purchase of a bejeweled throne which he had coveted from the instant it first burst upon his enraptured gaze in the royal showing of a so-called Indian photo play made in a California studio.

"It took several sessions with His Highness," said the Resident in telling the story, "to convince him that the diamond-studded peacock surmounting the property throne was not a more valuable bird than even the famous emerald parrot which perched on the state chair of the Great Mogula. Since that time I have added the job of moving picture censor to my other duties, banning outright anything likely to react on the budget via His Highness' acquisitiveness."

The Brickyard at Hindieh While the Old Hand Method of Brick Making Was Still Being Followed

Trailing Down the Ditch Digger

"THE only article amounting to anything that has got by me was an American ditch-digging machine shown in some kind of Western mining drama, and that—frankness compels me to admit—I was just as anxious to run down as was the rajah. We traced it to its makers in time and finally bought and imported one. I can't say that the venture was quite a financial success, for it cost a jolly lot of money to lay it down here in the first place, and even when we got it to work it could hardly excavate drainage and irrigation ditches at a cost to compete with the five anna"—about ten cents—"a day labor available here. But on every other score the machine proved all that could be desired. I've known His Highness to go out

(Continued on Page 61)

A Round-Up on the Pampas. A Steady Modernization of the Crude Argentine Methods of Handling Cattle is Reported Since the Showing of Wild-West Films Has Become So Common in That Country

MISTER LADY LUCK

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE Wildcat, up to his neck in Senegal, had been lured to an African doom by some geography man too trifling to think up any new name for the city of St. Louis on the African West Coast. He looked at the trail which dived into the jungle ahead of him and figgered it was time to back up.

"Lady Luck sho' is cross-eyed. She aimed to be dirty, she pulled de trigger—an' here I is."

As far as he could see the cards of Destiny were so gummed up that no matter what turn of luck might switch the cut the stacked deck would still guarantee him a hundred-per-cent voodoo record.

The party of discharged French Colonial troops was eating its evening meal on the African trail. Seated beside the Wildcat was a native whose experience as a guide of big-game hunters had given him the Wildcat's language. From the distant hilltops there came the faint moaning of a war drum. The guide listened for a moment. He rose to his full height.

"Illy maru eeyah!" He addressed the group round him. "M'baou tlk ——"

"Hold de deal!" the Wildcat interrupted. "Ball Head, what ails you?"

The guide looked down at him.

"The tribal drums are sounding. There is flesh of the enemy in the cooking pots to-night among my people in the hills."

"How come?"

"Those whom we kill we eat."

"You eat folks?"

"Even so," the guide replied.

The Wildcat was silent for a moment.

"Ball Head," he said, "the more you is at home the more I ain't. Lily, my mascot, she's sunk in de ocean. Ol' cap'n, he's home in Memphis. Lady Luck, she's A.W.O.L. Me —— Ball Head, Ise much 'bliged to meet yo', but I leaves yo' now befo' we gits near yo' home rest'rant where yo' eats humans."

The Wildcat was confronted with three alternatives: He had the choice of staying where he was in the jungle while his one friend and the friendly caravan moved on, or he could return to civilization where a fatal military verdict waited with open arms throughout the A. E. F., or he could accompany the caravan inland.

"You are not in danger," the guide replied. "Only the enemy is eaten. You would better accompany us."

"What does this here enemy live on?" the Wildcat asked. "No suh, Ball Head, I figgers Ise goin' back."

His calculations were interrupted by a large mottled-green tree trunk which glided through the jungle carrying a head on the front end of it.

"Ball Head, stan' by me—what's 'at?"

"That is but the father of snakes," the guide replied.

"Boy, hold me! Fo'-foot snakes is tol'able. Six-foot snakes I hates. When dey gits oveh six foot mah legs acts automatic."

The Wildcat decided to stick with the gang, at least until the light of dawn might discover unto him the trail which lay to the seaport town.

"What otheh kind of a boa'din' house is you got wheh we're gwine 'sides dis human rest'rant?" he asked.

"For each warrior there is a dozen wives," Ball Head informed him. "You will be a great warrior. While your wounds are healing your wives bring you food."

"How come dis wound business?"

"War is perpetual in our hills and the spears of the enemy are sharp."

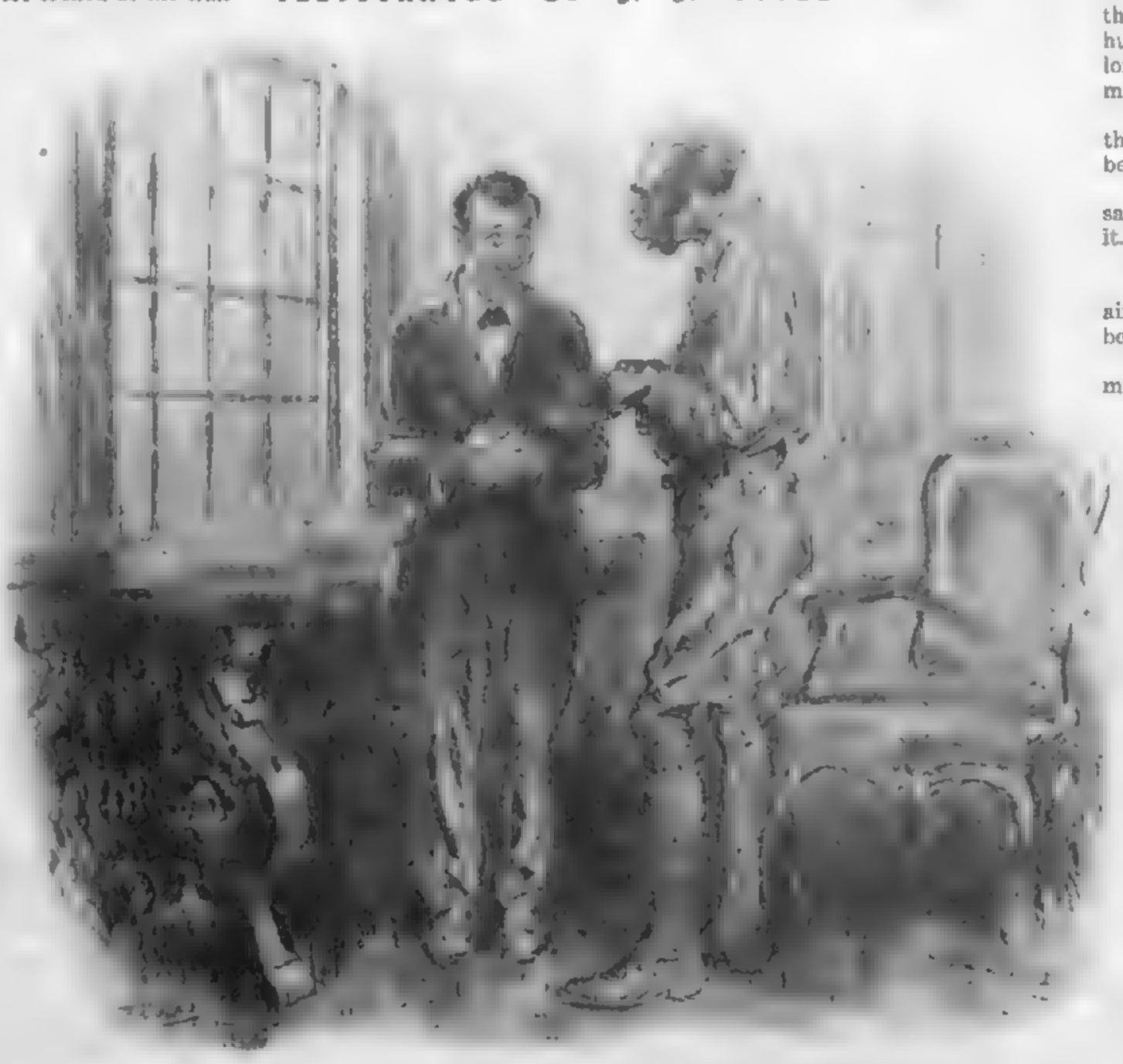
The Wildcat lay back and groaned.

"Wuz hard luck a dewdrop Ise de Mississip'!"

With misery selling at three francs a ton the Wildcat figured he had a million dollars' worth.

"Does you go out wid a spear yo' comes home—mebbe. Mos' likely yo' gits et up or cut up. Does you come home twelve wives gits yo'.

"'At woman in de boa'din' house at Memphis led me a dog's life, let alone twelve like her. I'll head where de rest of de boys does, 'sides dem what fights other boys an' dem what fights de twelve wives."



"Boy, Let Me Show You. You Lays Down Five Francs. You Speaks to 'Em Gentle. Yo' Agitates 'Em. Yo' Lets 'Em Ramble. Whang! An' They Reads Seven. Yo' Wins Five Francs"

"The rest of them, except for the children, are hunters."

"'At's a job I'd like. Always did love to hunt rabbits an' squirrels. You got any good houn' dogs?"

"The yams which have been baking
In the fire of damnable wet wood
Are ready for any son of a gun
With pep enough in him
To come and get them."

Thus sang the yam cooker in his own tongue.

"Ball Head, what ails 'at boy?"

"He announces that the yams are ready to be eaten," Ball Head replied.

"'At's me. Ise a yam-eatin' field hand f'm way back—specially wid gravy. Africa ain't so bad. Is they lots of yams?"

"More than the men of the tribe can eat," the guide replied.

"Africa ain't so bad," the Wildcat repeated. "Plenty yams an' huntin'. Sleep mos' all de time. How's de lodges—kin a boy join any good fraternal gatherin's?"

"Each of the hill tribes is a band of blood brothers."

"'At's me. I figgers I'll 'filiate quick's I lan's at yo' home town."

The night built a wall about the Wildcat, and presently with the past forgotten his mind sought to outline the schedule for the days which lay ahead of him:

"Fust I 'filiates wid a lodge. Then I goes huntin'. I stays huntin' 'til I gits hungry. I loads myself up on game an' I weighs down de game wid yams. Does I git tired huntin' I gits me a job drivin' a automobile o' mebbe runnin' a street car. Sure glad Ise out of de Army. All Ise got lef' is dese pants an' dey's too small since I begun eatin' heavy."

He listened to the night noises in the dense jungle about him.

"Me scared? I guess mebbe if dese other boys gits by I kin. Me, I sticks close to Ball Head. Lady Luck, whenever yo' gits thoo prancin' roun', here I is."

He called to the guide:

"Ball Head, where at kin a boy git a drink of gin or mebbe coonyak?"

Out of the circle of firelight the guide came walking over toward him.

"In our hills there are no such things." The guide fumbled for a moment with a knot of his loin cloth. "When the hunter is tired, when the great hunter is cold, when the trail has been long, forgetfulness comes with the magic of this bean."

He extended his open palm toward the Wildcat. In it lay five or six beans the size of grains of corn.

"Take one of them," the guide said. "Do not eat more than half of it. They are very potent."

The Wildcat disdained the advice.

"When I aims to git jazzed up I aims to git jazzed up. Give me dem beans."

He put five of the beans in his mouth and swallowed them.

Twenty minutes later, still going strong, the Wildcat was alone by the camp fire. The rest of the caravan was scattered through the jungle at safe distances from the bean-jazzed cyclone. In the late dawn the Wildcat tamed down.

"Come on here, boys. I don't aim to hurt you." One by one he managed to collect his associates. "Ball Head, how many more of dem beans you got?"

"At the village there is a storehouse full."

"How many more is you got wid you?"

"You ate them all," the guide replied.

The Wildcat looked at him.

"Let's start fo' de sto'house right now."

The evidence in the investigation of the Wildcat's excommander showed that Captain Jack had deliberately gone over the ship's side at Pauillac after having started for the United States under orders and that he had been A. W. O. L. for a good many days before the dragnet in Paris finally landed him in the guardhouse. The judge advocate lived up to the technical demands of his office and when he finished with Captain Jack that officer's future was festooned with a ball and chain and iron bars.

"Sure to be ten years—maybe twenty. I'm hooked for desertion. Fine chance I have of getting out of this mess."

Unquestionably the senator parent of Captain Jack's sweetheart was the greatest single-handed performer in the known world when it came to affairs of state.

"What can you do, Conway," he barked at his secretary, "dealin' these damn countries round when you have a female offspring on the verge of delirium tremens because some damn prodigal fiancé of an army captain has lost himself in this A. E. F. shuffle? Cable the adjutant general. Get the State Department busy. See if you can trail him down, and if you can, have him bound hand and foot and delivered to the hotel."

Some hours later in the adjutant general's office at Washington the wandering-boy inquiries were received and immediately became a part of the great sea of unfinished business. With greater simplicity and more direct frankness the clerk at the State Department filed copies of similar cablegrams, which he had received, in the bottom of a large wicker wastebasket.

"Ball Head, what is dem varmints runnin' roun' on de hills?"

The Wildcat at the head of a marching caravan pointed toward an open space in the jungle through which rose the great hills that lay about the valley of Ball Head's tribe.

"Goats," the guide replied. "Food for women. They must not be eaten by warriors such as you and me."

The Wildcat thought of Lily.

"Once I had a mascot goat. Neveh could figger did she bring me good luck or bad. Good or bad, she sho' got drownded when me an' de fire department sunk in de river at St. Sulpice."

But in this instance the Wildcat had the wrong dope. Lily at the moment was enjoying the companionship of

the crew on board the S. S. Texan, whose lookout some weeks before had spotted the swimming goat in the Gironde. In the Wildcat's vocabulary, "Lily was doin' noble, eatin' heavy an' sleepin' mos' all de time." As protégée of the crew of the Texan she had a mascot's job what was a job.

M. Gromont anointed himself internally with a couple of quarts of vang red and finished his luncheon with an omelette soufflé, two pounds of grapes, considerable cheese and a slug of cognac so old it was feeble.

"Voilà!" That was done. He returned to his desk in the French telegraph office. A fat young woman in a long gingham apron pointed disdainfully at an accumulation of cablegrams which had been received during M. Gromont's absence.

"The money for these?" the assistant chief questioned.

"Locked in the little drawer."

"Very well, my dear. There is a franc. You may go to lunch."

The young woman left the office.

M. Gromont unlocked the little drawer where the money received in payment for the cablegrams had been put. He transferred these funds to his own pocket, after which he shuffled through the messages which had been filed.

"Aha! The Premier of England wishes to know—immediate response requested. Poincaré and the State Department and the Secret Service and the Associated Press dispatches." He dumped the entire pile into the wastebasket. "Those—they are worth a franc per hundred kilos as old paper. Otherwise they are worthless."

Among the discarded cablegrams were six frantic official inquiries concerning Captain Jack.

Meanwhile in his prison Captain Jack continued to feel like the devil, while two miles away from him in her apartments the senator's she-girl daughter swore softly in good old United States and clenched a little fist that should have carried a couple of carats of carbon crystal at the very least.

"Ball Head, what's dat smoke?"

At the head of a narrow valley the Wildcat's keen eye saw a wisp of gray against the blue haze of the African afternoon. The guide stared at it intently for a moment. "It is the village of our tribe," he said to the Wildcat.

He called a command back over the marching line and pointed into the distance. Immediately all the members of the caravan joined in a great uproar.

"Glad to git home," the Wildcat said to himself. "Can't see as I blames 'em. Wisht I could see de smoke of Memphis."

"It is the fires of the women," the guide said to him. "There will be feasting this night."

The caravan moved on and late that night in the moonlight they marched between the voodoo posts which marked the edge of the village. Half-naked figures were dancing about the great fire which burned in the center of a group of huts. For an hour or two the Wildcat felt pretty well alone in the pandemonium which reigned about him, and then the guide sought him out. "Yams and the meat of elephant." He gave the Wildcat a clay bowl. "Come and eat."

"Elephant meat I don't crave, but yams sounds good."

The Wildcat absorbed his rations with an enthusiasm prompted by long hours on the trail.

"After you finish," the guide said to him, "there is an enemy worthy of your courage on the trail below here. A man-eating lion has carried off five men from the village above us. He is expected here to-night. Here is a spear. I will show you where to stand so you can kill him. You have claimed to be a great hunter. Thus do the gods afford you amusement."

En route to the place of the kill the Wildcat's bulging eyes fixed upon a ceremony in which a group of forty natives were engaged.

"How come dat ruckus over dere, Ball Head?" he inquired.

"A lodge brother is being initiated into the First Order of Hunters," the guide replied.

The Wildcat thought of his rendezvous with the man-eating lion. A first-class initiation into a good lodge appealed to him considerably more than offering a jungle beast the opportunity of scattering his insides here and there through the tropical foliage. He was not long in stating his preference.

"What I craves mos' is to join de lodge."

"Even so," the guide replied. "The lion will wait."

They approached near to the place where the candidate was getting his third degree. A priest whose headdress obscured all of his face except his gleaming eyes was doing the spring plowing in the candidate's chest with a long keen knife. From the diagonal scars which opened in the flesh behind the blade of the knife blood flowed.

"Following this the tribal marks will be cut deep into the face of the candidate," the guide told him.

"Ball Head, give me some more of dem jazz beans. I feels triflin'."

The guide left him and presently returned with a handful of the invigorating beans. The Wildcat took one of them. Before it reacted on him he spoke:

"Give me de res' of dem beans. I figgers I'll go out an' argue wid de lion. Some night nex' week I'll join de lodge. Dese boys seem busy right now."

"As you prefer," the guide said. He handed the Wildcat a great handful of the jazz beans. "Bring your spear and follow me."

At a lonely post in a great cave of darkness where the filtering rays of moonlight served only to accentuate the gloom about him the Wildcat halted.

"After midnight the prowling beast will probably walk down this trail. One stroke must finish him, but it is needless to advise a great hunter like yourself."

"Ball Head, leave it to me," the Wildcat said. He put a couple of jazz beans in his mouth. "To-morrow we has lion meat fo' breakfast."

The guide left him.

"Mebbe we has lion meat fo' breakfast," the Wildcat amended.

He laid the spear down quickly and then in the fading moonlight he stalked straight for the trail which led down river. Better a thousand times a military finish than one in which a boy's insides would be clawed out by a man-eatin' lion.

The Wildcat took another bean.

"Does dese beans hold out 'at lion will sure have to go some to ketch me."

He loped down the trail until his pathway was suddenly obstructed by a huge bulk which writhed and thrashed about in the darkness. The moon showed clear for a moment. It revealed to the Wildcat's bulging eyes a snake something less than a mile long, from whose distended mouth protruded half the body of an antelope.

The Wildcat forgot about the jazz beans in his pocket. He dived deep into the jungle beside the trail and hid his head away from the terror which lay before him. On the instant that the image of the great snake was blotted from his vision thirty pounds of something active and four-legged dropped from a tree above and landed on the Wildcat's shoulders.

"Lawdy, Lady Luck, where at is you?"

In his panic everything was forgotten except the clawing menace between his shoulder blades. He galloped down the trail, hurdling the boa constrictor and its prey.

"Jazz beans," he prayed, "stan' by me!"

The monkey on his back chattered madly to a troupe of its brothers whose eyes gleamed in the jungle beside the galloping Wildcat.

"This one-way business is all right," the monkey reflected, "but I don't like to walk back."

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Wildcat Galloped Down the Trail. "Jazz Beans," He Prayed, "Stan' by Me!"

COALOILJOHNNYTOWN

By Samuel G. Blythe

A WOMAN came into a great gaud emporium in New York, where the biggest and costliest of everything in the jewel line is spread out for the enticement and decoration of the newly rich, from diamonds as large as hens' eggs—and worth practically as much—to book racks inset with abalone shells, which the gentlemen in that department assure the impending customer are semiprecious and as rare as they are iridescent—a statement that must be so, inasmuch as they make roads of them in California. She was a woman of thirty-five, say, and her clothes were sufficiently draped with fur to proclaim her as the possessor of wealth—fur nowadays being the hall mark of have got, the outward and visible manifestation of money—as any mere-male producer who has produced for any fur or furs recently can testify.

She wore one of those small, nifty hats that are purveyed by weight in the chic millinery establishments—they put them on the exquisitely balanced and gold-plated scales and confer them on the palpitating purchaser as a mark of especial consideration and with a most lofty air when a neat pile of fifty-dollar bills makes even with the hat—and was otherwise wealthily turned out, radiating a combined and pleasing perfume of excess profits and scent that costs six dollars a drop in the small but exclusive shops. She asked if they had any diamonds for sale and was assured they had several, albeit the great scarcity of diamonds as well as the enormous demand had left their stock depleted to half a ton or so. However, they felt they might possibly accommodate her and they led her to the cases where enough of various weights and waters to ransom all the kings remaining, with enough left over perhaps to trade at evens for a pair of shoes, lay glittering in the lights that were set for just that purpose—to make them glitter.

"Does madam require perchance a ring, a bracelet, a watch incrusted, a bar pin, a pendant, a tiara or a stomacher?" asked the psychologist at the case.

None of these. What madam required was a diamond necklace, and the psychologist displayed to her seven rods, two yards, one foot and four inches of diamond necklaces divided into appropriate lengths and each of that magnificent and perfect cut, color and consistency, he said, that delight those who know and appreciate diamonds, the king of stones—as madam undoubtedly did. Here was one for a paltry three thousand five hundred dollars—scarcely worth considering, a little thing strung together for the occasional former-millionaire patron of the house who might stray in; and here was one for five thousand dollars, suitable—it might be—for the wife of a man who had a job in a shipyard; and here—a veritable triumph—was one for ten thousand dollars, such as a bricklayer's wife or the daughter of a puddler might conceivably fancy, though it wasn't much at that for such a personage.

The lady was attracted by the five-thousand-dollar one, and the amiable psychologist behind the case deftly fastened it about her neck, even more deftly arranging the lights over the mirror the while so that the glory and glitter of it might be displayed to excellent advantage.

"I'll take this," she said.

"I am sure madam will not regret her choice, which proves madam to be of unerring precision in selecting not only stones of most perfect cut and color but a necklace that is highly decorative and in harmony with madam's beauty.

"Is it to be charged?"

"No," she replied, and opening her hand bag she took out a large roll of money, counted off five one-thousand-dollar bills and turned to walk out with the necklace about her throat.

"Madam will wear the necklace?" asked the psychologist.

"Certainly," she said. "Why not? It's mine, isn't it?"

Pearls by Day, Diamonds by Night

"OH, ASSUREDLY! But if madam will pardon me may I suggest that the very latest mode—the mode of the moment—brought only yesterday by our manager from Paris—though it does not absolutely prohibit the wearing of diamond necklaces in the daytime, does not recognize that practice as in accordance with the up-to-the-moment dictates of the *haut ton*. They are not doing it in Paris now."

"Is that so?" she asked interestedly. "What are they wearing?"

"Pearls in the daytime, madam—pearls—reserving diamonds for evening wear."

She hesitated for a moment.

Then she unhooked the diamond necklace, put it in her hand bag and said: "Show me some pearls."

Which—not to dilate on the episode unduly—is what the psychologist did. Furthermore, he sold her a pearl necklace for thirty-five hundred dollars and she paid for it in cash, strung her pearls round her neck and tripped lightly from the store.

"Much of that sort of thing?" asked a bystander.

"An every-day occurrence," the clerk replied. "New money in the hands of new people. They've got it in bales and they are spending it by the ton. That woman was never in this store before. I spotted her in a minute. Fact is we have never had such a business in our high-priced goods, and ninety per cent of the people who are buying are new customers—people like that woman, who never bought a dollar's worth here before."

New money in the hands of new people! There you have the explanation of this riot of extravagance, of wild spending, of ignoring what a commodity is worth and being attracted only if the price is high, of luxury buying, of the crowds in the jewelry stores, of the excited and persistent and prodigal determination to buy at whatever price is asked whatever may be high priced. It is national. Last summer the owner of one of the great high-priced stores in San Francisco told me that for the first six months of the year his business was far in excess of any total he ever had and that his books showed this circumstance: The purchases by the old charge customers—the formerly rich people of the city—were only fifty per cent of what they normally were, while the cash business was five times as great as it ever had been.

New money in the hands of new people!

A man from Pittsburgh told of a woman with a shawl over her head coming into a cloak-and-suit store and asking to see a dress that was in the window, marked at two hundred and seventy-five dollars. He tried to argue her out of it, but she persisted, bought the dress and took it home with her, paying for it in cash. She informed the salesman that she had four men in her household and that their aggregate wages were seven hundred dollars a week.

A man from Chicago told of a woman who came into his crockery store and asked to see a set of dishes. He showed her some of moderate price. She kept demanding better quality. Finally he showed her a dinner set that he priced at eight hundred dollars and she bought it with the remark that she always had wanted some nice dishes and now that her husband was making big money she intended to have some; and she paid for it from a roll of bills that nearly filled her hand bag.

Any man who has a store where high-priced goods—luxuries—are sold anywhere in the United States will duplicate these instances of eager spending, of the wave of extravagance and heedless buying at whatever price that extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but it is in New York that it has reached its crest—New York is the coal-oiljohnnytown of all the world. In New York the opportunities are greater, the stocks are larger, the prices are highest and the eager spenders have been and are still flocking there to throw their money at whatever hits their fancy, from diamonds to draperies, from furs to furbelows. Take a look in any jewelry store on a sunny afternoon, or in any fur store or in any of the high-priced gown shops or in any picture gallery or in any fashionable boot shop or millinery establishment—anywhere where the prices are high—and that means everywhere—and especially in any place that has a stamp of exclusiveness on it—a place that formerly was patronized by the very rich, who are now not doing any buying, and observe what is going on. The newly rich are treading on one another's toes to get up to the counters to spend their money, and the higher the prices are the better they like it. No tariff is too steep for them. The more a thing costs the better it is, from the viewpoint of their

Cheers is the Word Among the Art Dealers

excess profits and high wages, and the keener their desire for it.

A man I know runs a fur store in New York and not long ago he showed me a fur wrap for a woman that was priced at twenty-seven thousand dollars. It wasn't a large fur wrap. It was one of those smallish wraps that the women affect nowadays. "Why twenty-seven thousand dollars?" I asked. "Why not thirty thousand dollars?"

"Well," he said, "maybe it will be to-morrow or next day. I just put it on sale and twenty-seven thousand dollars hit me as a suitable price."

"It isn't worth it," I protested.

"Possibly," he replied. "But I can get that much for it, so why not? Somebody will grab it." Next day I was walking up the street with a friend from the West and I spoke of this fur wrap and the exorbitant price of it. We stopped in the store to have a look.

"Too late," said the fur man. "I sold it this morning to a woman who discarded an imitation-seal coat to wear it away."

"How much?" I asked.

"I took your tip," he said, "and marked it up to twenty-nine thousand dollars. She was glad to get it."

The husband of a little woman from the West came back to the hotel where they were paying thirty-five dollars a day for a small suite, and glad to get it because the New York hotels are jammed to the doors with out-of-towners who are in New York to spend their money, being dissatisfied with the excellent spending facilities elsewhere and desiring the superfacilities New York affords—said husband came back to the hotel to find the wife of his bosom staring vacantly at the ceiling and muttering to herself.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"Four thousand dollars," she said, laughing hysterically. "Four thousand dollars."

"What is four thousand dollars?"

"A hat—one hat—four thousand dollars."

"Do you mean you have spent four thousand dollars for a hat?" he shouted. "Great heavens!"

"No," she said, "I didn't, but I had the chance."

Easy Marks

THEN she told him that she had dropped into a hat shop and that the queenly personage who came forward languidly to inquire what right she had to enter those exclusive portals was told that the visitor craved her pardon for disturbing her, but would she deign to show her a hat suited to her style of beauty? The queenly personage deigned. She showed her one with a diamond buckle on it and not much else.

"Chic little thing," said the queenly personage. "Modest and becoming."

"How much?" faltered the visitor.

"Only four thousand dollars."

And the visitor fled because she couldn't stand the shock of seeing some really expensive ones.

"And I'll bet some woman has bought that hat by this time," said the wife. "The saleslady seemed to think it was absurdly cheap and commonplace."

The Southern woman, moved recently to New York, wanted a street dress and went to a most proper place to get one. She found the place full of women on similar quest. After a time a saleslady asked her what her excuse was for being there and why annoy her with her desires, but as it couldn't be helped now did she desire an evening dress at eleven hundred dollars, or a mere frock at seven hundred? She said she wanted to look at a simple little street dress, accenting the simple part of it vigorously. The saleslady regarded her with a coldly contemptuous eye and presently came back with three or four dresses trailing over a regal arm.

"Here is a simple little thing," she said with elaborate emphasis on the adjective—"very simple." And she held up a frock.

"How much is it?"

"Only four hundred dollars," the saleslady replied in an injured tone, as if a lady of her position should not be compelled to handle such common things.

"And here is another," she continued. "This one is very simple also—very simple indeed."

"My Restaurant Prices are So High Now That I Expect to be Arrested Almost Any Minute," Said the Owner of a Big and Fashionable Place; "But Most of My Guests Act a Bit Sore and Disappointed Because They are Not Higher"

"How much is that?"

"Four hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"But," protested the Southern woman, "those prices are absurd. I have bought many frocks like those in this very place for a hundred dollars and a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

The saleslady laid the dresses across a chair, summoned a girl to take them back to their racks and lifted her chin haughtily.

"The demand is greater than the supply at these prices," she said. "We do not handle the cheaper grades."

And they are buying them at these prices and higher—buying them as fast as the stores can get them in. But do not think that because the ladies are flocking to the stores with their new money in their hands to get simple little frocks at four hundred dollars a throw and more complex ones at higher prices, as well as simple everything else at corresponding setbacks to father's excess profits, that the ladies have any monopoly on this sort of spending. Not at all. There are five tailors for men in New York who are set down as being the leaders. It isn't so long ago that the top price for a business suit from any of these five was eighty-five dollars a suit, silk lined, with twenty dollars extra for a second pair of trousers, and for years before they tacked on the extra ten the standard price was seventy-five dollars.

Now what? These five leading tailors, and probably many of the second flight, unblushingly ask one hundred and sixty dollars for a business suit and forty dollars more for an extra pair of trousers. Nor are they at all concerned over the wild protests of their former regular customers, because the hick-tailored boys and the New York side-street-tailored boys, all with new money, are crowding in eager droves to pay a hundred and sixty dollars for a business suit, and heaven only knows how much for an evening suit or an overcoat, laying down the cash, because most of them are strangers and have no credit accounts established, for that label stitched in the neckband that testifies to the brush boy in the barber shops that the suit came from Needles & Sewem or Cuttem & Skinnem, formerly tailors to the Four Hundred but now tailors to the much-more-nourishing four millions, who don't give a hoot what the cost is so long as the label in the neck is right. Most of these new customers are wearing velours hats for the sole reason that the fashionable hatters, after doubling and then tripling the prices of all their other hats, made a grand stab for the new money with the velours and put them up to twenty-six, twenty-seven, thirty and thirty-five dollars each. The higher they are the quicker they go.

Too Cheap

SPEAKING about hats for men: A man came into a hat store and said he wanted to buy a hat. He wasn't especially well dressed, and the clerk after a search found something that he thought might do.

"Five dollars," said the clerk, expecting to hear himself invited to go to the place described by the naughty word.

Instead the man asked: "Haven't you got anything better than that?"

The clerk walked to the rear of the store, fussed a minute with an empty box and came back with the identical hat.

"Seven dollars," he said.

"Is that the best you have?" asked the bored customer.

The clerk made another trip and came back with the same hat.

"Ten dollars," he remarked, and ducked.

The man said, "I'll take it." And he did, and had great difficulty in finding a bill so small as a ten in his roll.

Oh, they are everywhere, spending—spending—spending! I saw father, mother and the two girls at a big New York hotel the other day. They had demanded and had taken a suite that cost father forty dollars a day and they were so unused to big hotels they carried down their own baggage when they left, just as they would at home.

The hotel clerks say when they tell the newly moneyed guests that as a great favor they will let them have a single room and bath for ten dollars a day the come-back always is: "Haven't you got anything better than that?"

"My restaurant prices are so high now that I expect to be arrested almost any minute," said the owner of a big and fashionable place; "but most of my guests act a bit sore and disappointed because they are not higher."

"What's the use?" asked the head man of a restaurant in the Forties. "I imposed on a man and two women to the scandalous extent of charging the man eight dollars for a rack of lamb. When the man paid the check he growled over the smallness of it, saying: 'I thought this was a first-class place.'"

When a man breaks out with money so he has an eruption instead of a mere rash he invariably confirms the diagnosis by starting to buy works of art. He goes in for

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A Plea for Young Male Parents

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT MUST have occurred to many an ostracized young father the night his baby was born—"the night the little fellow arrived," as father usually phrases it, or according to the young mother, "the time baby came," mother being almost as sensitive and reserved as father about admitting point-blank that anything so hopelessly middle class and indelicate as a birth actually happened in so respectable a family—it must, I say, have occurred to many a young father, once the excitement had died down sufficiently to permit the old bean to begin to function again, that at least some slight show of respect, if not real consideration, should be accorded fathers on these momentous occasions. But, no—time out of mind the embryo father has had no place to go, no pal to turn to throughout all the hours preceding, during or immediately following the first big yell. In bare hospital corridors or within his—in a manner of speaking—own turbulent household, as the case may be, he is left to pace the floor or to stand wanly in some bleak background, suffering—and gosh, how he suffers!—with not one sympathetic soul sufficiently interested in his plight to tell him even bad news. At best he gets an occasional blank stare or accusing glance of frank disfavor from all the whirl of hurrying, self-centered, white-clad humans milling round him—a blurred maze, to father, of scurrying female people perpetually darting in and out of doors, especially the door of The Room, all of them always carrying some object of glass or white goods or china from some place to some other place, their lips firmly set, brows knitted efficiently and all of them seemingly bent upon clipping many seconds off the soft-shoe heel-and-toe indoor record.

This studied and shameless disregard, actual contempt, of the absolutely essential male parent is a curious phenomenon that is visited for some inexplicable reason upon all fathers persistently through life from the A in anthropology to the Z in zoo. What is the first cry heard when the zoo lioness whelps or the dachshund brings forth a long line of German descendants at a single sitting? "Take away the father!" shrieks everybody. "He'll kill 'em!"

The Suit of a Young Sister Fairly Screams, "Oh, for Pitsee's Sake, Ed, Let Us Alone! Why Don't You Go Miles Off Somewhere and Dibble!"

How Poor Elmer Made Good

BOSH! That is merely the feminine ego asserting itself in raucous sound. Consider the commuter, more especially consider Madame and the Misses Commuter, when somebody named Olga covers the distance between the back-yard chicken coop and the breakfast table in eight seconds flat and yelps ecstatically that the setting Plymouth Rock ban a mother of an octette. Instantly stacks of wheat cakes begin to sag, pale and clammy and neglected, while the entire female-commuter entourage spills out the back door with napkins wigwagging, the whole onrush outcackling the other, or feathered, hens, talking baby talk to the new little chicks and kicking up one terrifically affectionate fuss round the nest of old Mother Rock—a venerable, disheveled, no-good fool hen that hasn't done a darned thing except to loll at ease for unnumbered days on a freshly paved nest, eating all her meals in bed, lazily neglecting her person while whining and grunting in chickenese the clucking equivalent of "Heaven pity us, it's the woman who pays—and pays—and pays!"

And are the new little lemon-white chicks, so far as any faint family resemblance goes, so much as distantly related—even by marriage—to the dingy, darkly speckled, frowsy old mother hen? Or are they undeniably miniature editions of the creamy-white and dignified and patient father Dominique standing forsaken on one yellow leg in a far corner of the hen coop—scorned and alone and lonely? Does the feathered father, who originated the whole idea, receive any of the caresses or cracked corn showered upon a mother whose very maternity is apocryphal? Far be it! Just let the poor male outcast approach as close to the interesting event as the length of Olga's broom and he won't get anything but one goshawful wallop on the slats.

Again—to cite just another brief instance from my own personal experiences before proceeding to the higher order of humans—I brought home a pair of plump white rabbits to our baby about two weeks after the little fellow arrived at our Westchester County—New York—place; an estate, I might mention in passing, of four hundred and fifty-two acres that rolls from the shores of the Hudson upward over the hills and finally peters out in a stretch of comparatively worthless scrub-oak country, or thoroughly abandoned farm, ten acres of which I have recently leased at a nominal figure—being of no use to me—to a worthy young writing man who of late has been charmingly dragging his leasehold into print acre by acre, or an acre at a time, under his pen name of—if memory serves me aright—Irwin S. Cobb. A day after I had established our baby's pair of rabbits in a hutch halfway up one of our mountains some distance back in the neglected hinterland country of our estate, or back in the general neighborhood of the little place temporarily occupied by my tenant, Mr. Cobb, one of my gamekeepers or kennel masters rode over my hills and my valleys to the manor house to tell us that the best the little lady rabbit of the pair could do during her first twenty-four hours in her new home was a setting of seven little bunnies.

Now believe it or not, before I could call my people back fully half a dozen of our female servants were scrambling back over my hills and my dales, leaping pell-mell over my trout streams and playing hob generally with my tree nurseries and polo field and golf course, every Eve's daughter of them screaming till my cliffs and my peaks and my far-flung valley lands were echoing and re-echoing their cruel cry, "Take Elmer away! He'll kill 'em!" Elmer being the name we had given the not-quite-so-plump father rabbit.

Only fancy a rabbit killing anything! Within the hour the misguided wife of one of my people living back near the Long Island Sound reaches of the estate was telephoning to us at the manor house that "just in the nick of time" she had dared to beard Elmer in his own den, had fearlessly grabbed Elmer up in her apron and now had established the father rabbit in a temporary but strong hutch of his own far out near a high hedge which recently I had had planted to shut off one of my outlying practice polo fields from the Cobb piggery.

And be it recorded to the everlasting honor and glory of all fathers from Elmer up and down, separated from his kind though the little father rabbit was and wholly left to his own poor devices in his hutch far back in the scraggly abandoned land near the spot where the primeval little pocket leased from me by Mr. Cobb marks the beginning of my waste land—back there, I repeat, in that poor country the glorious state of fatherhood for once asserted its rights and holy prerogatives. For the sun had not set that day before my tenant, Cobb—whom I had employed by telephone at slight expense to look after Elmer's creature comforts—himself telephoned to us that Elmer, the father rabbit, had just given birth to nine more bunnies—"An' Ah reckin', squiah, suh, thet yo'-all bettah c'mission me, suh, to separate Elmah from his get, suh, b'foh he fohgets he's a mothah an' kills 'em all plum daid!"

The Births of Fiction

I DID nothing of the kind. Instead I jumped into my nearest touring car and raced through the gathering night far eastward across my estate until I reached the hedge that shuts off our view of Mr. Cobb's amusing little place. And with only the rising moon for witness I crawled reverently into Elmer's little makeshift boudoir and woke the gifted little father up and gave him three rousing cheers and unnumbered hearts of lettuce.

It was while I was motoring back westward across my estate by easy stages through the night that musingly I remembered that it is only in illustrated fiction or the comic papers that one encounters those nurses whose first thought is to run eagerly out to where the father is pacing the living room anxiously and tell him all. There she is—in the fiction illustrations—proudly running toward the young father with the new-born babe mounted superbly upon the ornate pillow the nurse carries, the minute-old baby's wealth of downy hair neatly parted and combed, its head erect and a bright and beaming look in its little face that seems to say, "Well, well, well! So this is father!" One gathers—in fiction—that the physician, the nurses and the young mother's relatives look upon the entire function as but a prelude to that dramatic moment when each scrambles to be the first to cry out in delirious excitement: "Here it is, Mr. Hooper; a great big nine-pound son! Congratulations!"

But in real life?

No! In the first place no newborn babe that I have ever seen comes anyway near to measuring up in pulchritude with the kind of baby the fiction illustrator imagines. With the possible exception of our baby—and don't jump at the silly notion that I am one of those idiotic parents who fancy their offspring some sort of vintage crop that has nothing in common with the average, or off-season, infant; I am not that kind of fool parent; I am the first to assert, even when I have to stretch a point to do it, that our baby is just a healthy, regular-featured, bright little average youngster, whose somewhat unusual physical and mental development—if such he has when compared with other babies in our neighborhood—is the result rather of the exceptional care and training lavished upon him than upon any remarkable congenital gifts—I say that with the possible exception of our baby the brand-new infants I have seen not only lack that plump, fair-skinned, silky smoothness of the infant one sees delicately pictured on the colored covers of ladies' journals and New Year's calendars, they swing to another extreme that gives one the impression that all babies are born in their fifty-second year. Our own baby, at least during its first few days of life, impressed me as having been born in its early forties.

No—as I was saying when our child was thrust into the discussion—in real life no one maims anyone else in a scramble to be the first to break the news to the suffering father. Midnight and the new baby have come, and now the east is reddening again and a group of bloodless-faced

rumpled female relatives are yawning above their black coffee and the uproar of the midnight hours has subsided to an equally nerve-racking "S-s-s-s-h" of hissings through warning finger tips at the slightest sound; and still the young male father is not sure whether he is a father or mother or what. Only slowly and vaguely do they begin to remember him.

"Wonder where Ed is?" someone finally mumbles, and there is absolutely no note of interest—pep—in the query.

"Dunno," yawns another someone wearily—adding perhaps in that undercurrent of scorn with which only a female relative near and dear to one's wife can vitiate the human voice: "Taking a calm night's sleep in his room, I s'pose, just like there was nothing in the world going on."

"Yeh—I s'pose."

And that second "s'pose" is said in a way that proves conclusively that the speaker believes the compilers of the penal code did not go half far enough when they placed "Sleep" between "Murder" and "Arson" in their list of felonies.

"And good riddance too," the voice goes on. "If ever there was a crazy excited chump uncaged it was Ed last night, just when everybody else was trying to be calm and efficient. If I tripped over that big moon-faced calf once last night I tripped a thousand times. And he drove the nurse simply wild. When she was at her very busiest what did he do but call her out of The Room to blubber whether he couldn't get her some milk or castor oil or several more doctors. Honest, Lizzie, I could have killed him!"

Old Ed Gets a Raw Deal

NOW right there is where the wife's relatives begin brazenly to drag fiction into the real thing. Ed wasn't a bit like that and wouldn't be and didn't. Ed being thoroughly aware of the fact that a man, even when suffering great crises like childbirth, is always a reasoning being and that women are altogether ruled by their emotions, merely had tried to manage this whole affair systematically. What happened? Every time he had attempted to move helpfully some or all of the female in-laws cluttering up the place had put the rollers under him. And he had not slept, nor was he sleeping while being accused of the crime. I know where Ed was while they were saying he was asleep—at least I know where he would have been back in the recent good days of a better world. He would be round the corner at Gilligan's place of business getting plastered; that's where Ed would be in the days before busybodies began to regulate Ed's private life. And if later in the day Ed came home again all rumpled and swaying like a lily gemmed with dew I s'pose it would be all Ed's fault.

It would not. They drove him to it. All he had asked first and last was the simple biological privilege of bringing forth his own young in his own way. They would not so much as let him begin. Before he had got a start at all he could not take a step in his own house without finding some female relation of the prospective mother parked in his path, the whole excited crew figuratively flying a banner brazenly inscribed: "Keep your distance, you poor male—this is our party!"

It is putting it mildly to say that Ed received thereafter even less attention from the wife's folks than he got on his marriage day; and on that first great occasion perhaps the only thought about Ed that had entered the combined intellectuals of the bride's side of the house was a sudden and annoying realization of the fact that some big awkward male person had galumphed his way right up to Winifred's elbow and seemed determined to stand there all during the ceremony, just where his big lubbering bulk cut off a lot of the bride from the view of everybody on his side of the chancel.

In Some More Humane Households the Young Mother Also Is Good Enough to Grant Him the Weekly Boon of Dropping All His Own Work and Other Affairs on the Nurse's Day Out

And now on this second great occasion of Ed and Winifred's young married life the best Ed gets is, "Get out!" Nevertheless for a time he doggedly hangs round the general neighborhood of The Room, waiting in hangdog fashion, being stepped on, buffeted, snarled at. But he puts up with it all very humbly, wistfully sticking to a fatuous belief that even the wife's relatives in their own good time will calm down and admit that he is at least related to the newborn babe—perhaps merely related by marriage, but a relative. He does not mind it so much when they totally ignore his anxious inquiries during the greater climaxes as they scuttle past him, Ed excusing them on the ground that they, unlike himself, are overexcited. He entertains no bitterness when they bang the swinging door of the butler's pantry into his façade and savagely shove him aside. But when the wife's snip of a young sister turns on him ferociously at last and fairly screams, "Oh, for pitt-ee's sake, Ed, let us alone! Why don't you go miles off somewhere and di-i-i-e!" Well, as the soprano suggestion begins to sink into his troubled young soul he turns the idea round and round and gradually he begins to suspect that perhaps they are hinting that he is not wanted. And absently and at last he jams the doctor's hat down over his dull-mica eyes and aimlessly wanders out into a gray world—the great grief that only injustice can inflict breaking his lonely heart—and wanders round the corner to Gilligan's and gets stewed to the gills—ossified, spifflicated.

He used to in the better days. Now "they" have even closed Gilligan's place of business to him. "They" at last have gone the limit and have taken from him the last wonderful comfort and prerogative and inalienable right of all new fathers, the beautiful gift of becoming ori-eyed. I do not mean for an instant that the Ed I have in mind or any other good old Ed deliberately in the days now gone beyond recall wandered round to Gilligan's with the idea of becoming sloshed. No; he went there merely because the purlieus of the curse of drink were the only places open to him, the one haven of sweetness and light and glowing content that called to his soul. Perhaps he did order a single shot.

The Sympathy of the Bar

LIKELY as not he did not get plastered at all; merely took one good wallop at the black bottle in silence and then—there still being nothing else to do—took another, always silently, keeping his own counsel; and mayhap he took just one more when remembering that there still was no place to go except out or over to Schultz's on the opposite corner; and then he may have been detained a bit longer by a bit of conversation—he might, I mean, have begun to yearn for companionship and now that the worst was over have braved himself to remark shyly to the bartender: "Well, Hughie, I'm a father now. Yep! Couple hours ago. Thanks, Hughie. Sure—everybody fine so far's I know. Huh? Well, I'll say it sounded like it was a boy, Hughie, but I couldn't learn definitely from any of the raving maniacs round the house whether—just a final one, Hughie, before I go, and plain water on the side—I couldn't learn definitely whether or not—what? No, no, no, Hughie; I ordered it and I'm going to pay for it. Well, of course, under the circumstances, Hughie, I'll drink this one with you to the little fellow, but you gotta have one now with me, Hughie.

"There—I knew you'd be a good fellow, Hughie, under the circumstances. Haven't I always said you're a good fellow, Hughie, under all circumstances? I leave it to you, Hughie, as man to man. Am I right or am I wrong? I leave it to Jimmie there. Weren't there circumstances right here the other night, Jimmie, where I said right out that Hughie was a good

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This Bird Is Supposed to Be So Thoroughly Equipped That He Can Stalk Into My Own House and Tell Me—Me, a Regular Father—to Step Away Back and Sit Down!

Views of a Layman on Bolshevism

By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

PHOTOS FROM BROWN BROTHERS NEW YORK CITY

RUSSIA contains and produces the following basic materials: Iron, coal, copper, lead, nickel, gold, platinum, clay, limestone, petroleum, lumber, cotton, linen, wool, hides, fats and grain. She is an exporter of linen but an importer of cotton, since the production in Turkestan does not cover her requirements. The minerals and metals lie in two areas principally—in South Russia and in the Urals. The mines were largely managed by foreign engineers. Before the war the country covered by importation sixty per cent of the requirements in manufactured commodities. Though the needs of the peasants were simple, the very large number made the import trade a huge item in world commerce. The production of minerals and metals has fallen greatly since the accession of the Bolshevists. This has been due to the loss of possession of South Russia and of the Urals and to the lowered efficiency in the operation of the other mines remaining. The relations of the fuels are discussed in another paragraph. We are here concerned with the question of the relations of the available supplies of the raw materials, and with these we must include tin, rubber and cotton, for which the country always depended upon the outside world.

Unused Raw Materials

THE ever-reiterated contention of the Bolshevist is that the breakdown of manufacturing in Russia, freely admitted officially, has been due to scarcity of raw materials, the result of blockade. The facts fail to support this contention. A certain degree of reduction in manufacturing in Russia would have been the result of the blockade, but the palsy of manufacturing that is now present has been due to deficiencies resident in the Bolshevism of the country. In theory Bolshevism exalts production, in practice destroys it.

The following factors are shown by study of data—in part neutral, in part official—to lie at the bottom of the collapse of industry: Strikes, low output of labor per hour, inefficiency in administration of plants, inefficiency in transportation, scarcity of fuel, paucity of raw materials and confusion in distribution and marketing.

Labor has been abundant in Russia during the last two years. Freed of the pressure of a huge military program, the government should have been able to improve conditions after the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. They had many indigenous raw materials and monopoly of the home market and they had the advantage of many improvements that had been introduced during the war. Russia under the old methods would have occupied to-day a position of advantage in Europe had she had two years' start of the other nations in reconstruction.

The best metal fields of Russia were lost to the Bolshevists because they attempted to force their system upon South Russia and the Urals. For the loss of the southern and eastern fields they have only themselves to blame. But the fields remaining to them have not been efficiently worked and developed. The defects lie in poor organization and slacking workmen. The Allies had made heavy shipments into Russia during the first three years of the war. Some material went to Germany during the Kerensky régime and the period of Bolshevism up to the time of the German armistice, both openly and by smuggling. Despite all this, substantial stocks remained on hand. But the plants could not be kept open. On January 1, 1918, in 673 plants in Petrograd were 277,000 workers; in April the number had fallen to 120,000. The steel workers have been reduced during the year from 240,000 to 47,000. The official program of metals for the first half of the year 1919 contemplated spending 3,130,000,000 rubles, and the product was estimated at only 2,860,000,000. Three-quarters of the metal industries of Moscow are closed.

Moscow Looking East. Above—View of Syzran To-day, a City of 52,000 Population in Southeastern Russia, Destroyed by Revolutionists

The statements of different apologists are not in harmony. First we are told that scarcity of metals was due to combing of the country by Germans; then we are told that none were left under Kerensky. As a matter of fact, Russia contained goodly supplies of raw materials and the Germans have smuggled not a little out. Little has been used by Russian industries, and supplies remain for which no use is made in the present state of disorganization.

The scheme of organization developed after the spontaneous and automatic operation of manufacturing plants failed to materialize was rigid, autocratic and minute. Under the eighteen commissaries stands a State Economic Council. This makes the general programs. Under this council are the centers, or alliances, of the several trades—as the textile center. Under the center in each plant is the workers' committee. If a plan of a workers' committee is overruled by the center it may be appealed to the economic council and to the commissary concerned. In this autocratic scheme each workman is a cog and his occupation a forced labor in the name of the workmen's state.

The conditions of labor deserve particular mention. Strikes developed in the winter of 1917–18 and have continued more or less violently ever since. The workers were expected to work for the good of the cause of communism. Instead they developed most extravagant demands in respect to short hours and high wages and in many cases demanded that the increases be retroactive over the two previous years. The authorities have developed a graded scheme of punishment for striking. The men were first told that the greatest crime of a worker is sabotage against the workers' state. Two ways were open to them—the honor system in the name of altruism or forced employment if they wished to live! Continued refusal to work was followed by degradation in scale of employment, reduction of rations, withdrawal of rations, execution after trial for inciting strike and shooting on sight if engaged in strike.

Even when at work the output of the workers was low. The reports in official papers and documents contain innumerable mentions of the low spirit of production; the slacking, loitering, the lack of solidarity; the poverty in creative spirit of the masses. These conditions held for manufacturing as well as for mining.

Government by Committee

NATIONALIZATION of an industry was often done against the judgment of the experts as a bait to the workers. The workers often protested against the programs of the centers, as was particularly the case with the textile center. In one textile plant that had material and fuel the output from the summer of 1917 to 1918 fell to 27 per cent, largely as the result of disagreement between center and workers. The leaders have latterly devised a scheme of housework patterned after the house industry of Switzerland that, of course, cannot succeed on account of lack of intelligence.

The best way of judging the productive output of the country is to estimate the output in industries whose raw materials are indigenous. Let us take wood, limestone and clay, which abound in Bolshevist Russia. The factories for the manufacture of cement have all closed. The quarries and brickyards have mostly closed. The manufacture of lumber for building purposes has fallen to a small fraction of the normal. For these labor was available in unlimited numbers.

The manufacture of matches—badly needed—is an illustration in point. In many parts of the country no matches are to be bought. A number of match factories had to close down because of lack of timber and a number of factories had to close because they were stocked full of matches for which no distribution could be procured. The same was true of other commodities. A number of months ago the government ordered a free issue of one box of matches to each person per year.

Far more important than scarcity of materials was inefficiency in organization. The programs were made out by theorists; they were executed by councils of workmen none of whom knew anything about quantity production, costs of production or forced output. The more trouble developed the larger became the councils. Depression of production in manufacture is greatly aggravated by limitation of facilities in markets. Industries run by councils means managers, engineers and organizers selected by councils. Here appeared the worst faults of committee government—worse than the selection of civil servants by politicians. Men of efficiency cannot be selected by

the ballot; the inefficient cannot be weeded out in that way. Not only were the organizers usually theorists, they were sometimes grafters; not only were the councils usually incompetent, they were sometimes dishonest.

The records of the official trade and governmental organs have been filled with stories of reprehensible grafting and extortion. Leather has been very scarce and three-fourths of the leather wares are in illicit trading. The national metals committee was shown to be riddled with graft and the members were imprisoned or shot. In recent months one reads in official publications almost as much about executions of grafting Bolshevist officials as one used to read about executions of counter-revolutionists.

The hugeness of bureaucracy was a heavy burden. The workmen's councils were—in numbers—multiples of the number of managers under normal conditions. These all had to be paid. It has been common enough to have the intake from sales fall below wages and salaries of councils, leaving nothing for upkeep and depreciation; not enough even to pay for the fuel and raw material, because labor held a priority lien on the receipts. The accumulated deficits were either charged up to the original owners or covered by advances from the Peoples' Bank.

The more a plant was operated, the deeper the debt. Some nationalized plants have received from the government four times the amount of their capital. In some plants the value of the products in the year has been below 75 per cent of the capital. In some plants the wages alone have been more than the sales value of the products. To one plant during a certain period the government contributed 96,000,000 rubles, 66,000,000 going for wages—and the product sold for 15,000,000 rubles.

In discussions of industries that are to be read in the Bolshevist organs runs the thought that an industry is like a single tool, to be laid down and taken up unchanged. This fundamental error has had grave results for their operations. An industry is a delicate piece of mechanism; it is almost a living thing; it has personality; it reacts to circumstances; it responds or balks. A going industry cannot be manhandled. In a certain sense an industry, while the expression of the human forces in it, rises above them. We make the same mistake in this country. We speak of worker and employee and assume that the industry is a constant. But every disturbance of organization or worker injures the thing called industry, throws it out of gait, and it may be difficult to get it back.

When the Milkers Struck

THE reaction of the thing called industry to the employer and the worker was well illustrated in a recital overheard by the writer in a coach on a train going from Halle to Leipsic last winter. In this overcrowded coach an old peasant was dilating on the extravagant claims of farm labor. They would not do this or that; and how was the farm to continue to produce? "And yesterday," he continued, "the worst happened. You know I have twenty-seven cows, beautiful creatures. At noon the milkers came and said, 'We strike.' And they left."

A sympathetic old lady asked, "And what will you do?"

"What will I do?" he answered impatiently. "That is not the question—what I will do or what the men will do. What will the cows do?"

Inefficient work and headless organization have put Russian industries out of gait and they will not be easily led into running order. The results of this partnership of inefficiencies has done more injury to Russian manufacture than scarcities of fuel, transportation and coal. The results have been almost as bad in industries with unlimited raw materials as in those with shortages. If the Russians had done no better with imported iron, copper, tin, rubber and cotton than they did with cement works and sawmills, conditions would have been little better with free importations.

Under blockade the factories of the country had a monopoly in a land crying for commodities and willing to pay any price. Yet the opportunity could not be seized, even for the goods for which the country possessed the raw materials. The Urals and Turkestan are back in Bolshevistic control, but this will do little good if their products are given such maladministration as has been exhibited with the other indigenous materials.

When the Germans were short of raw materials, what did they do? They allocated what they had to essential industries. And for the rest they devised replacements and substitutions.

Did the Russians do anything like that? Nothing! They did not have the physicists, chemists, engineers—or these would not work for the Bolshevists. Shortage of rubber in Germany was combated by new processes for reclamation of old rubber. Of the skill seen in Germany during '16, '17 and '18, nothing has been seen during the two years of Bolshevist Russia. Incompetence in operation and workmanship, not blockade, has ruined Russian industry.

The end results in terms of commodities can be approximated. The Russia of prewar days imported sixty per cent of its manufactured goods. The evidence from soviet sources indicates that the present manufacture is somewhere between a fourth and a third of domestic prewar output. That would make the amount of goods available to the people somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen per cent of the normal. This estimate corresponds well with the official figures of goods allocated.

In the first nine months of Bolshevist rule some fifty-three thousand railway cars of allocated commodities were dispatched. This would correspond to not more than one-eighth of the normal needs. The later results have been still poorer. But as time passed more goods passed through illicit trading than during the period quoted. If we assume that as many goods have passed through illicit trading as through the normal channels of governmental allocation and record we reach the same figure of goods available—it cannot be stretched to more than twenty per cent of the normal.

Distribution is easily disposed of. With agricultural production down to two-thirds of the normal or less, manufactured goods available down to 20 per cent and transportation reduced to one-quarter of the normal—probably less than that in efficiency—no distribution can possibly function. When in addition one pictures the external management of all this by an untrained bureaucracy it does not surprise one that the people have gone back to primitive methods of distribution and that the bag-carriers stand for the most efficient thing in Russian life to-day.

The Hopeless Railroad Situation

TRANSPORTATION in Russia is to-day in a most deteriorated condition. During the régime of the Czar strenuous efforts were made to prevent breakdown in transport, aided greatly by experts supplied by the allies of Russia. Much railway equipment was lost to the Germans in Poland. Against this must be placed the heavy shipments into Russia from the United Kingdom, Japan and the United States, though made difficult by the abnormal gauge used in that country.

When the revolution occurred in the spring of 1917 it found the shops of Russia well equipped with parts and materials. The great difficulty had been scarcity of labor and experts. During the régime of Kerensky the conditions in traffic were not maintained. On the accession of the Bolshevists they found the performance of transportation by rail about 60 per cent of the normal. Under their management the service has declined progressively. During the last year the scarcity of food has been largely due to lack of transport. In 1917, 64,000 versts of line were in operation; one year later this had fallen to 22,000. The average run per engine per day in 1917 was fifty miles; in 1918, thirty-five miles. Good judges of transportation in Russia estimate the present services at not more than 30 per cent of the normal and this is in agreement with data from Bolshevist sources. But even this 30 per cent is not allocated to essentials in an efficient manner. There is little coöperation between the commissary of roads and communications, the national council and the local councils.

This has not been due to scarcity of labor. Since the demobilization of the army labor has been a drug on the market, unemployment a problem. But there has been unwillingness to work. Strikes have been frequent and prolonged—strikes of the men against their own management of the roads! It has not been due to lack of fuel. The problem of fuel will be discussed by itself. Suffice it to state here that proper organization of the available supplies of coal and wood would have enabled the Bolshevists to have greatly improved the train service.

The railways of Russia required, according to the climatic conditions, from six to eight hundred thousand tons of coal per month. What little Argentina was able to accomplish in the use of wood when coal became scarce Russia has not been able to do. It has not been due to lack of locomotives and cars.

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Baku. A "Spout" on the Famous Bibi-Eybat Oil Field. Above—An Oil Borer

TOUJOURS DE L'AUDACE

XII

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

P. D. Q. overtook Perry just beyond the Frog Pond in the Common; and when he spoke to Perry, Perry stopped to answer him. When P. D. Q. said he wanted to talk to Perry, Perry suggested that they find a bench and sit down. P. D. Q. shook his head and said a little unctuously: "Can't stop—almost my dinner hour. I'm walking home for the sake of the exercise. Stroll along with me?"

Perry laughed.

"Walking home, are you? Why, yes, I'll stroll along. Why don't you ask me to dinner?"

"Hardly," said P. D. Q. "Wouldn't look right, you understand—savor of collusion and all that. People would fancy I was trying to buy you off, you know."

"I say," Perry suggested, "that near-Boston accent of yours must be a strain. You needn't trouble to talk as you imagine I talk, so long as there's no one here to hear but me."

P. D. Q. smiled.

"Thanks," he agreed. "It is an effort. However, it's worth the effort and I find it interesting to practice my manner of speech on you."

"You certainly are there with the old nerve, son," Perry told him in reluctant admiration. "I hate to do it to you, but I'm going to give you an awful tumble. Matter of fact, you'd save yourself trouble if you just slid out without any more fuss."

P. D. Q. laughed cheerfully.

"Hardly. I'm afraid you've not fully reconnoitered the situation yet. You'll find I'm well entrenched."

"I don't see how you did it," Perry said. "Every little detail down cold. Suppose you had been asked the wrong questions to-day?"

"You've Got Plenty of the Old Nerve, Slim," She Told Him Approvingly. "If It Was Me I'd Want to Make a Clean-Up and Get Out. I'm Nervous"

"It would hardly have been possible to trip me up, I imagine," P. D. Q. told him. "I've made quite a study of your—past life. In fact, I probably know more about it than you do yourself."

"It's none of my business, of course," Perry drawled; "but I'm curious to know how you managed."

P. D. Q. waved a careless hand. They were crossing the bridge in the center of the Gardens, and turned to the right toward Beacon Street.

"I've no objection to enlightening you," he said. "It may serve to discourage you, save you from wasting effort. My advice to you, you understand, is to get a job and earn a living and forget this—er—this crazy notion of yours; this obsession, I might say." His voice had changed; his tones were ludicrously like those of old Ammidown.

Perry smiled in appreciation and remarked: "I take it you're an actor."

"You may take it that I'm a little of everything," P. D. Q. told him easily, and Perry laughed and suggested: "Everything includes fatheads, I suppose."

P. D. Q. nodded.

"I'm proud of this particular exploit. Justly so, don't you think?"

"I can tell better—that is to say, I could tell better if I knew how you ever got the idea at all. It's not a thing that a man would undertake offhand."

"Oh, that was mere chance," said P. D. Q. frankly. "I happened to be on Tremont Street the day I reached town and Miss Hoyt spoke to me, addressed me as 'Perry.' I was interested, thought she would see her mistake very quickly and answered her. After that I was curious to see how long her illusion would persist. We lunched together."

Perry nodded.

"I know—fifteenth of March."

"Exactly," said P. D. Q. "We lunched together, discussed your—my—our affairs, parted amicably after lunch. Naturally, I was amazed at this likeness that must exist between you and me. I thought there might be in this strange circumstance an opportunity for me."

"How did you know who I was?"

"Miss Hoyt called me 'Perry,' the head waiter called me 'Mr. Danton.'"

"How did you know who she was?"

P. D. Q. smiled.

"By using my peculiar talents. I abstracted one of her cards from her hand bag."

"Pickpocket too, eh?"

"A little of everything," said P. D. Q. cheerfully. "You'll find it quite impossible to insult me, you understand."

"I'm interested," Perry told him. "What next?"

P. D. Q. took a cigarette from his case and offered the case to Perry. Perry declined the offer. P. D. Q. lighted his own cigarette and put the case back in his pocket.

"I made a study of you," he said. "I enlisted some assistance; I established some friends of mine in positions where they could pick up odds and ends of information. I got samples of your handwriting and devoted myself to mastering it. I watched you personally in order to pick up certain mannerisms and manners of speech—your habit, for instance, of running your fingers through your hair and other little things."

Perry exclaimed: "You've a careful turn of mind—for a crook—but there are a few things you don't know. I intend to spring them on you in a day or two. You'd best make your clean-up and get out while the getting is good."

"Oh, I've no intention of running away," P. D. Q. told him. Perry stared at the man incredulously, then asked "Mean to say you're going to undertake to go on with this indefinitely?"

"Why not?"

Perry laughed.

"It can't be done—that's all. Pitcher that goes too often to the well ——"

P. D. Q. smiled.

"Where is the flaw in my defense?" he asked amiably. "If you can point it out to me I'll agree to depart this night and not return."

"Servants will see sooner or later that you're not what you pretend to be."

P. D. Q. shook his head.

"Don't count on that," he advised. "Arklay is getting old and short-sighted. I'm going to retire him. Mrs. Rumson sees very little of me—in the kitchen all the time. And Hasket is, of course, my own man."

"Your own man?"

"Naturally. I put him in there—after getting rid of your other man—so that he might gather a fund of information for me. I might say that he has been invaluable."

"Good Lord!" Perry exclaimed thoughtfully. "You did go into it from the ground up, didn't you?"

P. D. Q. seemed flattered

"I tried to," he agreed. "And I even went so far as to test out my impersonation before that memorable fifteenth of May. I called at the bank with a key to your vault that Hasket had made for me from the original in your key purse. I instructed them as to certain changes in the signature which they should thereafter honor. This was before the fifteenth, you understand. I spent a few hours at the Country Club one afternoon. I dropped in at your club in town. I called at your house in your absence. No one had the slightest doubt that I was you. I had two or three business chats with Mr. Ammidown."

"He'll see through you sooner or later," Perry told him. "Ammidown's no man's fool. Some little thing will come up."

"Perhaps," P. D. Q. agreed. "However, I'm acquiring a certain measure of good repute with the old man by reason of my—er—industry and perseverance. Also, of course, the telephone girl in his office is one of my assistants. Vastly helpful to me in the past, as she will no doubt continue to be in the future."

They were approaching Perry's home. P. D. Q. marked this and added: "I must leave you in a moment. I've been glad of the opportunity to tell you some of these things so that you may see the wisdom of abandoning your foolish illusion. I should dislike to ask your commitment to an institution for the feeble-minded."

"There's one person you can't fool," said Perry half to himself. "I'll bank on that in the long run."

P. D. Q. laughed softly.

"You mean no doubt Miss Hoyt," he said. "Ah, there again you are overconfident. Katie, her personal maid, is Hasket's wife and one of my allies, so that I am in close touch with Miss Hoyt's thoughts and feelings." There was a suggestion of a smirk in his bearing. "I think I may say that she, like Mr. Ammidown, is impressed by my industry. Of course we are not formally engaged."

As it happened, they came just then to the foot of Perry's steps and P. D. Q. paused, turned his back to the steps and his face to Perry.

"But I am very sure there will be no real obstacle when the time is right," he added. "A charming girl—Camilla."

Perry had been simmering for some time. He was willing to give P. D. Q. credit for audacity and skill, but the man's vanity angered him and his reference to Camilla brought the pot to a boil. Perry struck out.

P. D. Q.'s instinctive movement partially blocked Perry's left hook. The effort threw the impostor to one side in fair position to receive Perry's right hand squarely in the eye. The blow thrust him backward, his heels struck the lower step and he sat down heavily, hugging his bruised face.

In the stress of this moment some of his carefully acquired polish cracked and fell away. He snarled in a quavering voice: "What the hell good does that do?"

"Teaches you to keep your tongue off Miss Hoyt," said Perry evenly. "Gives you a taste of what's coming to you if you thrust yourself on her, and incidentally gives me a quite definite satisfaction. I've a mind to punch you again."

P. D. Q. complained: "I'll bet you've blacked my eye."

Perry suddenly laughed.

"Then we'll match up better than ever," he said. "I've a black eye myself. After this we won't even be able to tell ourselves apart." His voice suddenly hardened.

"Look out for yourself, you sneaking crook! I'm going to smash you hard!"

"Go as far as you like!" P. D. Q. told him with some measure of the old bravado.

Perry said: "You bet I will!" And he strode away.

XIII

PERRY during the next three days saw neither P. D. Q. nor Ammidown nor Camilla. He made no move to see them. He went to his work on the Star, took his assignments and carried them through, did as well as any reasonably intelligent young novice can be expected to do on a daily newspaper, enjoyed himself and gave all his spare time to thinking. He was enjoying his work, he liked the pleasant flurry and fuss of the office and the contact with those incidents and events which go to make up a day's news. But at the same time he was quite definitely determined to upset P. D. Q.'s apple cart. He was going to do it, going to make a thorough job of it. The only thing that made him delay was that he had not yet found the lever with which to work.

He felt that P. D. Q.'s very vanity had betrayed him; that P. D. Q. by telling the tale of his own exploit had put himself in Perry's hands. He knew there must be some weak spot in the other's armor; he knew there must be some flaw, some cranny.

"Chances are it's as plain as the nose on my face," he told Daly when they were discussing it one night, "but I can't see it—not yet. I will!"

Daly made suggestions, but they seemed to Perry to be clumsy and of doubtful value. He meant to be so well armed when next he struck that by no squirming could P. D. Q. escape him. He gave the other man as much credit for a genius of audacity as before, but at the same time he despised the chap.

"I'd like to take another crack at him," he told Daly. "It did me good."

"I saw him on the street to-day," Daly told Perry one night. "He's got a faint shiner where you hit him. Nobody could tell the two of you apart now unless they saw you side by side."

"That's all right too," Perry laughed. "Every one will know us apart before I'm through."

"Power to your elbow!" Daly told him. "Call on me any time you need help. The boss still thinks you're on the square, but the thing's too dangerous. If you can get the goods on this other guy he'll spring it."

"I'll spring it myself when the time comes," Perry promised, "right in P. D. Q.'s eye."

But though he was quite sure of what he meant to do, the manner of the doing still escaped him. And—he was beginning to worry over the thing, to take it even more seriously than it deserved. He lost some sleep. If it had not been for Jimmy Steel and the diversion he offered Perry would have begun to be conscious of the fact that he had nerves.

He met Jimmy Steel on Washington Street, on the fourth day after his talk with P. D. Q. Jimmy was a classmate. Perry saw the other first, started to hail him, hesitated. He was beginning to dread these encounters with old friends who did not recognize him.

But the next instant Jimmy saw him and shouted: "Perry, you old hound! Gol darn your face and eyes, how are you?" And he grabbed Perry by both hands and shook them.

Perry grinned and said: "Hello, Jimmy." And Jimmy wanted to know where Perry got the black eye and Perry said: "An oar hit me." And Jimmy laughed aloud and said that was a new one.

They had not been together thirty seconds before Steel demanded: "When are you going up to Hanover?"

"Hanover?" Perry echoed, looking blank. Then remembered: "By Gad, I forgot all about it!" he exclaimed. "Had other things on my mind."

"Forgot your tenth?" Jimmy echoed. He peered at Perry seriously. "Not off your nut, are you, old top?"

Perry laughed.

"When are you going up?" he asked.

"Midnight to-night."

"I'll meet you at the train," Perry told him. And Jimmy said sure he would and they went off arm in arm to have lunch together.

That afternoon Perry made arrangements with the Star to have three days off.

"I'm curious to see if P. D. Q. will turn up there," he explained. "That's one reason I'm going. If he does I'll undertake to see that he gets the merry razz. I'll be back Tuesday sure."

Rickard from beneath his weary eye shade bade Perry go ahead. Daly lent him twenty-five dollars. Perry joined Jimmy Steel and other merry souls on the night train north and by the time they got off at Hanover his twenty-five had tripled under skillful handling.

Jimmy told him devoutly: "You bet a four flush just like you used to do."

"Have to recognize a hand when you get one," Perry reminded him.

Then they filed off—a shouting, singing line of them—across the bridge and up the hill toward the campus.

What Perry did to the reunion festivities and what the reunion festivities did to him has very little to do with the matter in hand and may safely be ignored. Perry did seek out the class secretary. He had a reason. The secretary answered Perry's question before Perry asked it.

"Darn your hide," he said, "I knew you'd come!"

"Sure!" Perry agreed. "But it looked as if I couldn't."

"I said when I got your letter that you'd never stick to it. That bull about being too busy didn't go down with me at all, Perry, old top. I knew you too well."

So Perry knew that P. D. Q. had not dared to venture among these old friends—naturally enough. He did not blame the faker. A man had a right to be cautious. Just the same, Perry wished—but there was no particular good in wishing.

On the afternoon of his first day in Hanover Perry happened to drop in at the bank with Jimmy Steel. The teller was a new man since Perry's time, but he seemed to know Jimmy and cashed his check without comment. At the same time he looked through the wicket and caught sight of Perry.

If Perry had been looking toward the man he might have caught some warning in the sudden hardening of the teller's eyes. The man studied Perry shrewdly. He watched Perry's retreating back as Perry and Steel left the building. And ten minutes later a messenger from the bank arrived at the telegraph desk in the Inn with a message addressed to the Bankers' Protective Association in Boston. The message was brief. Even if Perry had read it he would not have understood that it concerned him.

At eleven o'clock next morning Perry happened to be passing the bank building. A man came out of the building and touched his arm and said, "Excuse me, the cashier wants to see you for a moment inside."

(Continued on Page 78)

Dogs Got Out of His Way and Barked Behind Him, Children Dodged From His Road

THE GORGEOUS GIRL

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XIV

MARY FAITHFUL felt no regrets at having told the truth about her love for Steve O'Valley. The regrets were all on Steve's side of the ledger. Contrary to customary procedure it was he who practiced nonchalance and indifference, and the office force saw no whit of difference in the attitude of the president toward his private secretary or vice versa.

Long ago the force had accepted the relationship of these two persons as strictly businesslike and their conception of Mary Faithful was tinged with awe and a bit of envy at her success. To imagine her desperately in love with her employer, working for and with him each day, and finally in extreme desperation telling the truth as brutally as women sometimes tell it to women over clandestine cups of tea, was furthest from their comprehension.

Nor would they have thought it credible that Steve, married to his coveted fairy princess, should first become attached to Mary Faithful by friendship and then find that friendship replaced by a deep and never to be changed love. It was an impossible situation, they would have said.

The morning following Beatrice's parlor picnic and Mary's hard-wrung confession Steve made it a point to be at his desk when Mary came in, despite the few hours' sleep and the fact that Beatrice had willfully chosen to take breakfast with him in sulky tearful reproach. When Mary was taking off her hat and coat he came to the door of her office and made a formal little bow.

He found himself more in love with her than the night previous. There was something so pathetic and lonely about her, successful business woman that she was; the very fact of people's not suspecting it, labeling her as self-sufficient and carefree, only emphasized this loneliness now that he looked at her with a lover's eyes. He realized that whereas he had had to win a fortune to marry the Gorgeous Girl it would be as necessary to lose a fortune to marry Mary—if such a thing were possible; that she was a woman not easy to win, one who would find her happiness not in taking hastily accumulated wealth but in making a man by slow processes and honorable methods until he was fitted to obtain a fortune and enjoy it with her.

"Good morning"—wondering if he looked confused—"I wanted to say that I am on the country-club committee to welcome English golfers, and I'll be away this week off and on. And—and whenever you want me to I'll try to keep under cover for a bit. . . . I think I do appreciate your telling me the truth last night more than anything else that has ever happened to me; there was something so stoically splendid about it—and I don't want to abuse the confidence. Please don't mind my just mentioning it, I'll promise not to do so again; and we'll go on as before. I was a cad to play about your fireplace—quite wrong—and you had to make me realize it. Do you know, I was half afraid you'd send in your resignation this morning? Women always do those things in books. Please say something and help a chap out."

Mary was at her desk opening mail with slow steady fingers.

"I have my living and Luke's living to make, and I could not resign unless you asked me to do so," she told him. "I wondered whether or not you would feel it the thing for me to do. It is a unique situation," she said in a slightly more animated tone—"not the situation but my calm betrayal of it. Usually my sort go along in silence and take our bursts of truthful rebellion on our mothers' shoulders or in sanitariums. I really feel a great deal better now I have told you." Her gray eyes were quite fearless in their honesty as she glanced up. "I feel I can settle down in an even routine and be of more service to everyone."

"We'll be friends," he urged impulsively. It seemed hard not to say foolish, loverish little things, try to make her believe in miracles, make wild and impossible rainbow plans, precluding any Gorgeous Girls and newly remodeled Italian villas.

"I wanted to add a postscript," she interrupted. "That's only running true to form, isn't it? Here it is: If you ever at any time, because you are emotional and in many ways untried, find yourself unhappy and at cross purposes, and try to lean on a sentimental crutch which inclines in my direction—I shall leave this office just as they do in novels. And I shall not come back, which they always do in novels. This would deprive you of a good employee and myself of a good position and be foolish all round. You men are no different from us women; once a woman knows a man loves her she cannot quite hate him even if her heart is another's. Instinctively she labels him as a rainy-day proposition and during some wild thunderstorm—well, idiotic things happen! Whereas if one never knew he cared she might go about finding a mild mission in life. A man is the same; and since I have trusted you with my secret and that secret happens to concern yourself the logical consequence is that you will never quite hate me, because I care. In some moods you might even try telling yourself that you cared too. Then I should not only leave your employ but I should stop caring."

"I Shall Not Buy the New Dinner Set I Had Halfway Ordered. Papa Can Give It to Me for My Birthday if He Wants To. Gifts Don't Count, Do They, Stevums?"

She went on with the morning's mail. Outside the office force were stirring.

"Would you really?" he asked so soberly that Mary's hands trembled and she blotted ink on her clean desk pad as she tried to make a memorandum.

"Really I never can bring myself to believe in warmed-over magic."

"Then I shall never have any such moods."

He answered a phone call and there fell upon the office an atmosphere of strange peace which had been missing for many months.

During the winter the rift between Steve and Beatrice became noticeable even to the Gorgeous Girl's friends, to Trudy's infinite delight; and by the time spring came it was an accepted thing that Steve's share in the scheme of things was to write checks and occupy as little space as possible in the apartment, whereas Beatrice's part in the scheme of things was to badger and nag at her husband eternally or be frigidly polite and civil, which was far harder to endure than her temper.

The Gorgeous Girl's endeavors to become an advanced woman, an intellectual patroness and so on were amusing and ineffectual. She soon found neither pleasure nor satisfaction in any of her near-lions. Nor did she succeed in making them roar. Whether it was a parlor lecture on Did a Chinese Monk Visit America a Thousand Years before Columbus? or a baby party at which Beatrice and Gay dressed as twins and were wheeled about in a white pram by Trudy, dressed as a French *bonne*—the reaction was one of depression and defeat. Though Beatrice still had her name printed on the reports of charity committees she no longer took what was termed an active part. She shrugged her shoulders carelessly and gave the reason that it was all so hopeless—and no fun at all.

Inanimate things afforded the most satisfaction; at least she could buy an individual breakfast service costing a thousand dollars and have the item recorded in all the fashion journals, with her photograph; and she could have the most unique dinner favors and the smartest frocks, and they never disappointed her.

Besides, the Italian villa was to be finished shortly and that would necessitate a new round of entertainments and minor adjustments and no end of enviable publicity and comment. This diversion would take her through the late spring and summer, and in the fall she fully intended to take up dress reform and become a feminist. She had an idea of wearing nothing but draped Grecian robes—which could be made to look quite fetching if one had enough jewelry to punctuate the drapes—and of going in for barefoot dancing on the lawn. It would be more convenient if she could persuade her father and aunt not to stay on at the Villa Rosa, as it was to be called. And certainly it would have been more æsthetic to look across the street and see something besides another expensive and hopelessly mediocre brick house which another rich man somewhat after Constantine's own heart had built with pride and joy. She wished she had bought a site back from the town and created a real estate. The fact that she had not done so made her miserable for over a week, during which Gay consoled her in most flattering fashion, neglecting his own wife to do so.

Well, after the Villa Rosa—what then? Life seemed very empty. With a certain natural squareness of nature Beatrice was not the sort of woman to indulge in unwise affairs beyond a certain discreet point. She had never learned how to study, so she could not become a devotee of some fascinating and exacting subject. Her really keen mind had merely skimmed through her studies.

Nor was she overly fond of children. As she told Trudy, children were absorbing things and goodness knew if she ever had any of her own she would have a wonderful enough nursery and sun parlor with panels designed by a child psychologist; there was everything in first impressions. But take care of one of them? The actual responsibility? Heavens, what a fate! She would engage a trained baby nurse—and then drop in at the nursery for a few moments each day to see that everything was going well.

Later, after the trying first years, she would be very proud of her children. Besides, planning children's clothes

was a great deal of fun; and if she had a daughter she would see that the daughter married properly. Whether or not she was thinking of Steve, Trudy did not dare to ask; but she evidently was as she added that one might better marry an impoverished nobleman and live in an atmosphere of culture and smart society than marry someone who never attempted to be anything.

A child demanded of one intelligence up to a certain point, and faithful service, but it did not require keen intellect. A primitive knowledge of what their hurt or hunger or plain temper cry meant, and a primitive tender fashion of coping with whichever it might be, were all that young babies demanded; and hence the Gorgeous Girl, like all finely bred and thoroughly selfish women of to-day who are bent on psychological nursery panels, refused to be tied down to the narrow routine of a nursemaid, as she called it. Love-gardening is the title old-fashioned gentlewomen originated.

Then Beatrice cited how care-free Jill Briggs was with her four children. Goodness knew that Jill was always within hailing distance of the big time; and except for a few little illnesses and the fact that the oldest boy had died of croup the children were a complete success and perfect darlings, and Jill dressed them like old-style portraits. Besides, Jill had tried out a new system of education on the oldest boy; he had been taught to develop his individuality to the highest possible degree. At eight, just before the croup attack, though he did not know his alphabet or how to tell time and had never been cuddled or rocked to sleep with nursery jingles as soothing mental food, he could play quite a shrewd game of poker and drive a bug roadster. Beatrice in talking over the child problem with Trudy decided that if she ever had a son she too would develop the poker shark in him rather than the admirer of Santa Claus and the student of Mother Goose.

"Of course Steve thinks a woman should drudge and slave over those crying mites as if the nation depended upon it," she concluded, "but I should never pay any attention to him. He said, in front of Jill, that he always felt well acquainted with rich children, for he had passed a similar childhood—meaning that living in an orphan asylum and being brought up by a nursemaid were much the same thing. Quite lovely of him, wasn't it?"

Trudy could not suppress her giggle.

"I'm sure the children get on well enough. Just think, if you had to plan all the meals and dress and undress them and all the baths—ugh, I never could! And when Steve begins his eloquent stories about these nursemaids who neglect children or dope them or do something dreadful I simply leave the room. He actually told Mrs. Ostrander that he saw her nurse slap her child across the face, and proceeded to add, 'It is never fair to strike a child that way. It breeds bad things in him. And he wasn't doing anything; it was just nurse's day for nerves.' Of course the Ostranders will never forget it. Now, Mrs. Ostrander is a member of the mothers' council, and a dear. She just slaved over her children's nursery and she reads all their books before she allows the nurse to read them aloud. I'm sure no children were ever brought up as scientifically; they have a wonderful schedule. She told me she had never held them except when they were having their pictures made—never!—and that crying strengthens the lungs. Of course Steve says we feed our lap dogs when they whine but close the door on the baby when he tries it. So what can you do with such a person?"

To which Trudy agreed. Trudy agreed to anything Beatrice might say until the bills for the villa were settled and the O'Valleys established in the gondola-endowed home. Trudy sometimes pinched herself to realize that in such a short space of time she was living in the Touraine apartment house and that her husband, whom she loathed more each day, had actually scrambled into the position of being the best decorator in Hanover and was almost feverishly busy splitting commissions with New York art dealers.

Sometimes Nature takes her own methods of revenge, and to Mark Constantine's child she saw fit to send no son or daughter. Constantine never mentioned his hunger for grandchildren. He had a strange shyness about admitting the desire and the plans he had made for them. But when he saw the completion of this villa and realized the thousands of dollars squandered upon it and the impossible existence his daughter would lead living therein he went to his untouched plain room, looking out on sunken gardens, to try to figure out how this had all come about.

He fumbled in mental chaos as to the meaning of all this nonsense and longed more than ever for a grandchild, someone who should be quite unspoiled and who would not approach him with light begrudged kisses and a request for money.

The formal Venetian ball which Beatrice gave to open her new home merely amused Steve, who had really dreaded it with the hysteria of a schoolgirl. He hated the whole scheme of the house and the man who was reaping a rich harvest by engaging the army of persons who had done the work therein. He rejoiced openly at each delay on the part of the plumber, the tinsmith, the decorator; and openly gave a thanksgiving when the illustrated wall paper for the halls, which told the legend of Psyche and Cupid, had been sent to Davy Jones' locker en route from Florence. Steve's name for the Villa Rosa was the Fuller Gloom.

But when they did move into the new-old home and Steve was led through each room of gammon and spinach, as he had faintly whispered to Mary Faithful, he found himself only amused. Now that he considered it it was a relief to know Beatrice had such a new and absorbing plaything to take up her time and keep her aloof from his personal affairs. He sought out his father-in-law in his plain room with its walnut set and stand of detective stories, and sat down in relief, though the two men honorably refrained from criticizing a certain person openly.

At the ball Beatrice appeared in a wonderful black gown, so wonderful and expensive that its creator had given it a distinct title—The Plume. Steve did his duty as a handsome figurehead, as someone called him; after which he was free to stroll in the gardens and smoke and wonder what manner of folks inhabited the stars.

An inspection of the house had taken place with Beatrice and Gay leading the procession, and Aunt Belle bringing up the rear. The ohs and ahs and exclamations of approval, resultant of fairy cocktails, rewarded Beatrice for her expenditure. When she brought them into her own apartment she stood back, while Gay lisped out the story of the greatest achievement and novelty of the entire house, watching the faces of her guests so as to catch the first expression of envy which should reveal itself.

The novelty consisted in the set of bedroom furniture, which, though the rest of the house was Italian, as Gay hastily explained, was of Chinese workmanship, carved and inlaid in intricate design—two dragons fighting over pearls, with the various stages of the struggle represented on the bed legs, the bureau drawers, the easy-chair, the dressing table and so on. The set had been made for the Emperor of China, but when his private council inspected it it was found that one of the carved dragons on top of the four-poster bed had captured the pearl for which they had been fighting in sixty-seven or so other carvings. This signified bad luck for the emperor; misfortune and rebellion would be his lot if he slept in the bed. Though regretting the loss of the furniture the emperor felt the loss of his kingdom would be even greater, and the furniture was placed on the market. To Mrs. Stephen O'Valley was awarded the ownership, as well as the privilege of writing the check that made the purchase possible. On the bed was a pillow of the material woven for emperors only, thrown in on account of the ill luck that would attend him who slept in the bed beneath the conquering dragon; and on a carved bone platter was an antique Maltese shawl which gave a rare note to the entire room.

Steve, who had regarded the Emperor's rejected furniture as a cross between a joke and an outrage, gave way to his feelings by pacing up and down the hall and capturing a tray of sandwiches being carried to the supper room. But Beatrice, after Gay's speech, felt a rare joy—for every guest in the room hated her for having won the prize. What more could she ask by way of reward?

When they were alone in the new-old home Steve felt it only decent to congratulate her. Somehow he had come to feel that keeping up sham courtesies made everything easier.

"You have worked very hard, haven't you?" he asked. "But you have wonderful results."

"Do you think so? Everyone hates me now, for there will never be a royal bedroom set on the market—when you think that Gay skirmished about and won it for me, it is quite remarkable. And it shows what Gay can do when he has a little encouragement. Alice Twill was almost cross-eyed and crying; her husband nipped the château idea in the bud. New York men are coming here to take photographs next week. I wish the garden was in better shape. They are going to run feature stories about it. . . . Oh, Steve, do you think of any new place to go this summer?"

"I thought we had just moved to Venice," he said, still dazed at the amount of carved fire screens, tapestries, dim impractical candlelights and soft-eyed Madonnas which smiled at him on all sides.

"I must have all the office force come and see this—it would be such a treat. And we can serve tea on the lawn."

"Do. They don't often take time to go to museums."

Steve's bad nature was getting the better of polite resolves. He was thinking of Mary as she would view the remains of a plain American house.

(Continued on Page 113)

"I'll Show You Whether or Not You Can Wear Diamond Stickpins While I Have to Endure a Wedding Ring Like a Washwoman's!"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 17, 1920

Business is Business

OUR reasons for electing men to office will not always stand analysis. Sentiment is usually the final argument of the orator, and catchwords are often more potent than common sense with the voter. We start off, cheering, to pay our debt to Lafayette, without knowing just what it is. The real reason why we are on our way is a perfectly good one, but something quite different. We elect a President with the slogan "A full dinner pail," without stopping to inquire into the method of filling it or about the disposition of the surplus. Asked to give his reasons for preferring one candidate to another, the average man would be puzzled to answer or be properly ashamed when he saw his statement in the cold light of the morning after election.

Candidates for the presidency are already beginning to canter forth and to salute the grand stand. The politicians have consulted the dope sheets and are backing the favorites on past performance and the hope that they will run true to form. The public is backing them for reasons that will mostly be found in the dream books. For instance, and without expressing any opinion at this time on the real qualifications of General Wood, the reason that we hear oftenest advanced for favoring him is that he was "the friend of Roosevelt."

It was an honor to have the friendship of Roosevelt, but many men of varying merit and for widely different reasons were so honored. The Presidency and both Houses of Congress could easily be filled with friends of Roosevelt, and there would be enough left over for the governorships and a few state legislatures. As a matter of fact the country once elected "the friend of Roosevelt" to the Presidency, and The Colonel himself was the first man to decide that a mistake had been made.

Hand-me-downs never fit. The mantle of one statesman cannot be passed on to another. Taft was not a perfect thirty-six and he quickly ordered his own clothes; and whatever criticism might be passed on their cut, the material was never shoddy. Wood has an extensive wardrobe of his own and he will have to wear it if he is elected.

There is the same superficial jumping to conclusions and expression of opinions when the election of a business man is advocated. A large part of the public can think of business only in terms of ledgers, syndicate profits and special privilege; and of business men as meaning a dozen or so well-advertised and often self-advertised multimillionaires resident on Manhattan Island.

These men are no more representative of the big, broad, constructive business of the country than is the bookkeeper who has humped over the same set of ledgers for twenty years. Some of them are accidents of birth, some just plain accidents, some leeches, and some a fortunate combination of circumstances and other men's brains. But to every one millionaire of this type, both in Manhattan and elsewhere, there are a thousand who deserve what they get and got what they deserved for fine constructive work that has made the world a better and easier place in which to live. Some day we shall write of these men in terms of the work that they have done instead of the millions that they have made; of their offices and factories instead of their houses and hobbies.

The deeds of the buccaneers of business are as immortal as those of Captain Kidd. From the day of publishing on papyrus it has been the lone pirate, and not the thousand honest mariners, who has engaged the pens of the writing men.

We have been so busy first glorifying and then damning the speculator, first bowing before and then trying to smash the trust builder, that we have really come to believe that the sensations and yellow headlines of business are business.

The genius of America is business; the real leaders in America are business men. The great doctor tends constantly to narrow his range, to specialize on some part of the body, and then to specialize on some part of that part; the great lawyer narrows his practice down to one branch of the law; the great teacher becomes constantly more absorbed in his one subject; but the great business man continually broadens the range of his interests and activities, and finally becomes a world trader, with world-wide contacts.

The real business of statesmanship is business, and we want statesmen who are informed and practical on their subject. Recently we have had the spectacle of a group of statesmen thinking of the future of the United States in terms of a corner grocery, and they are not grocers either. The American people stand on a middle ground between the internationalism of Wilson and the provincialism of the Republican Irreconcilables.

We need men in office with the constructive-engineer type of mind—for rebuilding the world is a job of construction, a business job. Men of broad view, of dynamic power, of trained brain are scarce in every occupation, but they can be found in American business, as well as in the professions, if we look for them in the right place.

Business is business, but do we really know what business is? Stand clear for a moment from the ledgers and the moneybags and look it over as the force that motivates and dominates the world; the power that penetrates and settles the wilderness; that mines, smelts and forges; that binds the earth with rails and circles it in ships; that feeds, clothes and houses the nations; that adventures, dares, gambles, hesitates, shrinks and plays safe. It hires the lawyer, pays the doctor and endows the professor. It inspires war and forces peace, yet the business man has been bluffed into believing that government is something sacred and apart, for which his lifelong training as a builder and an executive unfits him. He has half accepted the fiction that there must be one particular kind of knowledge, that is best obtained in a law office, for governmental business, and another for private business.

Strange and hard that paradox true I give:
Objects gross and the unseen soul are one.

Walt Whitman was himself a paradox in that he was a poet who understood the true significance and overwhelming dominance of business in the scheme of things.

In our experience men in the professions and out run about alike fundamentally—some bad, some fools, some not so foolish, a small number with the exceptional qualifications necessary for leadership. Just why his training in business unfits a business man for the biggest business job in the world needs explaining. We doubt, for instance, whether a professor could have made a better distribution of food geographically; whether a general could have overcome obstacles more forcefully; whether a trained diplomatist could have handled delicate situations more tactfully; and whether a lawyer could have done the job with fewer entanglements than Hoover.

Yet Herbert Hoover is just a plain American business man, and there are more like him on the job.

Eating Your Cake

WE AMERICANS appear to be in a fair way of losing our reputation for being an imaginative people, for there is no surer means by which the imagination of a man or of a population can be tested than by noting the way they spend their money in seasons of unusual prosperity. That lusty miner who advertised his affluence to an admiring throng by ordering forty dollars' worth of ham and eggs immortalized himself not by his vigorous play of fancy but by his epic indorsement of our national dish.

Primitive ways of spending easy money require no imagination. They stand out like sore thumbs. Topping the list come rich and abundant food; raiment whose very material and texture proclaim its costliness; musical instruments that heighten good spirits and make time pass pleasantly. These have every right to be counted among the good things of life, though they are luxuries that appeal as strongly to the clouted Hottentot, who is now buying gaudy thirty-dollar blankets, as to the steel worker who is drawing down one hundred dollars a week instead of his old wage of forty.

Imagination in expenditure may often be measured by the remoteness of the benefits that are to be derived from it. If a workman in the rosy flush of pay day puts one hundred dollars into a dozen silk shirts of the banjo or minstrel variety, he knows he will have those shirts under his arm at the end of the minute it takes to wrap them. In ten minutes he can have one of them on his back and the advertisement of his prosperity will begin the instant he shows himself in public.

Such a deal in shirts requires no vision; but to have parted with that hundred to make the first payment on a little plot of ground or to buy shares in a building and loan association would have called for enough imagination to look years ahead, to visualize a house and lot all paid for; to conceive some little investments that would prevent the wolf from ever howling in that particular dooryard. Perhaps in the long run such an imagination might be worth having.

What is true of the brotherhood of the banjo shirt likewise applies to the Georgette sisterhood, though discussion of it leads one's steps over far more delicate ground, for every normal human entitled to wear trousers has an inborn weakness for neat and shimmering ankles above gracefully shod feminine feet; and no self-respecting girl feels that she owes any allegiance to the man-made laws of economics. But for all her fine independence those same laws will get her if she doesn't watch out. She sees nothing humorous or even pathetic in buying a three-hundred-dollar fur coat on the installment plan, though a mere glance at the calendar would tell her that hot weather and a change of fashion will overtake the idolized garment long before it is really hers.

The benighted Hindu girl manages far better. Her little hoard of coppers goes to buy silver rupees which she presently hammers out into bangles, anklets and earrings. They are not only ornaments but quick assets and they do not deteriorate in her possession like an overcostly wrap or a collection of silk stockings. If the style in armlets and bangles changes she gets out her little hammer and her jewelry changes with them. India is the land of famines and Indian mint officials estimate the sufferings of the population by the value of gold and silver ornaments turned in for minting by the natives.

America will probably never have to face a famine, but unless all history lies she will sooner or later have hard times. When that day comes it is to be hoped that those who are to-day buying silks and furs and other pleasant perishables will have more hockable assets than a wornout wardrobe.

Miss Georgette, who can no longer restrain her indignation, here rises to put this poser: "Of course I do not save my money, but why should I? In another year or two or three I shall probably marry; and as I am almost

certain to have a husband to take care of me, why should I worry about the future? In the meantime, am I to suppose that these pretty clothes which you have been scolding me about"—and here she complacently surveys her charming get-up—"will drive away beaux and possible husbands?"

We certainly hope not, Miss Georgette, but you should know that those who most admire your pretty furs are those who are most puzzled to decide how you could ever afford them, and whether or not you would expect your future husband to dress you as expensively as you dress yourself. Furthermore, if you dressed more simply and if it leaked out that you still own a Liberty Bond or a few shares in a building and loan association you would attract men who admire thrift as much as good looks, and who seek for evidences of it in the girls they intend to marry. They are the sort who become the good providers of the species you sometime wish to marry.

Miss Georgette is about to back-fire when she is interrupted by a male heckler who has been flicked on the raw:

"What about this imagination stuff? What better things will money buy than swell clothes?"

There are plenty such, and among them are things that will make life easier and pleasanter and more secure twenty or thirty years from now. Life insurance, straight or endowment; houses and lots on the installment plan; books that lead to knowledge of the jobs higher in the scale than your own; vacations in woods and mountains; a good credit; a bank account and sound investment.

While the Garden of Eden was still in bloom some clear thinker laid down the rule that you cannot have your cake and eat it too. Eve had tried it on her apple. The axiom went unchallenged until a smarter man rose up and invented interest. Then the old law had to be amended. You can have your cake and eat it too; you can even pass it on to your children's children, provided always that you eat no more than one-fifteenth or one-twentieth of it each year. To that extent will it renew itself.

The revised version of that ancient law is commended to overeasy spenders.

Superspecialists

NOTHING revolutionary seems to have come out of the proposal made in London several months ago that the medical men of that metropolis organize to form a doctors' union. On this side of the water the idea is not one that would appeal to the general practitioner; but specialists in many parts of the country, particularly in large cities, so arrange their work that they have what is virtually a medical and surgical specialists' union.

To illustrate: At least one American medical center has arrived at such a height of specialization that a group of local experts have divided the human throat into three sections, zones or spheres of influence.

Specialization in medicine and surgery is merely one application of the useful principle of the division of labor. Suffering humanity owes an untold debt to the specialists; but it is none the less true that specialization has its limits, and beyond those limits lies the Land of Bunk.

This Business of Boring

IT'S a poor auger that won't bore both ways.

When the stanch American workingman finds that imported mossy-chinned tinkers in his labor organizations are boring from within he promptly reverses the process and bores from without into this alien inner body. That was what happened in a big shipbuilding company in Baltimore when a few radicals among the employees began scattering their cerise circulars painting the charms of Russia's industrial freedom.

A Loyal Workers' Group sprang into being spontaneously, full-panoplied against the internal menace. Their strategy was simple; at once defensive and offensive. They merely turned in to their foremen the names of the disease breeders, well known to themselves from months of association; inscrutable perhaps to their employers.

Agents of the Department of Justice arrested six. The company dismissed forty-five malcontents. The inconsiderable total—fifty-one in a plant of seven thousand satisfied workers.

It's the ripe old story of the single bad apple boring from the center of a barrel of wholesome fruit. Except that in this case the spread of putrefaction was halted almost at its inception.

It should be significant to employers in general that the halt was effected in the first instance by the laborers themselves. They must have been accustomed to fair, man-to-man dealing with their bosses in that plant. When they foresaw the danger for their employers they gave the alarm and spat out the germs.

No highfaluting temporizing about class consciousness here. Mass consciousness, if you will—the sound sane consciousness of the great dependable mass of the American people—employer and employee, producer and consumer, brain worker and brawn dealer—serried solidly against the insidious borers who seem so satisfied with having made Russia what she is to-day.

The Conquerors!

The Odd Case of the Second Back

By ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

Straight Let His Gaze Travel Indolently From the Other's Slippered Feet to the Roach of Stiff White Hair Crowning His Brow—an Englishman's Way of Expressing Disapproval

IT WAS the day the ex-Kaiser came, a prisoner, to London. Taxicabs had their lamps lit, though it was but the tea hour, and these pale spots of light crept through the slow scum of street traffic like phosphorescent worms in some marsh pool. Everywhere the undertone of water dripping—of water splashing and gurgling in gutters, under wheels, through eaves pipes. One of those London winter days the foreigner in the land calls hellish and the Britisher defensively characterizes as "bracing."

Suydenham Walk, a blind rabbit warren of shabby gentility buried somewhere in the wilderness between Holborn and Euston—Suydenham Walk, from St. Sulpice's to its last mean boarding house next the triangular bit of green called a park, shivered in its stark ugliness and took the rain in its battered face. Three turnings to the right and one to the left from Nowhere is Suydenham Walk. Just the mossy dankness of St. Sulpice's churchyard behind rusted iron palings, then a public house under the Hotel de Flandre, beyond seven houses all alike and all with the identical legend, "Rooms and Table Board," displayed in the window to the left of the entrance—this is all of Suydenham Walk. In favoring May one lilac bush in the graveyard throws out a faint flag of color and of nights permits frail ghosts of perfume to wander down the Walk. For the rest of the year—barring winter—the Walk is infinitely drab; in the months between fall and spring solstice it is a corridor to the Seventh Circle.

Christopher Straight, mackintoshed and mufflered against the dampness, shabby hat down-tilted to shed the rain, turned into Suydenham Walk from the street tangle beyond the church and hurried to the second house from the park inclosure. Christopher Straight was a third assistant secretary to somebody of importance in the Foreign Office—one of the innumerable small cams in that lumbering machine on Downing Street which helps the British Empire to "wangle" through a vicious world's traps and gins. The kudos attaching to a position in Downing Street was so nearly the sum of reward for Straight's labors that he was constrained to live at Mrs. Murfree's on the Walk—bed and breakfast at twenty shillings the week, with afternoon tea if desired.

Life was not idyllic for Christopher Straight. Thirty years lay behind him; also Cambridge, a commission with the King's Own Lincolnshire Rifles and three years at the Front; and deep down beneath the unemotional surface of him some grim unerasable pictures of the agonies of men. But the steady-pacing optimism of the English pushed him along; he never forgot the mercy that had carried him through the Somme, Courtrai, the Hindenburg Switch with a whole skin—and his billet with the Foreign Office was right enough.

Straight let himself into Mrs. Murfree's, sniffed the home atmosphere of mingled kipper and musty carpets with subconscious recognition and by the light of the single gas jet burning behind a cracked red globe over the newel he groped a way upstairs. His room was on the third floor back. As he was passing the round of the banister at the second floor he heard a sound of singing from the second back. The singing was in the German tongue. Straight recognized the old Lutheran hymn, Tower of My Strength. Once he himself had sung it as a boy in school at Munich.

That would be Mr. Zweich, the Swiss gentleman, the Downing Street clerk noted with a flat smile—Mr. Zweich up to his old game of singing Lutheran hymns in the German. Swiss; quite so—Swiss!

Straight struck his foot against a trunk in the dark and stumbled onto the banister. The Lutheran hymn abruptly stopped and in another instant the door of the second back opened. Mr. Zweich popped out his head with the mechanical suddenness of a Nuremberg surprise toy. His mat of outstanding white whiskers continuing a heavy hair line from ears down and round a sharp-featured face completed the illusion of a bogy man on a released spring.

"Ah, Mister Straight it is! I thought it was the slavey with tea. Excuse."

Mr. Zweich ducked his head with a nervous bob of apology, but he did not withdraw it.

"Bad day, Mister Straight; most wretched day. If now the snow would come instead of this perpetual rain—honest snow, Mister Straight."

The second-back lodger seemed eager to drive a conversational wedge into the Englishman's reserve.

"Quite so," said Straight, and started to move on.

Almost a wheedling note entered Mr. Zweich's next essay:

"You are wet, Mister Straight—you are cold, yes. If now you will enter my room—a good glass of Genève to protect you from cold—just a little glass, eh?"

Christopher Straight felt some faint stirring of sympathy for this fellow lodger at Mrs. Murfree's, this pitifully masquerading singer of Lutheran hymns who called himself a Swiss. To be sure, the stamp of the Teuton marked Mr. Zweich broadly as the curse of Cain. But this was the winter of 1920; November of the armistice was two years gone and Christopher Straight possessed no Gallic genius for preserved hate. He accepted Mr. Zweich's invitation, even while unbending from his native aloofness very little.

The Swiss gentleman's tiny room was a duplicate of his own—tawdry cheerlessness. A penny-slot gas stove filled it with odorous heat. Everything in tumbled disarray—clothes, books, newspapers; the floor was carpeted with newspapers. Straight noted a large Bible lying opened on a table, with steel-rimmed spectacles carelessly asprawl across the lines of fine German type. The corners of his mouth trembled when his eyes fell upon a tiny silk flag of the Swiss Federation stuck into the crack of the mirror over the dressing table.

"Quite so!" was the Englishman's unspoken comment.

Mr. Zweich bustled about his hospitality. From a small trunk he brought an earthenware flask with a gaudy label and two liqueur glasses. Straight noted their fineness of cut crystal. These Mr. Zweich filled brimming with the water-white liqueur, which smelled strongly of anise. He presented one to Straight with an exaggerated air of formal ceremony.

"To the International Tribunal, Mister Straight," Zweich gave the toast, "and may it vindicate outrage of justice."

"Eh—what?" The Englishman was taken a little off guard. "I say, what about the International Tribunal now?"

The Swiss gentleman was instantly voluble. His speech raced and Straight saw a flickering light in the other's eyes:

"But does not the former German emperor come to the Tower to-day? Or do the papers lie—that is, are the papers misinformed when they report to-day the battle cruiser Lion brings this man from Amsterdam to the Tower, where he awaits trial? The Dutch, they withdraw objections, is it not? Wilhelm is in London this day to face his accusers—so?"

Straight standing a bit stiffly with his glass in hand let his gaze travel indolently from the other's slippered feet to the roach of stiff white hair crowning his brow—an Englishman's way of expressing disapproval. He thought he saw

(Continued on Page 30)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

The joy of well-cooked beans!

Most people like nothing better than a dish of beans, if they are well-cooked. You have them that way, not sometimes but every time, if you serve Campbell's. In the famous Campbell's kitchens these beans are slow-cooked until entirely digestible. Their rich tomato sauce gives them a flavor all their own. Appetizing; satisfying; wholesome.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

a trembling run all through the tall slightly gaunt frame beneath the loosely girdled dressing gown. But Mr. Zweich's eyes—undoubtedly they were queer. Over the tips of the thick mustache, which had a tendency to an upward tilt, the eyes were blazing excitement.

"Really"—Straight set down his glass untasted—"Really now ——"

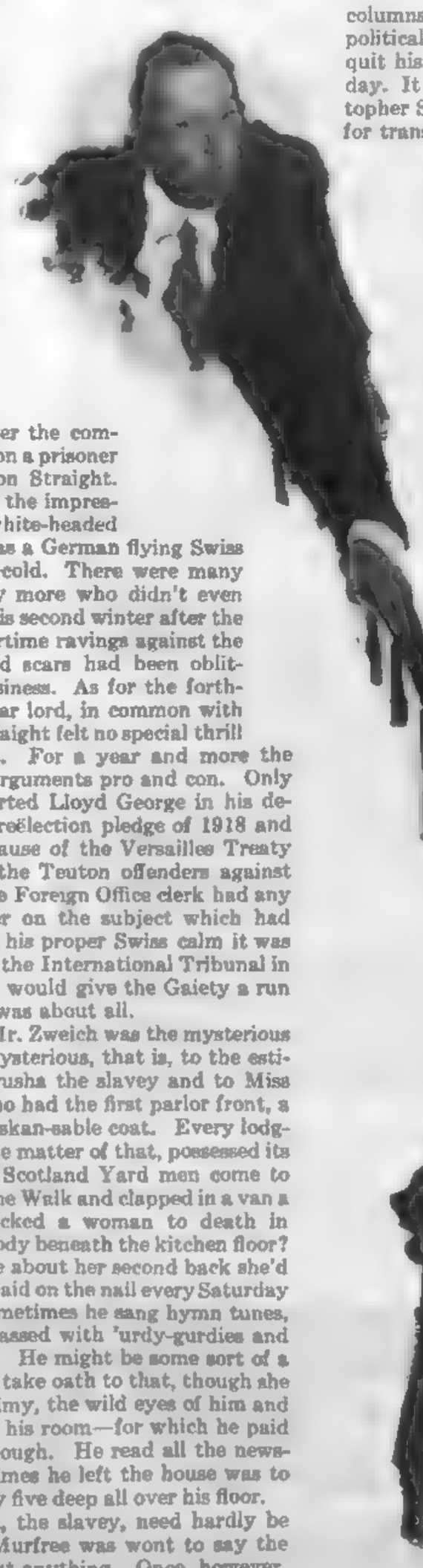
"But, my dear Mister Straight," his host was quick to amend, one hand coming up in deprecation, "I—it is perhaps I have blundered? You English—I thought you feel as do we Swiss, as do all peoples, that this is a tremendous day when at last Wilhelm of Hohenzollern comes to the Tower. A prisoner, eh? Prisoner of the world? The world's accusing eyes are upon him. He comes to the bar of the world's judgment. Tremendous!"

"I know nothing about it," Straight cut in shortly, and turned to leave the room. Mr. Zweich's face showed deep hurt.

"You will not have your schnapps then, Mister Straight—if I withdraw the toast I offered? So! Best health to you, sir! Ah, you must go? I should appreciate a little visit not so short. I am a lonely man far from home, Mister Straight. Well then ——"

The Swiss gentleman halted his visitor at the door.

"Perhaps you bring with you a paper—an afternoon paper telling the news of the day. It is so wet I dare not go out for one—ah, a thousand thanks! Now I may read."



As Straight looked back through the closing door he saw Mr. Zweich standing with feet wide apart and the Standard spread before his eyes. He was wolfing gluttonously the black headlines which said William Hohenzollern had passed through the Tower's Traitor's Gate.

Straight noted, too, an odd circumstance: One of the hands spreading wide the paper was gloved. Yet the Swiss gentleman was in slippers and dressing gown.

Mr. Zweich's outburst over the coming of the ex-Kaiser to London a prisoner left no deep impression upon Straight. For one thing, he was not of the impressionable sort. That the white-headed lodger in the second back was a German flying Swiss colors left the Englishman cold. There were many such in London now; many more who didn't even attempt flimsy disguise. This second winter after the armistice saw atrophy of wartime ravings against the Huns. All London's air-raid scars had been obliterated and business was business. As for the forthcoming trial of the former war lord, in common with the majority of his nation Straight felt no special thrill of interest before the event. For a year and more the papers had been filled with arguments pro and con. Only the bitter-enders had supported Lloyd George in his determination to redeem his preëlection pledge of 1918 and enforce to the letter that clause of the Versailles Treaty stipulating punishment for the Teuton offenders against the laws of humanity. If the Foreign Office clerk had any definite conviction whatever on the subject which had agitated Mr. Zweich beyond his proper Swiss calm it was that the imminent sitting of the International Tribunal in the hoary Westminster Hall would give the Gaiety a run as a rival attraction. That was about all.

It must be recorded that Mr. Zweich was the mysterious lodger at Mrs. Murfree's—mysterious, that is, to the estimable Mrs. Murfree, to Jerusha the slavey and to Miss Primpton, the manicurist who had the first parlor front, a gentleman friend and an Alaskan-sable coat. Every lodging house on the Walk, for the matter of that, possessed its mysterious lodger. Hadn't Scotland Yard men come to Miss Wormley's at No. 2½ the Walk and clapped in a van a lodger of hers who had kicked a woman to death in Hempstead and buried her body beneath the kitchen floor?

If you asked Mrs. Murfree about her second back she'd say she just didn't know; he paid on the nail every Saturday and was quietlike, except sometimes he sang hymn tunes, which rightly couldn't be classed with 'urdy-gurdies and such as objectionable music. He might be some sort of a 'Un—Mrs. Murfree couldn't take oath to that, though she would swear he was a bit balmy, the wild eyes of him and all. He had all his meals in his room—for which he paid his two shills extra right enough. He read all the newspapers in the world—only times he left the house was to buy newspapers, and they lay five deep all over his floor.

The testimony of Jerusha, the slavey, need hardly be accepted, because as Mrs. Murfree was wont to say the drab didn't know much about anything. Once, however, Jerusha confided to her friend the barmaid at the Hotel de Flandre pub that one night shortly after the second back arrived—he'd been at Mrs. Murfree's a month when this narrative opens—she, Jerusha, had heard carryin's on in the mysterious lodger's room and quite naturally she'd keyholed him. There was that bally Switzer 'Un in his outrageous dressing gown standing with one hand on the Good Book and a-wavin' of the other whiles he made a speech to hisself in the mirror. Just like some big-wig barrister addressin' of the court.

He was some sort of a spy—that was Jerusha's brandy-and-watered opinion of Mr. Zweich. He'd murder them all in their beds some night, the slavey always asserted after her third glass had probed the shell of her surface perceptions and flicked her dormant imagination beneath.

Miss Primpton of the first parlor, who enjoyed Mrs. Murfree's confidence in return for the occasional loan of the Alaskan-sable coat—not to mention the official standing of her gentleman friend, who was a deputy police inspector of Holborn borough—was free to say in reference to Mr. Zweich if she were maintaining a respectable lodging house and any odd fish like that came to room with her she'd out him. Yes, Mrs. Murfree, out him before he brought disgrace on the house. Miss Primpton engaged not to tell her gentleman friend about the second back until she considered it her duty to the state to take steps. Of course the manicurist's gentleman friend could have Mr. Zweich up in a jiffy if only she'd say the word.

The morning after the papers announced the arrival of the exile of Amerongen at the Tower, filling two or more columns with description and incident according to the political complexions of their several owners, Mr. Zweich quit his room on Suydenham Walk and was absent all day. It was another day of dismal rain and cold. Christopher Straight, waiting in a bus queue on the Strand for transportation homeward, was surprised to see the gangling figure of Mr. Zweich in cape coat and floppy Alpine hat half fall down the breakneck steps of a bus up from the city and hurry over to take his place in the line wherein he himself was standing. Straight clambered to the roof of the Kingsway bus when it arrived, preferring the drizzle outside to the possible companionship of Mr. Zweich in the jammed interior. Hardly had he settled himself when a figure was catapulted into his lap with the sudden starting of the bus—Mr. Zweich.

That instant of collision Straight noted something which recalled his observation of the evening before—the gloved hand Mr. Zweich instinctively threw out to catch the rail was abnormally small. It lay stiffly on the pipe rail rather than gripped it, as if a dummy hand attached to a severed arm. The instant Mr. Zweich recovered his balance the stiff hand was plunged out of sight in his raincoat pocket.

"Why, Mister Straight, this is indeed a circumstance!" Mr. Zweich's mumbled apology sprang to life with recognition and his volubility found full vent. "I had to risk the foul weather to-day to do some business in the city. Ah, how wretched a thing to move about in this perpetual rain! If we had now only a little honest snow, that would be something."

Straight shrank within himself. It was a frightful bore to have this person chattering in his ear. More than that, Christopher Straight had a keen distaste for being a party to any conversation which was accented here and there by a Teutonic burr. Though Mr. Zweich's English was well-nigh perfect, a certain thickening of the aspirants was not exactly meet on a London bus top, particularly when addressed in tones of familiarity to an ex-officer and staff secretary of Downing Street. So Straight chose monosyllables to fit every rising inflection in the other's conversational stream and wallowed in self-conscious agony.

Mr. Zweich's patter kept returning to his business trip to the city. When Straight persistently refused to drop any interrogative leader as to the cause or results of that expedition Mr. Zweich's absorption in the topic pushed him into volunteering information:

"You see, Mister Straight, I have this day witnessed a marvelous exhibition of the sang-froid which is you English. Incredible!

"When I finish my business, which is on Throgmorton Street, I am not far distant from the Tower. So I say to myself: 'Zweich, we are so near we shall take the opportunity to walk to that place and see the crowds that assemble to gaze upon the place where the once mighty Wilhelm is prisoner.'

"I go through the rain to that Tower, Mister Straight. The gates, of course, are shut; I may not enter, though I try. But what do I see? A great crowd gathered to look upon the mournful stones of that ancient dungeon where lies Wilhelm, called the arch criminal? People pushing and crowding against your lines of policemen to be near the scene of this tragedy?

"No, Mister Straight! Nothing like that! Two dirty women from your Whitechapel kennels selling worm-bitten apples; a longshoreman drunk and asleep against a bridge over the moat; some carters having an argument which leads to blows. Positively that is all! Is that not extraordinary—beyond belief?"

Straight turned a coldly indifferent gaze on Mr. Zweich. He saw the same kindling eye and flushed face as of the evening before. The stiff white beard beaded with moisture was atremble; nostrils below the sharp nose bridge were widely dilated. The man seemed approaching a fit.

"Explain this to me, Mister Straight," he burst out gustily. "Here's a man whom tens of thousands of Germans still reverence to the extent they would lay down their lives for him; a man who once rocked the world with his mailed fist humbled and brought to dust by you English, and yet your people give him not so much attention as a caged bear in Regent's Park Zoo. I say of this ——"

"Oh, I say"—Straight's voice was fresh from an ice cave "you're forgetting, are you not, that you're a Swiss?"

The Englishman sunk his chin in the collar of his raincoat until his ears touched, thus indicating he had left the bus—had even quit the island so far as Mr. Zweich was concerned. The latter, caught in midflight, turned a startled face to Straight. A swift flash of rage in his eyes was as swiftly smudged.

"Pardon," said Mr. Zweich, and was silent.

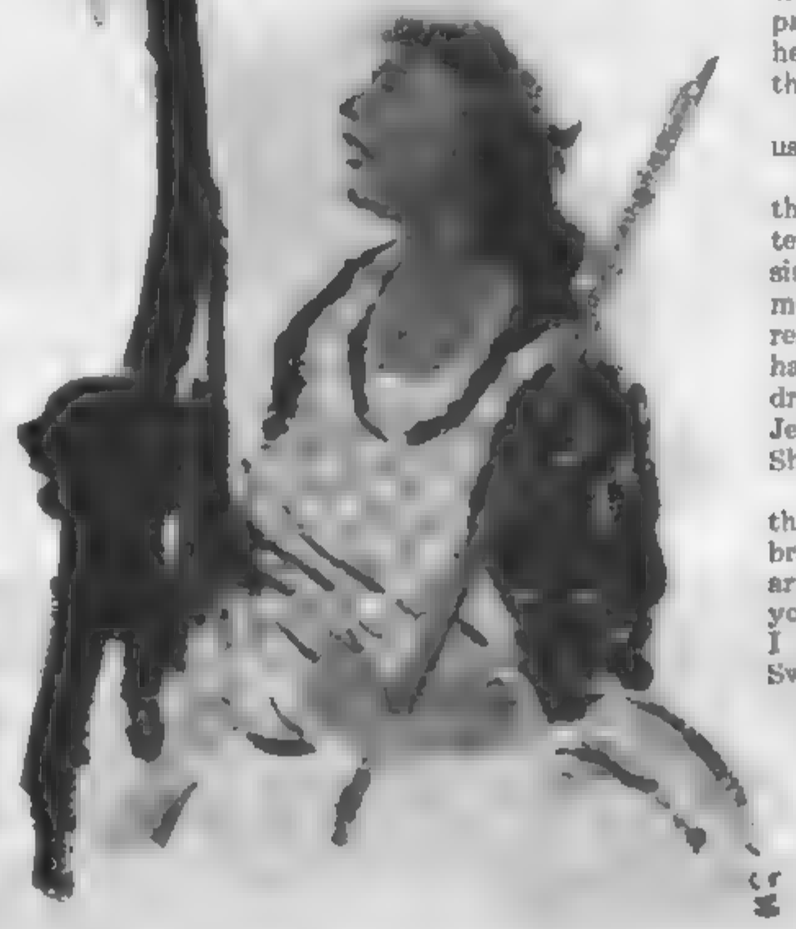
Straight got off the bus at Russell Square and tramped the rest of the way to his lodgings. As he passed the second back on his groping way upstairs he heard the crooning of Tower of My Strength through the door.

The Swiss gentleman had his dinner in his room as usual.

While she was passing the plates to the boarders in the dining room Jerusha preserved an air of deep mystery and her features were graven into an East End simulacrum of the Sphinx. Straight caught her eye more than once and was disturbed when he thought he read in it deep personal significance. This business of having people break in on him was becoming positively dreadful. First the impossible Mr. Zweich, now Jerusha with her wireless of confidences in the offing. She caught him on the stairs as he was going to his room.

"I sye, Mister Stryte, if I my myke so bold," came the slavey's hoarse whisper borne on the wings of brandy and soda, "I sees you ridin' a bus top this arternoon wiv the Switzer cove, Mister Swick. An' you bein' a big gun in the Foring Orfice, Mister Stryte, I syes to myself, I syes, ''E's 'awkshawin' of the Switzer previous to givin' of 'm in charge as a dyngerous spy,' I syes. If you is that, Mister Stryte, 'ere 's eveydynce for you: This mornin' when I sets the Switzer's room to rights there's 'undreds of pypers all over the floor an'"—here almost nothing of Jerusha's voice but the brandy remained—"every pyper's clipped, Mister Stryte. 'E's cut out everythin' wot speaks of Kaiser Bill, 'e 'as."

"What bally rot!" Straight snapped, and he continued on to his room.



"I Syes to Myself, I Syes, ''E's 'Awkshawin' of the Switzer Previous to Givin' of 'm in Charge as a Dyngerous Spy,' I Syes"

(Continued on Page 32)

The wonderful strength and toughness of Prodium rubber, alone, would give to Republic Tires the qualities that make them last longer.

But, added to that slow, even wear—like the slow, even wear of steel—is the still longer life and service of the Staggard Tread.

The design of the Staggard Tread is not accidental.

It is scientific, both in principle and in application.

It is calculated to, and does, *reduce* road-friction, and wear, to the minimum; and *increase* road-grip to the maximum.

It is easy to see why.

The studs are long and oval. Their rounded shape meets the road without resistance, and presents no sharp edges to grind down quickly.

They are always headed in the direction of wheel travel, and hug the road as a well-dressed belt hugs its pulley.

At the first suggestion of swerve or skid, the full length of ***three whole studs*** is at work, broadside-on, to oppose it.

We do not believe it is possible to overestimate the actual extra value of Republic longer life, or the very real extra protection of the Staggard Tread.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black Line Red, Gray, and Grande Cord Tire Tube, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

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Originators of the First Effective Rubber Non-skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

With S T A G G A R D *Studs*

(Continued from Page 30)

I have said, I think, Christopher Straight possessed the minimum of imagination and rarely permitted what he had any play. But this night as he sat in his room with the guttering of rain in the leads outside his dormer windows and tried to anchor his attention on Suetonius his fancy kept boring through the floor to the chamber below. Silence there. But the more Straight's unused imagination slipped its leash the more surprising its tricks. In the midst of his mental reconstruction of the German as he had seen him that afternoon, wet and dowdy on the bus top, popped the picture of that shriveled hand in its tight glove which had shot out to rest for an instant on the pipe rail. A nerveless, useless thing of flesh and blood, clothed in leather, for a moment revealed, then quickly hidden.

Why was it that shriveled hand seemed not so incongruous a part of this man calling himself Zweich as it would if possessed by another? How came it he could not account for the curious perception amounting almost to conviction that somewhere he had seen Zweich and his withered hand before?

"Rot!" Straight exclaimed, and took up his book again.

But his own hand, holding the volume of the old Roman, was constantly shrinking to a yellow suède claw—nerveless, fixed, grotesquely cramped. He cursed Zweich and all his camouflaged tribe. When he had switched off the light and was ironing out his mind for sleep a noise came from the second floor back for the first time that night—a hortatory voice rising and falling monotonously. Straight decided the queer fish beneath was reading from the Psalms. He visioned the roomer in the second back standing by his opened Bible, his outrageous dressing gown falling in scarecrow folds about skinny shanks and the gloved hand punctuating the psalmist's rhapsodies with rippling gestures.

Three days passed and Straight neither saw nor heard aught of the troublesome occupant of the chamber below him. The third night of this period of grace he was driven to take refuge in his room by the rain outside and the reception Miss Primpton was engineering in the second parlor in honor of Mrs. Murfree's birthday. To his door came Mr. Zweich, knocking. Even Christopher Straight's habited calm could not withstand the shock of the man's aspect.

Like some gray old muskrat fresh from his mill pond Mr. Zweich stood dripping runnels of water from every volunteer eaves-trough of his clothing. His face was blue-white with fatigue and cold and when he spoke it was with a voice thin and reedy from nascent bronchial distress:

"Sir, excuse this intrusion. I must beg of you the charity of your stove. A crooked penny I have had the misfortune to put in the slot of my gas feeder and no gas comes. You see I am wet—a man of my years—and I suffer from the throat constant difficulty."

Something of quiet dignity in the voice emphasized the appeal of his patent distress. Immediately Straight urged him to enter. With clumsy solicitude the Englishman helped Mr. Zweich divest himself of his dripping cape coat, drew the single armchair before the fire, poured out three fingers of precious prewar Scotch. Mr. Zweich accepted the chair and drank the liquor with the languor of complete exhaustion.

Though conscious of a little sting of shame as he did it, Straight looked for the withered hand. It was carried completely concealed in the deep side pocket of the visitor's jacket.

The silence which followed the newcomer's settling of himself before the dingy reflector of the gas stove would have been embarrassing to anyone but an Englishman. Straight poured himself a drink, lit his pipe and sat in the room's second chair. He glanced incuriously at his visitor. The man's head had fallen slightly forward, his chin resting on a somewhat vivid cravat which showed above the buttoned lapels of his jacket. His eyes were shut. He looked very old.

After many minutes Mr. Zweich roused himself with an effort, looked over to Straight and a faint apologetic smile parted his beard.

"I have walked and walked in the rain," he sighed. "It is not good for me—I am not accustomed."

Straight removed his pipe from his lips and gravely bowed an unspoken "Quite so."

"I am a man who labors under a great trouble load," the other resumed, and his voice thickened and rasped with every minute. "So I walk. Three days now I walk—in the rain—the perpetual rain. To the Tower—to Blackfriars—to London Bridge and so—the Tower once again. Always the Tower, Mister Straight. I am mad, you say? Perhaps a little. Who would not be?"

"Not at all—assure you," Straight put in, feeling the situation demanded speech from him. "Lots of people walk—I mean to say, quite common thing to do—walk."

An eerie sense of impending dénouement was gripping him. The heat-drenched and tobacco-stale air seemed all astir with psychic forces of revelation battling to be freed. Why he should be sensible of this thing Straight did not know. His bally imagination cutting up again.

In the big chair opposite sat an elderly German gentleman with quinsy and a deformed hand he preferred to conceal; no great promise of surprise from that source. And yet ——

"You are a Christian gentleman, Herr Straight." Mr. Zweich's speech came now only at cost of painful effort. The man was hurrying as if he knew his time was short. "Always I have considered all Englishmen Christians and gentlemen—except their rulers of the cabinet and Parliament. I am to be ill—perhaps very ill. In all England not a friend. You perhaps ——"

A spasm closed his throat and he half struggled to his feet in his fight for breath. Straight, knowing no other manner of aid, poured more whisky. Mr. Zweich found himself temporarily easier after the drink. He continued in a ragged whisper:

"I lose my voice, you see. It may be God's mercy I lose also my life. My doctors always have told me—there will be a last of these attacks. If the doctor you bring—a good doctor I shall pay well—if that doctor says at any time I shall die I pray you, Herr Straight—my cousin at Buckingham, your king—find a way to tell him—Wilhelm von Hohenzollern ——"

"Eh—what?" cried Straight.

But Mr. Zweich lying limp in his chair waved his unpocketed hand toward his throat and smiled apologetically.

Whatever impact the sick man's last words had on the consciousness of Christopher Straight was for the time purely automatic, for the necessities of the moment did not permit any analysis of the revelation. He gave Mr. Zweich an arm down to his own room, tinkered the faulty penny out of the gas-stove feed slot so that heat would come to the morguelike chamber, and after he had seen the sufferer under the bedclothes he tramped out into the sloppy darkness in search of a physician. It was near midnight when the doctor came to Suydenham Walk. He gave the speechless Mr. Zweich exactly that modicum of diagnosis and prescription due a second back on Suydenham Walk from a Bloomsbury Square physician who'd been dug out of a bridge game at his club, and pocketed a guinea.

"May be serious," the grumpy man of pills vouchsafed as he wrote a prescription on his knee. "Perhaps only severe tonsilitis. Depends. If bad turn comes advise hospital. Old man—severe exposure—never can tell."

He cut his words bluntly and brutally as if his patient were bereft of hearing as well as speech.

It was while he was ranging the wet vacancy of Holborn questing a night pharmacist's bell that Straight began to ponder the mystery of the sick man, his startling revelation of identity. The Englishman went at the crux doggedly, albeit with a strange clamoring of the tongues of imagination threatening to outcry reason.

"Wilhelm von Hohenzollern!"

Of course there was but one man in the world answering to that name and all the world knew this one was come to the Tower to await summons to the bar of the International Tribunal the coming fortnight. Safe and snug in London's Tower was the William Hohenzollern whom governments and people held accountable for the world's travail. Yet a German posing under Swiss colors and living at Mrs. Murfree's a full month before the cruiser Lion brings the fallen ex-Kaiser from Holland—a German who fears death struggles with a closing larynx to whisper a message for his "cousin at Buckingham"—for the King!

Straight's Roving Eyes Picked Out the Spare White-Headed Figure of a Man Sitting a Little Apart and to the Right of the Judges' Dais

"Rubbish! Simply off his dot—like all the Germans."

Straight snarled this denial of imaginings at a cat that was slinking across a zone of lighted pavement. The beast hurried with a dot-and-carry pace. Straight noted it ran on three legs skippingly. One forepaw was carried stiff and useless like a withered hand.

In a calcium flash of interpretation came the picture of a stiff gloved hand he had seen one afternoon on the bus top—thrown out to steady its possessor, then instantly concealed. He had pummeled his brain to answer why a deformed hand belonging to a man calling himself Zweich was some illusory mark of identification. Now the sloppy and light-streaked Holborn pavement became a cinema's silver screen and upon it were projected picture after picture—a Kaiser in the uniform of a field marshal and with a half-concealed hand propped upon a marshal's baton; a Kaiser in the guise of an admiral with the shamed hand playing about a sword hilt; a Kaiser in mufti in a shooting box and tipping up his fowling piece with his single sound hand. Ever the stigma of the withered hand.

"By George!"

Christopher Straight surrendered himself completely to the logic of deduction, even if his doing so outraged all his British convictions of the regularity of things as they appear. With his surrender came flooding contributory evidence: Mr. Zweich's strange excitement over the coming of the distinguished prisoner to the Tower; a "prisoner of the world" was the phrase he'd used. Mr. Zweich's outburst against the lethargy of the mob which had not dignified the supposed ex-Kaiser's arrival by so much as a complimentary gathering outside the Tower. Those wanderings in the rain, self-confessed, which always brought Mr. Zweich back to the place of his proxied incarceration. Finally, his confession of identity of an hour back, wherein kinship with Britain's king was urged on the morbid predicate of a deathbed scene.

Egotism—the consuming egotism of William Hohenzollern, which demanded first place in the world's eye even after cowardice had found a dupe to play the culprit before the world's judgment seat. Blind self-love, envious already of the burden of infamy shifted to another's shoulders, craving the spotlight of martyrdom even though fearful of its substance. Indeed by all the plain tale writ by psychology the sick man at Mrs. Murfree's was William Hohenzollern and functioning to form.

"Extraordinary!"

Straight summed the whole unbelievable situation in a word. He was conscious immediately of some vague duty to the state his exclusive knowledge imposed upon him. But his immediate duty, he reflected with a slow smile, was to return to Mrs. Murfree's with three shillings' worth of cough medicine for the late Emperor of Germany.

It was one in the morning when he let himself in at the Suydenham Walk house. Lights still burned in the second parlor, where the landlady's birthday party had been in progress, but a clamor of voices from the floor above indicated the festivities had been moved. Jerusha plunging headlong down from the second-floor landing greeted Straight, ascending, with a torrent of news:

"'E's 'opped the 'ouse, Mister Stryte, just like I syes right along 'e would. Lud's mercy 'e didn't murder us all in our beds afore 'e went, 'im bein' the wicious 'Un spy wot 'e are. An' I ——"

"What's all the row?" Straight growled. "Who's hopped the house?"

"W'y that Switzer—Mister Swick. Orf in a four-wheeler not an arf 'our ago—a 'oppin' of 'is rent, but leavin' 'is trunk behind, which Miss Primpton's inspector friend's goin' through wiv this minute."

Straight took the remaining steps in a bound and entered the second floor back. There the birthday party was reveling in the dissection of a mystery. With suppressed coos and gurgles of thrilled nerves a half dozen women formed a knot about an opened trunk in the middle of the floor while a red-faced man burrowed into it with official zeal.

"What's this? What's this now?" rumbled a male voice, and Miss Primpton's gentleman friend from the Holborn police office sat back on his heels and pawed open a leather-bound portfolio. A score of photographs slid into his lap.

"A-ha!" he boomed. "'Ere we're gettin' warm."

Straight, looking over the ring of shoulders, saw the photographs held fanned out like a bridge hand in the deputy inspector's fist. The Kaiser on horseback; the Kaiser taking the salute of a goose-stepping battalion of Guards; the Kaiser on his yacht, in coronation robes, in every conceivable uniform—these the subjects of the vanished Mr. Zweich's collection.

"Now if I only 'ad that good old Defense of the Realm Act be'ind me I could seize this evidence," the deputy inspector gloomed disappointedly. "But that's all orf now, an' more's the pity. My advice to you, Mrs. Murfree, is just 'old on to this trunk an' contents. This 'Un will be 'ungerin' for these pictures of his dear lord and master, an' whatever sent him chevyin' orf at midnight, 'e'll come sneakin' back 'ere arskin' for 'is belongings. Then

(Continued on Page 173)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Driving the Styleplus lesson home!

Styleplus are famous from coast to coast.

Famous for style. Famous for quality. Famous for medium prices.

For years Styleplus have given men the chance to economize on stylish clothes.

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AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

THE SHINING MOMENT

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

HER stage name was Leslie Lawrence, her real name being New England and quite impossible from the press-agent's point of view—Almira Stebbins, pronounced of course Almiry. The gods must have chuckled at her christening, for she was a fairylike being and she grew into a beauty with a flame in her eyes.

But Stebbins was a noted name in that section of New England. Greenfields and all the little towns about are peppered with the name of Stebbins. It is one of the names you see oftenest on bronze tablets or granite headstones along the Boston Post Road. I myself have often read such epitaphs as this:

This marks the spot where Jeremiah and Ezekiel Stebbins routed twenty Indians who attacked them while they were plowing this field.

Or:

Here stood the house built for the Reverend Samuel Stebbins, who was killed by the Indians while helping to defend this stockade

Some Instinct Told Her to Take it to the Attic Along With a Baldwin Apple and a Handful of Cookies

No wonder the Stebbinses have more iron in their blood than humor in their souls. Of this stern-purposed stock Leslie was born and christened Almiry. At six she was orphaned and left to the strictly conscientious care of Uncle Eleazor and his spinster daughter, Cousin Mattie Stebbins. Uncle Eleazor was known throughout the district for his probity and uncompromising uprightness. Cousin Mattie was a power in the church. She was a flat-breasted woman who wore elastic-sided shoes to the end of her days and a small tight bunch of red marigolds in her summer bonnets. She loved Leslie as much as her conscience would allow her to, and she was fiercely determined that the child should grow up good—good in Cousin Mattie's own way.

By the time Leslie was twelve Uncle Eleazor and Cousin Mattie had her life mapped out for her. She should teach school until she was about twenty-one, and then she should marry some well-thought-of, forehanded member of the clan.

But on a top shelf of Uncle Eleazor's library was a grain of dynamite in the form of a yellowed volume of old plays. Eleazor did not even know it was there; but Leslie, rummaging on a rainy afternoon, went straight to it as her natural food. Some instinct told her to take it to the attic along with a Baldwin apple and a handful of cookies. Two hours later she came down to supper with a queer, sleep-walking expression in her eyes. Over her glass dish of raspberry sauce she exploded the grain of dynamite.

"I've been thinking it over, Cousin Mattie," she said dreamily, "and I've decided I don't want to be a schoolteacher. I am going to be an actress."

They stared at her as if she had said she meant to be an anarchist or a longshoreman. During the next few days they searched the family tree on both sides to see if they could spy out the rotten branch that had handed down this perverted fruit. The plays were safely hidden in the attic and the only source of contamination they could discover was the habit of speaking pieces every Friday afternoon at school. Leslie's little nose sniffed at this, for strangely enough she had never been particularly good at speaking pieces. But as she proved obdurate and insisted that she had spoken seriously when she said she was going to be an actress she was given long seams to sew and kept out of school on Friday afternoons. She never again said in that house that she wanted to be an actress.

But in her soul strange and fantastic things took place. In the attic she discovered a secret door to another world. After a while she did not need the book of plays to open this door. An old lace curtain for a veil, a bit of pasteboard for a crown, and she was off in a land the like of which Cousin Mattie would have thought herself insane if she had imagined.

Of course this was a passing phase. By the time she was fifteen she had ceased to make gestures in the attic, but the gestures went on in her mind. She knew quite clearly and sanely that she was going to be an actress. She was as fond of Uncle Eleazor and Cousin Mattie as they would allow her to be, but deep underneath this affection, deep underneath every inherited habit, was a hunger and a prescience. She was only waiting for something—she did not know what—to release her from Greenfields. Every day of her life was a semiconscious preparation for that miraculous moment. It sounds abnormal, but in reality she was like the other healthy young girls with whom she walked arm in arm under the elms of the town. The only difference was that Leslie had the divine spark and they had not. And because it was repressed and hated by Cousin Mattie and Uncle Eleazor it grew brighter in the secret place where she fed it.

She was seventeen before she saw even the inside of a theater. On one of her rare shopping trips to Boston with Cousin Mattie she stole down a back street to a grimy little vaudeville place. It did not repel her. It filled her with pity. But she still knew she was going to be an actress.

It was soon after this that Eddie Lawrence came to Greenfields. Ironically enough, Cousin Mattie's own church was the means of bringing him there. The church needed a new roof. Eddie Lawrence needed money. He was going about at that time from one small town to another getting up what in those days was called a kermis, a sort of vaudeville and pantomime, refined and made suitable for the children of deacons to appear in and for the deacons themselves to be seen attending.

Every young thing from six to twenty in Greenfields took part in the festival. It was an experience the like of which the town had never known before.

Leslie was finally allowed to be in the kermis, but only after passionate tears on her side and the conditions made by Cousin Mattie that she should be nothing lower than an angel in a tableau, or possibly an Indian maiden. On no account was she to take part in the wicked and indecorous dances—not even with a Maypole as an excuse. Cousin Mattie had stood out bitterly against the kermis, and she would not demean herself even to attend a rehearsal, mistrusting the very air of the opera house; but she called for Leslie every night after rehearsal, waiting for her on the Simmons' porch next door.

Therefore she did not know—what half the young folks of Greenfields knew—that Eddie Lawrence talked to Leslie at every opportunity, that he detained her while the others were putting on their hats, that of all the angels he had singled her out to say three lines and flourish the trumpet, that once he had asked the Indian maidens to come early and then had done nothing but talk to Leslie behind the shelter of a property cottage.

Long afterward Leslie said that Eddie was not to blame for what followed. At the end of the first rehearsal she had known that Eddie was the way out of Greenfields. In her innocent ignorance she believed him to have the key to the whole world of the stage. Here was one of those natures that knows what it wants and goes for it straight. Before the end of Eddie Lawrence's first week in Greenfields he was aware as he left the hotel to go to a rehearsal that a girl was waiting for him at the entrance to the post office. Eddie always knew when there was a girl watching him! He saw at once that it was the tall, slender angel with the tawny, blessed-damosel hair and the un-angel-like flame in her eyes, so he smiled encouragingly and stepped into the doorway beside her.

She had been to fetch her uncle's mail and she crushed it in her nervous fingers as she talked, but her eyes plunged straight into Eddie's.

"I want to be an actress," she said, her face flaming. "What shall I do? Where shall I go to learn?"

Perhaps after that beginning it was not Eddie's fault. He had a weak chin but a strong thirst for admiration. Also, he very soon made himself acquainted with the fact that Uncle Eleazor Stebbins was one of the three well-to-do men of the place. The very night that Leslie spoke to him in the post-office doorway he strolled past the Stebbins house and sized it up, with its high white pillars, its beautiful doorway, its wide lawn with an elm on either side and under them two iron deer. The deer seemed to him elegant. It would be handy to have a home like this to fall back on. Also, Eleazor was a director in the bank.

Leslie never tried to excuse herself on the ground that she fell in love with Eddie Lawrence. Of course there was on both sides a certain infatuation. It seemed to Leslie that Eddie knew so much, his *savoir-faire* was so wonderful, his small feet so amazing, his voice so dramatic. Just the way he had of smoothing back his wavy blond hair and then snapping his fingers at some clumsy amateur thrilled her. And to hear him speak casually of Broadway, of the stars he had played with, of the managers he stood in with, made something within her stand on tiptoes with awe. It seemed to her that he was her fate—and indeed he was.

He was both too timid and too shrewd to take her away with him, but he told her that on her eighteenth birthday, which would come a few days after he left, he would meet her in Boston and they would be married. They would then return to Greenfields and placate Uncle Eleazor. How they ever found place and time to do their love making and arrange these details only youth knows! But each of them before the end of the kermis had surrendered to secret tides of ambition and longing. They met as planned in the railway station in Boston on the afternoon of Leslie's eighteenth birthday. They were married within an hour and the next afternoon they came back to Greenfields.

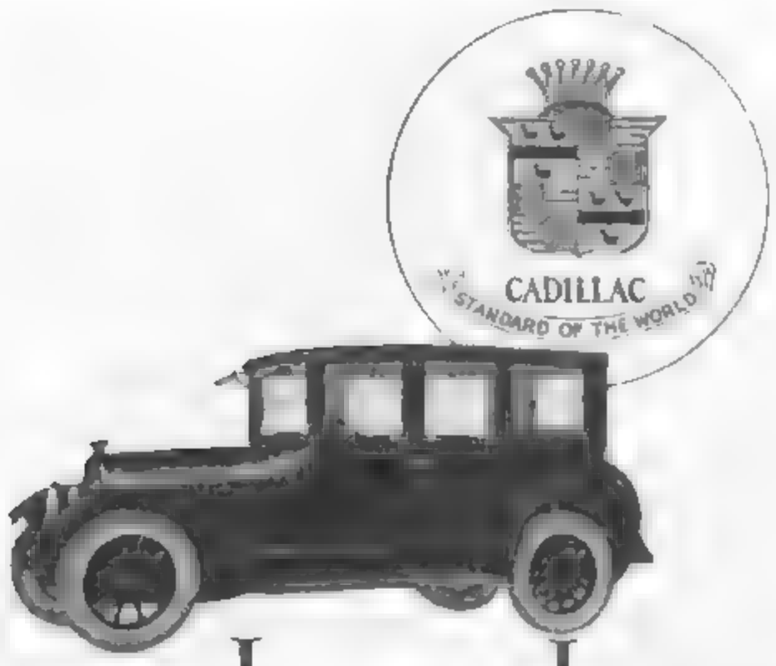
Leslie never forgot that afternoon; for years afterward the thought of it had the power to turn her as cold as the iron deer on the lawn. She had written a letter the night before so that Uncle Eleazor would be prepared. They came up the walk between the two gracious elm trees, Eddie carrying their bags and trying to stiffen his chin. The place looked all at once very sweet to Leslie. She was feeling by now shaken, bewildered and strangely lonely. She had only one clear thought and she clung to that: Eddie had promised that as soon as they had won over Uncle Eleazor he would begin to teach her to act. Then she noticed that a white-lace curtain had fallen back into place over the parlor window like an eyelid that drops, and she knew they were watching for her. Then Uncle Eleazor stepped out to the top of the porch steps. He made a queer iron gesture that paralyzed them with their feet on the lowest step.

"Go back," he cried at Eddie, "you mountebank! Get off my land with your dirty dancer's feet!"

He turned to Leslie. His ruddy face was gray, with splotches of crimson under his eyes.

"As for you, Almiry, hear what I have to say! You have disgraced my name; you've dishonored my old age; you've stooped to the gutter. But I'll take you back. I'll try to do my Christian duty by you on one condition: You'll never see that man again or speak his name or communicate with him in any way. I want you should put out of your mind forever this wickedness. Never in my lifetime or after are you to speak or think of play acting again!"

(Continued on Page 36)



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This is a wonderful thing to be able to say of a motor car.

Does any car other than the Cadillac enjoy such absolute agreement as to its worth and performance?

Are people as sure of any other car—before they buy, and after they buy—as they are of the Cadillac?

Even tho' she has had slight personal experience with it, every woman *knows* that Cadillac performance makes ownership an unending delight.

She knows that every other woman will envy her that Cadillac ownership.

And all women wish to own, not only that which is best, but that which is *known* to be best.

So, you find women, everywhere, taking pride, not merely in the superlative comfort of the Cadillac, but pride in the social prestige which attaches to it.

It is the constant endeavor of the Cadillac Company to make the Cadillac more and more solidly worthy of the preference it enjoys among the women of America.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 34)

There was a stricken silence for a moment. Just within the doorway, with her back to the curving white-painted stairway down which Leslie's feet had so often danced, Cousin Mattie appeared. Her face was carved in granite lines of repulsion when she looked at Eddie Lawrence, as if that poor thing were a snake. And toward Leslie she sent a glance of horror.

Leslie knew then that she had never known Cousin Mattie and Uncle Eleazor. She had never seen them with their faces distorted either by high mirth or by tragedy. Now their abandonment to a devastating anger seemed to her so indecent, so amazing that she forgot her own plight until her husband at her elbow broke out into an impotent protest. She whirled upon him, stopped his words with a grip like steel upon his arm, said "Come!" and turned her back forever upon the high white pillars, the iron deer and the lovely elms.

Her head was high enough as they walked back to the station. But she was pilloried by the glances of curiosity she met down the length of the street and in the station, where she and Eddie sat in benumbed silence until the Boston train came in. Neither one of them had spoken since they turned away from Uncle Eleazor, but when they had seated themselves in the half-empty day coach, when the last house of Greenfields had been left behind, Leslie put her hand on Eddie's sleeve.

And he turned upon her with a snarl. He had a small soul, not valiant enough to stand up under the harrowing it had just received. For five minutes he took out on Leslie his disappointment, his humiliation and his fear of the future. She said nothing. She merely looked at his face, first furious and then sulky. Then she turned her face away and regarded the flitting fields all draped in rapidly deepening veils of purple and smoke blue. Eddie sulked in silence for half an hour, then put his head against the back of the seat and went to sleep with his mouth open. And bit by bit, line by line, all the little-girl expression died in Leslie's face never to come back to it again.

Well, with thirty-two dollars between them and the gutter Uncle Eleazor had spoken of, they took a furnished room in Boston and Eddie unwillingly searched for work. He was lucky enough to get a few weeks in the chorus of a summer-opera company. When he was not too weary or too indolent he began to teach Leslie what he knew about the art of the stage, which was precious little. With his bare feet thrust into a cracked pair of dancing pumps he taught her of a morning the elements of dancing. Or lying in bed in their deplorable room with a cigarette depending limply from the corner of his mouth he would amuse himself mimicking her as she repeated over and over the lines he gave her. Before the end of the summer she had used all he had to give her and was reaching out for other sources.

He had obtained permission for her to watch the work of the company he was in, and so night after night she stood in the wings and day after day she attended rehearsals. There was something about her great eyes that finally attracted the attention of a woman in the company who spoke better than she sang. She taught Leslie two things: The important art of make-up and the beauty of the spoken word. Also she gave her a bit of salty advice.

"Shake that little husband of yours," she said, "before the children begin to come, because when that happens he'll shake you."

She was a better prophet than she knew. Late in August they wandered to New York, where Eddie had a vague promise of work in a vaudeville team. Here began Leslie's experience of the managers' waiting rooms, doleful places, feverish with hopes and bitter with disappointments. She finally—through some fluke of luck—got a tiny part in the company of an ambitious and kindly actress who was noted for her encouragement of young talent. Leslie was wild with happiness. Even Eddie, working desultorily in a cigar store, cheered up a bit. He admitted it was Leslie's big chance.

Reverently, adoringly, Leslie studied the technic of the star. She worked almost desperately, because as the weeks slipped past she could no longer hide from herself the certainty that her time for learning was going to be broken into by a tremendous event. At first she was filled with despair, then she accepted the certainty. She would have been amazingly happy if only she had not been so afraid to tell Eddie. She put it off as long as she could, and then she chose a night when he was in a good humor and almost tender with her. But he took it even harder than she had thought he would.

"What can we do with a kid?" he cried. "It'll be your finish! You'll have to quit for months, and then there'll be bottles and baby rags round the place—ugh!"

Later a second thought struck him.

"Look here, you write to that rube uncle of yours and tell him what's going to happen and that you want to come home! Maybe he'll take a shine to the kid and loosen up a little."

Leslie looked at him, her face pinched.

"No," she said presently; "this is our baby that's coming and we're going to take care of it ourselves."

Some few weeks later she came home from the theater one night to find the closet and the bureau of their room emptied of Eddie's scanty stock of clothes. There was a note, but she did not need to read it to know that Eddie had got out from under the burden. He left a five-dollar bill folded in the note and advised her to go back to Greenfields. He would send her some more money as soon as he got to work again.

As a matter of fact, she never saw him again. In the next six months she heard from him twice—he was not an utter rotter, but the good thing he was always expecting never came his way. One day, some three years later, waiting in a manager's office, she picked up a theatrical paper and read of the death of Eddie Lawrence in a small town in Kansas. The two-line notice of his death was as obscure as his life had been.

She did not take Eddie's advice to go back to Greenfields. She could not forget that afternoon when Uncle Eleazor had met her and Eddie at the top of the steps, and she remembered too vividly Cousin Mattie's eyes of horror. She could face the terrors of a lonely future better than the humiliation of going back to Greenfields in the circumstances. She had lost a good many illusions by this time, but never her belief in her destiny.

The next few months were of course the worst. Nothing she had imagined could equal the sheer mental and physical anguish of that time. The company in which she was playing went on the rocks and at any rate she could not remain on the stage any longer. She took a cheaper room. She scanned the want advertisements, but there was no suitable work for a girl in her condition. At last she was forced to take a place as dishwasher in a cheap restaurant. Six hours a day with her hands in greasy water, in the fetid air of the underground kitchen, with lightninglike pains in her back and loins, she stood there.

At her elbow was a red-haired woman who had borne three of her own. She told Leslie about a place where she could go when her time came. By paying a small sum weekly she was assured of care at the proper time. The thought of this haven was something she clung to desperately during these dreadful weeks.

She was allowed to stay in the home ten days after her baby came. And then she came out, bewildered, weak, the baby in her arms and less than five dollars in her purse. She was not quite nineteen years old. When she looked at her baby she was filled with awe and terror. She was assailed now for the first time with the temptation to go back to Greenfields for the baby's sake. She pictured her little daughter growing up in the orderly plenty, in the scrupulous cleanliness of Uncle Eleazor's house, well fed and clothed—safe. She put behind her the memory of that last awful encounter with Uncle Eleazor. But being honest to the core she first wrote her uncle a letter.

She told him about the baby and about her circumstances. She told him that if she came back she would promise to give up her ambition for the stage. She would never mention it again. But—and here was where the New England granite of her soul came to the surface—if it should turn out that her child had inherited her ambition she should not be thwarted. She should be given full opportunity to develop any talent she might have.

In the meantime, while she was waiting for a reply to this letter, she went to live with the red-haired woman of the restaurant, who had offered to share her two-room flat until Leslie got on her feet again.

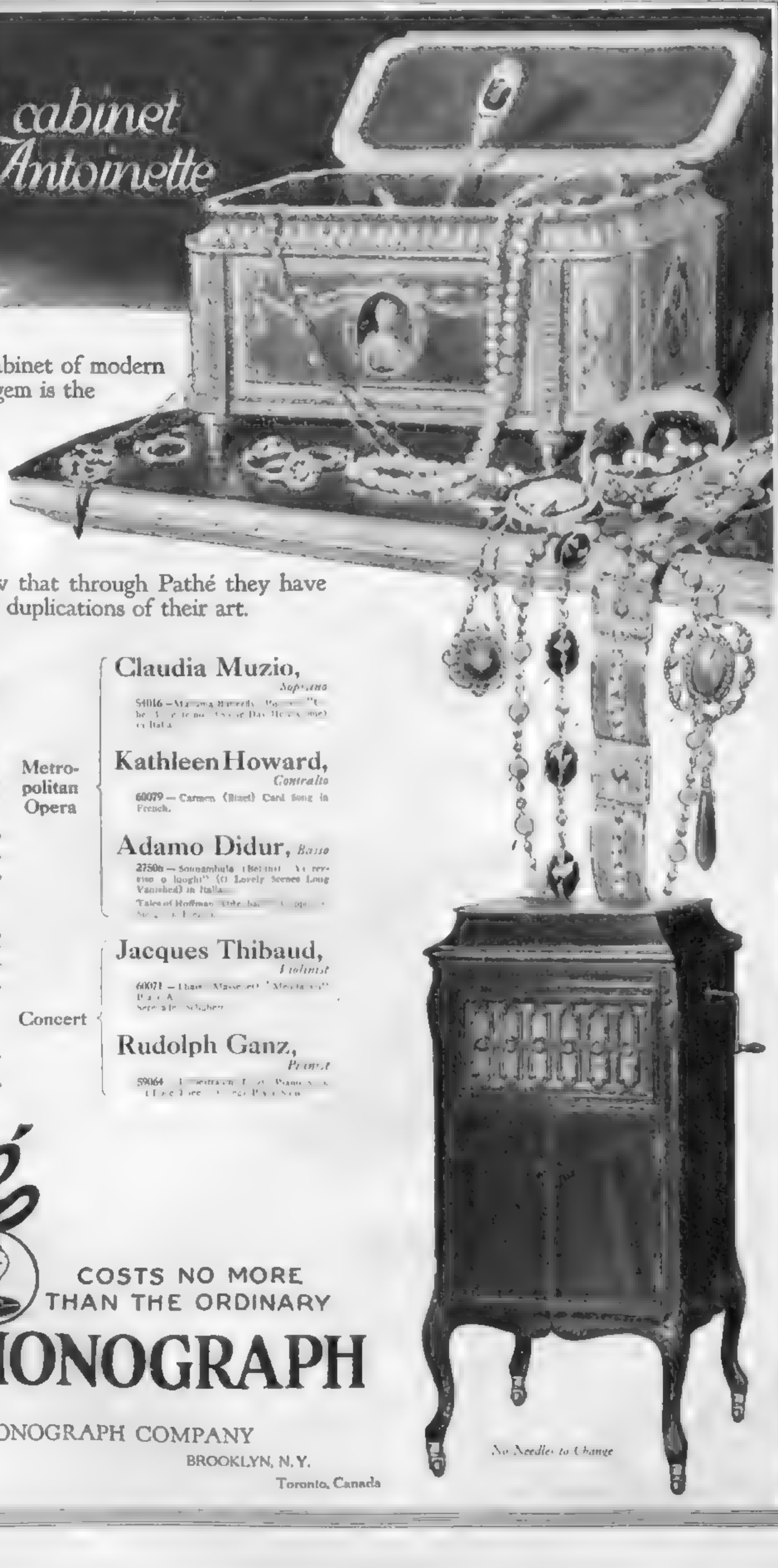
When the letter came from Uncle Eleazor, Leslie thought she would never get up courage to open it. She was afraid that Uncle Eleazor would not accept her conditions—and she was even more afraid that he might accept them. She was trembling when she tore open the envelope. She read the letter. And then with a cry she fell on her knees in front of her baby, who lay on Mrs Monaghan's bed, and caught her up to her breast. She felt exactly as if she had lost her baby and had found her again, for Uncle Eleazor had refused to accept her conditions.

He would give them both a home, but only if Leslie promised that her baby should be brought up in the way of the Lord as interpreted by himself and Cousin Mattie. And that way did not take in the stage. The child must never be allowed to hear, see or think of that agency of the evil one that had ruined her mother's life.

In That Hour She Chose Her Star and Set Her Course by It

(Continued on Page 57)

The jewel cabinet of Marie Antoinette



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No Needles to Change

Concerning Coughs and Coughers

By STANLEY M. RINEHART, M.D.

COUGHS should be an interesting topic at this time of year because so many people are subject to them during the winter months. And yet a cough is not a condition, it is merely indicative of a condition; in fact it may be indicative of many and diverse conditions, among which may be mentioned: Colds, influenza, cigarettes, peanuts, pneumonia, shoe buttons, germs, tacks, mouth breathing, overeating, safety pins and a weak heart. That will do for the present, but the list could be made much longer.

A cough is Nature's method of expelling something from the air passages that should not be there. But Nature cannot always discriminate between that which can be expelled and that which cannot, between a real object and merely a sensation. For this reason we cough when we have inhaled something irritating, and also when there is inflammation from disease.

Speaking of inhaling something irritating, no one would believe, unless he has looked into the matter, how many objects get into the air passages by mistake, objects not intended to be inhaled or even swallowed. Many persons—not all of them children by any means—use their mouths as temporary pockets for things not meant to be swallowed; and occasionally something slips down with a sudden inhalation. Then there is an explosive paroxysm of coughing, a surprised and indignant attempt by Nature at forcible expulsion of the intruder. The effort is not always successful, however, and the object remains, to cause an infinite amount of trouble.

How Fish Breathe

THE discovery of the X ray has helped to locate foreign bodies in the air passages, because mostly they cast a denser shadow than the surrounding tissues, but until very recently their removal required long, tedious and dangerous operations. Lately an instrument has been devised for looking directly down the throat. It is called the bronchoscope. It is a straight tube with an electric light at one end, and one has to do a sword-swallowing feat to get it down, but with considerable dexterity on the part of the operator and a throat rendered insensitive by a local anæsthetic it can be done. There are medical men whose specialty is to locate and remove foreign bodies that have been inhaled.

A curious fact has recently been discovered: It is that the innocent, common garden variety of peanut—not one with the shell on but the smooth kernel—causes more trouble, greater destruction than a bean or a screw or a pipe stem. But they are all destructive and none was intended to enter the breathing apparatus.

This article, however, is not especially concerned with extraordinary and unusual coughs. It will deal rather with the more frequent and ordinary causes of coughs, and how to avoid them. But first something should be said about the breathing apparatus, its mechanism and its function.

You may remember the time when you stood by a bowl of goldfish and watched them swallowing. Perhaps you were fascinated and wondered how soon they were going to burst with high water pressure from within, and possibly you may recall that you were relieved—or disappointed—when you learned that they were not swallowing the water at all but passing it out at once over their gills. And later still you were told that they were not breathing the water but the air which is held in solution in the water.

A fish uses air very much as we do, but it must have the air mixed with water. The gills are the fishes' lungs. They are crowded with minute blood vessels and when the air in solution passes over them it is extracted. After you had learned all this—which is really more marvelous than what you thought was going on—you probably lost some of your interest in goldfish.

Before a child is born it breathes like a fish—that is, it gets its oxygen from the stream of the mother's blood, through an apparatus very similar to gills. The child's lungs are not yet in use; they are totally empty and collapsed. But with the first gasping cry they are expanded, and from that moment they are never entirely empty of air. The tide of air alternately rising and falling leaves always a residual reservoir.

The lungs are a chemical laboratory, extracting oxygen, transferring it to the blood through the capillaries which line the walls of the air cells, and taking in exchange the products of combustion, which are cast off in each succeeding exhalation. And if the inhalations and exhalations did not succeed each other with considerable regularity, at the average rate of about eighteen times a minute, or twenty-six thousand times a day, or five-sixths of a billion times in the three-score years and ten, the owner of the lungs would depart before his allotted time.

So it behooves us who are the beneficiaries of this important breathing apparatus to know something about it and what may be done to keep it fit for its duties.

The Sunday Throat

IMAGINE a hollow tree upside down, its bulbous hollow roots at the top, then the trunk, then two large limbs. Farther down, smaller and smaller branches, the minutest twigs ending in groups of hollow leaves. Bind this tree's branches and leaves together with a soft, delicate, elastic, but firm substance that holds all the parts together as a whole. Throw over it all a covering of smooth satiny texture. Then place it in a box lined on all sides with the same covering. The box must have sides and bottom that are movable, to give it the power of expansion and contraction. As our tree is hollow and as the roots have openings, expansion of the box will cause air to rush into this tree, through the trunk, thence through the smallest branches, into the groups of hollow leaves; and contraction will expel a part of the air, not all but a large part, to be replaced again by more air with the succeeding expansion.

It is really not a far-fetched simile to liken the lungs to a hollow tree. If it were possible to get a mold of the breathing apparatus which would include everything from the nose and mouth to the remotest air cells, the resemblance to a small tree would be remarkable. But as this cannot be done because of the extreme minuteness and delicacy of the terminal structures, we shall have to stimulate our imagination by further description.

First, the roots of our tree: Let them be the mouth and nose, because they are directly connected with the tree trunk. But just below the back of the mouth two tubes lead downward, one collapsable and the other always standing open. The latter is the trunk of our air tree. Down through the collapsible tube pass solids and liquids, into the stomach. But once in a while when eating, and always when we least expect it, we choke and cough and strangle. After the explosion is over somebody may say something about Sunday throat. The Sunday throat was not intended for the passage of food or drink; its function is to receive air only—on Sundays as well as on weekdays.

For the purpose of guiding food in the way it should go, at this parting of the ways is placed a valvelike covering which fits down over the air tube when one swallows, but at all other times is lifted. Sometimes we are careless and breathe when we should swallow. Then the valve, the epiglottis, does not cover the opening and the particle of solid or liquid goes the wrong way.

Just below this opening, at the inverted base of the trunk, is the voice box, or larynx, a projecting part of

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

which, the Adam's apple, can be seen rising and falling when one swallows. Across the middle of the open space in the larynx stretch two bands which are wide apart except when one wishes to produce sound. Then they become tense and their edges come together to make a slit of varying width, through which the air rushes, causing them to vibrate, to produce sound.

The trunk proper of our tree begins at the lower margin of the larynx. It passes on down about four and one-half inches before dividing into the two main branches, or bronchi, one of which leads to the right lung and the other to the left. Each bronchus begins to branch after entering the lung, and the branches subdivide, until finally the smallest tubes are not more than one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter. Then they lose their cylindrical shape and branch off as irregular channels among the groups of air cells. These air cells, like the gills of the fish, contain the small vessels through which courses the blood that has come from all parts of the body, bearing the products of combustion to exchange for oxygen, with which it returns to the tissues, to carry on more combustion.

The whole of the air apparatus, from the throat to the remotest air tubes, is supplied with nerves of sensation. This is unlike the heart, which being entirely inclosed and protected has no sensation at all. But Nature very prudently provides the lungs and tubes with sensation to enable one to cough, in the effort to expel whatever is injurious, whether it comes from without or is manufactured as a product of disease.

And very wisely too she places more nerves of sensation in the upper air passages, which are nearer the source of external dangers. For this reason, and because the nerves cannot judge between a foreign body and the irritation produced by swollen tissues, inflammation of the throat causes more continuous and more violent coughing than many more serious conditions in the lungs themselves.

Everyman's Air Filter

THE most frequent abnormal condition of the upper air passages is a cold, which may or may not have started in the head and gone down. In susceptible people, however, the congestion may begin in the trachea or the bronchi. This is especially the case with those who have obstructions in the nose, with those who are frequently in a very dusty atmosphere, and those who inhale much smoke. The last does not set apart cigarette smokers, because inhalation of any kind of smoke will do it; they are in a class by themselves only because they are more frequent inhalers of smoke.

In order to have a cold in the throat or chest two conditions must always be present. They are: First, bacteria; second, a lessened resisting power. Indeed the same causes are essential to the acquiring of almost any acute disease anywhere in the body.

Nature has placed in the air passages every possible safeguard against disease germs. The nose filters them and its mucous membrane not only renders them harmless but the cilia, or hairlike projections on the surface, constantly wave them out by the way they came in. And the secretions of mucus catch them and they are washed away. But no one breathes entirely through his nose and some of the germs get farther down. There the same processes are carried on, because the lining membrane is of the same kind. This membrane has four duties to perform: It covers itself with a secretion for its own protection against cold air; it helps to warm the air before it gets to the delicate air cells; it gathers up bacteria and impurities; it destroys bacteria. So under ordinary conditions we are fairly free from harm. But suppose the conditions are not ordinary, and that a cold has already begun in the head. Perhaps it has been ignored and neglected. It goes down—that is, by extension it affects the throat, the larynx, and then the trunk of the breathing apparatus, the trachea.

First there is congestion of the small blood vessels, a dryness and heat of the surface, with hoarseness and—a dry cough. Very soon the surface becomes moist and the cough loose. The oversecretion of mucus, which is Nature's attempt at self-cleansing, is coughed up and expelled.

Nature never gives up a fight unless the odds are overwhelmingly against her. Conflict rouses her antagonism and all her fighting forces are called into action. If they were not, even the germs which most frequently cause catarrhal colds would be victorious, and they are not especially virulent.

But from the beginning of the attack there have been disagreeable sensations. There was probably a chill and now there is some fever, also aching and soreness of the muscles and a general tired feeling. All of these are due directly to the germs against which the body is fighting. They produce certain poisons which are absorbed into the blood, causing much disturbance and discomfort.

However, washing out the germs by an excessive secretion of mucus and a cough is merely a defensive process. Nature has offensive forces also. With the first congestion the blood streams have brought up the army of white corpuscles. These troops hastily mobilized storm enemy trench after enemy trench until finally they have regained all the home territory. And the casualties are thrown out with the expectoration. Then the home troops withdraw into the blood streams, which once more resume their normal size, repairs to the battlefield are under way and peace supervenes. Peace, not armistice, for there can be no cessation of hostilities until Victory alights upon one banner or the other. There are no drawn battles in the fight against disease.

But at times the issue may be long drawn out. It may be that the particular strain of germs is more virulent and that its invasion finds the defenses weakened. Then the destructive warfare continues and more territory is invaded. By this extension the inflammation may progress downward, through the smaller bronchi—the branchlets of the respiratory tree—until it reaches the terminal leaves, the air cells.

When this occurs the sufferer no longer has bronchitis only; he has broncho-pneumonia, a much more serious disease, to which the very young and the aged are more prone than those of middle years.

Most of the germs that ordinarily obtain entrance into the respiratory tract have no harmful effect unless its lining surface has been injured. The same is true of the skin. The hands come into daily contact with hosts of bacteria, especially the pus germs; but the outer layers of the skin are protective. If, however, the skin is broken or the tissues bruised the germs set up their destructive processes.

Within the air passages a sudden chilling of the surface, by breathing intensely cold air, and the reactionary congestion, will destroy the integrity of the lining. But the most frequent cause is dust. Irritating particles inhaled have an erosive effect upon the membranes. Then the germs enter through the broken surface.

Living in a dusty atmosphere will cause chronic bronchitis. The membranes become thickened and there is a more or less constant secretion of mucus, with a chronic cough. This thickening of the lining, when it reaches the smallest tubes, makes respiration difficult.

But curiously, outbreathing is impeded more than inbreathing, because expiration is ordinarily a passive act while inspiration is the result of muscular effort. The chest wall is raised by forcible muscular contraction, which causes the inrush of air, but when the chest muscles and the diaphragm relax the boundaries of the lungs come closer together, narrowing the space between. We can breathe out forcibly when we choose, but in unconscious respiration expiration is entirely passive.

When there is a chronic thickening of the lining of the small air tubes one can get air into the cells through the narrowed passages, but it is difficult to get it out again. And so taking in a little more air than can be gotten out easily the air cells become permanently dilated. This produces the barrel chest so common among coal miners and those who work in a dusty atmosphere. These persons have a chronic cough, a shallow sometimes gasping respiration, and a wheeze.

Different Kinds of Coughing

A COUGH may be useless and harmful or it may be beneficial. If there is a foreign substance in the air passages or an accumulation of secretion coughing is the only method of expulsion. The use of a sedative in such a case would be wrong. Taking medicines to deaden one's sensibility to the presence of anything that should be gotten rid of would defeat the purpose of the cough.

But frequently coughs are due merely to irritation of the nerve ends, caused by their being caught and pinched in congested swollen tissues. This kind of cough is rasping, exasperating and futile. It should be quieted because it accomplishes nothing.

Coughing will cause a cough. Persistent hacking will in itself produce congestion of the throat sufficient to continue the cough indefinitely. Here is an instance of a cough that was started by the imagination: A nervous, hysterical patient had been afflicted for years by imaginary ills. But her troubles, though various, had always been elsewhere than in the throat or lungs. One day her mother caught cold and developed a dry cough with hoarseness. The next day the girl was coughing continuously. Examination of the throat and chest discovered nothing wrong. She merely imagined it all. But with the persistence of the hysterical she kept up the coughing for days, and finally she lost her voice completely, being unable to talk above a whisper. Later examinations disclosed a deeply congested throat with great redness and thickening of the vocal bands. She had kept at it until she had produced a real condition.

This is related to illustrate the kind of coughs that is harmful. Coughs that do not get anywhere should be suppressed, if possible, or soothed by medicines if they cannot be controlled. The purely nervous cough can be stopped by an effort of the will. But it would be folly to use opiates for a cough that gets results. In the later stages of pneumonia or of tuberculosis one who cannot cough is in a very serious condition. He is in imminent danger of drowning in his own secretions.

The causes of coughs being so numerous and so various, to speak of prevention one must necessarily include the conditions which produce them. First, then, the nose. To have a normal throat and healthy lungs there should be free, unobstructed nose breathing. Air which is taken in through the mouth is germ laden, dust laden; it may be too moist or too dry or too cold. The nose should cleanse it, warm it, moisten it; or the air passages will suffer.

Children with adenoids are especially subject to coughs because they cannot breathe through the nose. The adenoid child has a peculiar facial expression—a flattened, pinched appearance about the nose, which from lack of use is almost invariably smaller and narrower than it should be. And the adenoid child nearly always has large tonsils.

Mouth breathing leads to disease of the tonsils. They are placed in the throat partly as a filter for use in such emergencies as occasional mouth breathing. But to ignore the nose altogether and take in air continuously through the mouth is to place too much burden on the filters. They become diseased as a consequence, and in turn they are a cause of coughs.

Adenoids should be removed, and the channels through the nose otherwise made clear if there is any other obstruction. If this is done in time it is probable that the tonsils will be saved from chronic inflammation and from the necessity of removal.

Some Occupational Diseases

THERE is a class of ailments called "occupational diseases," because they have their origin in certain occupations. Among these are the chronic bronchitis of coal miners and stonecutters' consumption. A curious fact has been noticed about coal miners, especially those who mine bituminous coal: They are easy victims of chronic bronchitis, of asthma and of emphysema, or permanent dilatation of the air cells; but they are comparatively free from tuberculosis of the lungs. No one has been able to explain this phenomenon satisfactorily, though several theories have been advanced. And yet physicians who practice in the bituminous-coal regions are convinced that there are fewer cases of consumption among the miners than among men in other occupations.

On the other hand stonecutters and men who work at emery wheels are particularly prone to tuberculosis. The irritating particles cut their way into the delicate structure of the lungs, making a fertile soil for the growth of the bacteria.

There are many other occupational consumptions also, as for instance that of those who work with cotton fiber, with tobacco and with flour—all of them dusty jobs. Which merely substantiates what has been said about dust being a potent cause of troubles in the throat and lungs, and emphasizes the warning that it should be avoided as far as possible.

Colds are infectious, there is no doubt about it. No argument will be required here to prove it, because everyone has noticed that they spread from one to another in home or shop or office. A cold hits one in the weakest place. One who has a weak throat usually gets his cold there, either at first or very soon after it has begun in the nose. Now a weak throat is almost invariably the result of some long-continued indiscretion that can be avoided. The inveterate cigarette smoker is liable to coughs at all times, because he inhales the smoke, and to an acute inflammation of the throat with every cold. As to prevention in his case the answer is obvious. In the case of those who work at dangerous occupations—dangerous because of the peculiarly irritating quality of the dust created—the mouth and nose should be covered with a moistened cloth of fine mesh to strain the respired air.

But whether one has a susceptible throat or not, intimate contact with the victim of a cold should be avoided, because one may come in contact so continuously with the various bacteria by continuous association with the victim of a cold that their very numbers and assiduous attacks will overcome his resistance.

As with other infectious diseases, one's susceptibility to colds depends very much upon one's physical condition. The instructions given in a previous article on how to catch a cold and how to avoid it apply here as well as to cold in the head. In general they imply only good common sense in the care of the body. A great deal of fresh air; enough rest and sleep; plenty of food, but not too much nor too rich food, eating only as much as is required by an appetite not stimulated by alcohol or condiments; frequent bathing without excessive rubbing; warm water and soap, followed by enough cold water to cause a reactionary glow.

Sudden chilling of the body may or may not induce a cold, depending on one's general condition; a cold is especially likely to result if one has to remain long in wet clothes on a cold day.

(Concluded on Page 162)

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

An Automatic Age

PERHAPS the most interesting moment in all history was when the first man stood up on his hind legs and commenced to defend himself with a weapon. With this early dawn of consciousness came the idea that a human being might accomplish more through the control and use of a machine or some mechanical device than by depending solely upon the power of his own hands.

Not so long ago each man, besides being a warrior, farmer, dairyman and hunter, was his own doctor and the principal teacher in the family school. Likewise he was a manufacturer of useful implements, explorer and transportation manager. But this era soon passed and this multiplicity of functions was delegated to a number of individuals and organizations. To-day we have reached the age of specialization and to-morrow will be a new epoch when the lowliest man will be master of a machine of one kind or another which will perform the arduous labor of industry that has heretofore fallen to the lot of the human individual

Electric Motors Do All the Work in Driving Twisting Frames in This Textile Mill

At the present time every commodity needed to satisfy our economic wants, whether it is a suit of clothes, a book or a pie, contains so many horse-power hours of energy. It is for this reason that we can definitely measure the degree of civilization in which we live by computing the number of horse-power hours or kilowatt hours of energy that are consumed per year per capita. If we removed from the earth all of the power-driven machines that are now operating it would be impossible to crowd onto this globe sufficient people to produce an equal amount of the commodities that are now being made with the aid of labor-saving devices. For instance, just imagine how many people would be required to produce the present yearly output of wire nails if the work of making this useful product were to revert back to the method employed when the old wrought-iron nail was made by hand.

Labor consists of two factors—energy and intelligence. Each day machinery will be more largely utilized to replace the power or energy element, so that if we would keep pace with our mechanical development the intelligence factor contributed by the human being must be more and more highly developed in the individual. No matter what view we may take of the future, it is impossible for us to avoid the conclusion that industry can escape the strangle hold which labor appears more and more to impose upon certain processes only by the substitution of automatic control for the skill of the worker. And this development will be a blessing to the men supplanted, for in such a case workmen will be free for use in places where they are now badly needed. This will increase the production of wealth per capita, benefiting everybody thereby. Every improvement in machinery makes the labor of man more productive and production means prosperity for all.

The greatest demand in the United States to-day in the way of machinery is for small motors to drive devices that take the place of domestic servants. How can anyone say that the elimination of the household servant will not be beneficial to the servants themselves as well as to all others? These domestic workers will thus be permitted to enter other lines of employment where the value of their daily production will be far greater than it has been in the past. This will result partly from more efficient supervision than has been exercised in the household, but more largely from the fact that such workers will be engaged generally in the production of necessities.

One engineer who has perhaps given as much attention as anyone to the problem of substituting mechanical power for manual methods is D. B. Rushmore. His conclusions are both original and interesting.

He says, "The average man of 154 pounds, without clothing, expends approximately 65 calories of energy an hour while sleeping. When he is standing at rest the same man expends 100 calories; typewriting, 140 calories; carpentry, 240 calories; industrial painting, 240 calories; walking actively, 240 calories; stone working, 400 calories; sawing wood, 480 calories; running, 500 calories; and severe exercise of almost any nature about 600 calories.

"This hourly expenditure of energy by the average-size man, though it is but approximate, has a distinct and interesting bearing on whether and how this energy can be replaced by a machine in order that the man may be turned to other labor. This point is emphasized over and over again when one sees many men doing what a few machines could do. It is evident that if a man expends, say, 250 calories of energy doing something which could be more efficiently accomplished by a machine, his employer saves 250 calories of human energy by substituting the mechanical device for the human workman, and this permits the man to be used in a way that is more profitable both to himself and to his employer.

"This is certainly the age of power," continued Mr. Rushmore. "In 1890 the total horse power produced by electric motors in the manufacturing industries of the United States amounted to 15,569. Nine years later this aggregate horse power had been increased to 492,936. Five years later the total had reached the astonishing figure of 1,592,475 horse power, and in another five years the total had become 4,817,140. To-day, without definite figures available, a conservative estimate would place the horse power produced by electric motors at about 9,000,000. If nothing else were needed this surely is an indication of the ever-growing importance of the increased production resulting from the substitution of machines for men.

"For example, let us take a specific instance—the steel industry. During a period of ten years the primary horse power used increased from 1,649,299 to 2,706,553, while the electric horse power increased from 254,258 to 1,207,715. On the other hand the number of wage earners in the industry increased from 207,562 to only 248,716. During the same interval the production of steel in tons increased from 13,670,592 to 23,403,957. Analyzing these figures we find that the primary horse power increased 64 per cent and the electric horse power 475 per cent. The wage earners increased 20 per cent and steel production increased 71 per cent; that is to say, the increase in the number of wage earners of 20 per cent brought about an increase in steel production of 71 per cent, which larger production resulted principally from the great increase in the use of electric motors. Without doubt similar conditions exist in most other industries."

Following somewhat along the lines laid down by Mr. Rushmore in the remarks just quoted, let me touch on some of the actual savings from the use of simple machines in our everyday life. Take, for instance, the question of food. It is already an established fact that meats will not shrink so much when cooked electrically as when cooked directly by fuel, this saving amounting to from 4 to 8 per cent. With electrical devices the heat is developed close to where it is to be applied and this permits the utilization of a large percentage of the energy consumed. In the case of the old-fashioned cookstove we follow the wasteful practice of heating the entire surface of the stove up to a high temperature even if we attempt to heat only a single pan.

One of my engineer friends who investigated the losses of fuel in domestic operations arrived at some interesting conclusions. He found that on a conservative basis the coal consumed per month in the average coal range totals not less than 800 pounds. Compared with this the electrical energy consumed per month in an average electric range—based on figures for 25,000 ranges—is 125 kilowatt hours. Dividing 800 by 125, therefore, we find that a little more than 6 pounds of coal are replaced by each kilowatt hour. This same investigator discovered that five hours' ironing with an electric iron requires 2.5 kilowatt hours, requiring on the average two pounds of coal to produce each kilowatt hour, or a total of five pounds of coal for the five hours. In making comparison it was brought out that this five pounds of coal used electrically for ironing was equivalent to 28 pounds of coal in the form of gas and to 25 pounds of coal used directly in a kitchen range for the same purpose.

Forty years ago Thomas Edison predicted that one day electricity would be used for heating, cooking and cleaning in our homes. The grand old man has lived to see the fulfillment of his prophecy. Twenty years after Edison's forecast inventors got busy taking out patents on various types of heating and cooking appliances, but the time was not yet ripe for the successful application of this art to our everyday life. It is only recently that the chief difficulties commenced to disappear.

The principal drawback has been a lack of proper elements to make good heating materials. With the coming of nickel-chromium alloys the problem became easier. These alloys possess two unusual qualities—a high degree of nonoxidizability at red heat and a high specific resistance. As a result of this and similar discoveries the electrical-appliance business leaped forward and to-day such products are produced by more than two hundred manufacturers. Upward of eight million electric heating appliances are now in use in this country and five million of these, which are flatirons, save our housewives not less than two billion steps between the ironing board and the stove each year.

The fault with most of our reasoning in the question of choosing a method for performing domestic duties in our homes lies in the limited view we take in the matter. The common practice is to think only of the direct operating expense and ignore the many benefits that accrue in the way of energy and time saved. In this country we employ upward of ten million domestic coal ranges. This means that our housewives and their servants are obliged to carry between forty and fifty million tons of coal yearly from coal bins to the ranges and later carry away about five million tons of ashes. When we commence to compare costs we should also place a value on time, comfort and cleanliness. Whether in office, factory or home, drudgery

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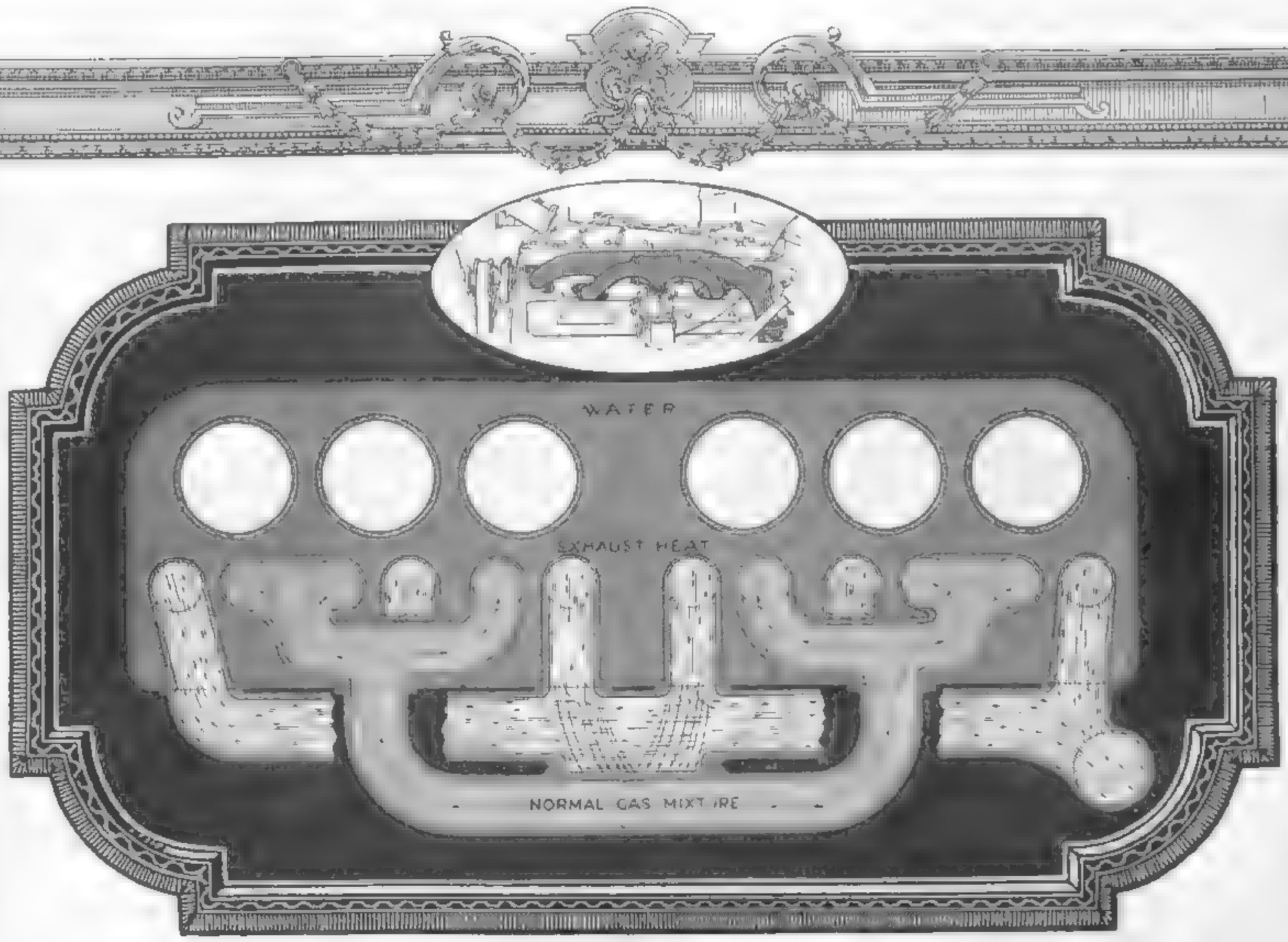

In the Chalmers engine, the exhaust gases from cylinders three and four play like blow torches on the Hot Spot. The incoming fuel, striking this Hot Spot directly, is converted into fine, dry gas. Passing on through the easy curves of the Ram's-horn manifold, it travels an equal distance to all inlet valves and absolutely even charges are delivered to all cylinders.

Why the Hot Spot Chalmers is Two Years Ahead of the Times

A GREAT many motor cars today are not behaving the way they once did. They are slow to start, often make a fuss over an insignificant hill, sputter and backfire, use up a lot of fuel and deliver abbreviated mileage.

Quality First

The temptation is natural to blame the fault on the car, but this is unfair. The trouble is not with the car, but with the gas you feed it. For gas has gone down and down in grade but there has been an engine designed which meets successfully this condition. That engine is found in a Hot Spot Chalmers.

First of all, Hot Spot takes the raw gas that comes from the carburetor, and cracks up the raw molecules into still finer molecules. So fine, as a matter of fact, that engineers term it "dry" gas.

Hot Spot not only "pulverizes" the gas to extract the innermost particles of power but it also warms up the gas, which aids further in getting out the power.

But Hot Spot merely starts the work. It remains for Ram's-horn to complete it. Ram's-horn, as its name implies, is shaped like the horn of a ram. This means that when the gas leaves Hot Spot each cylinder is just exactly the same distance away. Therefore it is quite impossible for one cylinder to get more gas than another, or better gas.

Ram's-horn not only feeds the "pulverized" gas to the cylinders in the most direct route known to a gas engine but also the quickest route.

For if you will stop to examine Ram's-horn you will find it possesses no sharp corners, no sharp angles for gas to "run against," which eliminates such things as a jerky engine, vibration that annoys and ultimately shakes a car to pieces, engine knocks, slow starting, burned bearings, thinned-out lubrication, scored cylinders and repair bills.

One ride is enough to convince the average Doubting Thomas. One thousand miles in a Hot Spot Chalmers and you too will say it is one of the few great cars of the world.

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO
MAXWELL MOTOR CO., INC. EXPORT DIVISION, 1808 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

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has its price in health. Let us not forget that the human machine is the most costly of all to keep in good order.

More than four thousand electric stations throughout the United States have published cooking rates of five cents per kilowatt hour or better and quite a few have fixed three-cent rates. At this latter figure electric cooking, in addition to its better control, may be successfully employed in competition with artificial gas in most communities, and such a situation exists in certain parts of California, Texas and the Northwest. Even the folks who insist on servants will be compelled eventually to fall in line, for when our domestic help finally waken to the easy comfort of the electrical way they will refuse to work in a home where they can't cook dinner by turning a switch, clean with a vacuum sweeper, sharpen knives and polish silver by pressing a button, and stir ice cream or grind coffee with the same ever-ready electrical current. Perhaps there will be the additional stipulation demanding an electric foot warmer for chilly nights.

He's a brave man who will venture a prediction concerning the relative position and importance of housewife and servant in the coming days of electric buttons and automatic switches. If it should occur that in the new era the wife will be compelled to neglect her offspring and devote her time chiefly to looking after the welfare of those autocratic persons, her cook and her maid, then she may be sincerely thankful that someone has devised these mechanical methods to lighten the hardships of her domestic responsibilities.

Coaling the World

A CAREFUL examination of the attitude and demands of coal miners in the United States leads to the belief that an effort is being made here to duplicate the labor developments that have taken place in the British coal industry. The workers in the collieries across the ocean succeeded in winning their fight for higher wages and shorter hours. As a result Great Britain has been placed in an unfavorable position in the present strenuous race for world supremacy. It is a matter of vital concern to the whole nation whether or not the United States in the next few years is to be handicapped in like fashion.

There isn't any problem in the world to-day that is of greater importance to civilization as a whole than the question of an adequate supply of fuel. I fully expect to see this absolute power of coal and oil over humanity eventually broken by scientific discoveries and engineering skill, but for the moment all nations are at the mercy of the present fuel industries. It is no wonder, therefore, that the citizens of all countries are coming more and more to view the production of coal as a matter of public rather than private concern. In many industries a dislocation of business often produces an effect that is either local or of limited extent, but when we stop the flow of fuel from its original sources we attack not only a number of businesses but the life of the whole nation at its deepest roots.

A famous British scientist in a recent address to his countrymen said: "We are living in an age when world power depends upon the relatively cheap production of coal and iron. A nation that deliberately throws away or diminishes its advantages in this respect is, economically speaking, digging its own grave."

In order to make clear just what this authority was driving at let me devote a minute to the British coal situation.

In 1913 the only raw materials which Great Britain produced in excess of her requirements were coal, clay and salt. In the same year the British coal production amounted to 287,000,000 gross tons, while the exports to foreign countries totaled 76,000,000 tons. In addition to the foregoing shipments she supplied 22,000,000 tons to coaling stations and for ships' bunkers. In fact, just prior to the war the British so dominated the foreign coal business that they actually transacted more than seventy per cent of the entire sea-borne coal trade of the world. In 1919, according to the best estimates now available, the coal production of Great Britain amounted to about 217,000,000 tons and her exports totaled less than 25,000,000 tons. Considering that the importing power of Great Britain has been based largely on coal exports, there appears to be good cause for some disquiet concerning this serious loss in business.

The chief question in the minds of well-informed Britishers to-day is concerned with the alarming movements of those two vital factors, production and cost. In 1913 the annual output of coal per person in British collieries was 260 tons; in 1918 the output had dropped to 232. In 1913 the price per ton at the mine was $2.42; in 1918 the price had climbed to $6. It is further true that this tendency of the British miner to produce less did not start with the commencement of the war but has been going on for many years. In 1883 the average individual production was 320 tons; in 1895 it was 296; and in 1905 it had dropped to 279.

In this connection it is interesting to compare individual mining in Great Britain with that of the United States. In the eight years prior to the war, while the British production was decreasing from 289 tons per person to 254 tons, the American production was increasing from 590 tons to 680 tons per person. During the war British production showed a further slight decrease, while the American miner jumped his output from 680 tons to about 775 tons. This discrepancy between British and American mining is due only in part to the greater use of machinery in the mines of the United States.

If the British miners' federation has been able to bring about such a condition in the coal industry of their country there does not appear to be any good reason why the United States should copy the action that produced this catastrophe. If government control everywhere means that the cost of production will be trebled, as has proved to be the case in Great Britain, let us not handicap our American industries by copying such a plan.

Right here it seems appropriate to say a few words concerning the fuel situation in other countries. Germany, which country ranked second to Great Britain as an exporter of coal prior to the war, will not be able again to resume her important place in this class of trade. By the terms of the Peace Treaty she will not have enough coal for her own needs, losing as she does the upper Silesian and Saar coal fields, the first to Poland and the latter to France. The Teutons are also required to furnish 23,000,000 tons annually to France and the other Allied countries.

Italy, which before the war imported 11,000,000 tons, her entire coal requirements, is badly in need of fuel to-day, at least 5,000,000 tons per year being urgently wanted. In 1913 France was using 68,000,000 tons of coal per year and producing only 43,000,000 tons, the balance of her requirements coming from Great Britain, Germany and Belgium. At the present time the French mines are producing at the rate of only 32,000,000 tons per year, so that in addition to the tonnage given her by the Peace Treaty the French needs are in the neighborhood of 17,000,000 tons annually. In this connection it must be remembered that Alsace-Lorraine now has to be taken care of by France.

All the neutrals of Europe are badly in need of coal owing to their previous dependence upon Great Britain and Germany for the greater part of their annual requirements. Then there are the smaller but important needs of Africa, Egypt, Algeria, South America and the islands of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. According to the director of the coal export bureau of the United States Shipping Board, the world's shortage of coal to-day amounts to 62,000,000 gross tons, this being predicated on postwar production and export estimates.

The question now arises: "What is the opportunity of the United States in the present situation and how are we prepared to take advantage of the condition?"

With this thought in my mind I sought out F. R. Wadleigh, authority on coal exports, and asked his opinion in the matter. Said he: "At best we can with our present coal docks and pier equipment only fill a portion of the world's shortage, even if we had all of the ships required. To-day the total coal-loading average capacity of all our Atlantic Coast export coal docks is about 131,000 tons per ten-hour day. This means that working ten hours for three hundred days in a year we can load only 39,300,000 tons of coal. Now these same docks must also handle a considerable tonnage of coal annually for New England, as well as 4,000,000 tons of bunker coal for the use of ships. It is evident therefore that unless something is done promptly to enlarge our coal-loading facilities materially the United States need not hope to gain a permanent position as the world's leading coal export nation.

"The United States shipped about 25,000,000 tons of coal to foreign countries in 1918. Our exports for 1919 probably reached 26,000,000 tons. Prior to the war we were shipping something like 22,000,000 tons, so that it is evident this country has not stepped in to take the place of those nations that formerly held control of the world's foreign coal trade."

One thing is certain, if America is serious in her desire to take rank as a leader in foreign trade careful attention must be given to the problem of the world's coal supply, for in this field there lies a great basic opportunity which we should not fail to accept.

French Coal Docks at Marseilles

Something New in Philanthropy

THE common conception of a successful man is one who has been shrewd enough to amass a fortune. If we are told that a certain individual has valuable ideas we immediately inquire, "Has he capitalized them?" If the answer is "No" we say he's an impracticable dreamer—a man long on imagination and short on sense.

Many a poor devil who has spent most of his days in a vain struggle for shore against a ceaseless ebb tide has had occasion to get down on his knees and thank God for having mixed a few of these rare dreamers into the mottled fabric of mankind. Were it not for some of our visionary brothers a lot of song and sympathy would pass out of our lives and only cold materialism would be left us.

Throughout the earth are men famed for their benefactions. Many of them deserve our sincere respect for their worthy efforts in helping those who have been less fortunate in their fight for personal independence. But somehow or other we just can't put the right kind of fervor into our hallelujah when one of our worthy citizens hands forth a million-dollar benevolence to-day and adds two millions to his own individual account at the bank to-morrow. In such cases, try as we may, it's difficult to banish the thought that maybe the fellow is only giving away something he can't use and doesn't particularly need. We are reminded of the old game, "Two for me and one for you," in which the other fellow is always "me."

The other day I said to the editor: "I want to write a couple of stories about some real men. What are the specifications?" He replied: "Tell about the fellows who have done big things and haven't talked too much about them; the men who have advanced industry without demanding all of the fruits of subsequent success; the people who value their art above wealth or power and who are more interested in the advancement of useful science than in the exploitation of finished commercial products."

This looked like an order for a fiction story, but the following night I sat in the Engineers' Club in New York talking with a modest, plain-spoken man who fits snugly into the bill of particulars laid down by the editor of THE POST. Why had I not thought of Frederick G. Cottrell before? Here, just as I was preparing for a search, was my man right at hand. Here was a dreamer, the inventor, the man who has devoted his life to the advancement of science in preference to the piling up of a huge fortune—Cottrell, who is loved and respected by the engineers and chemists of many countries, the friend

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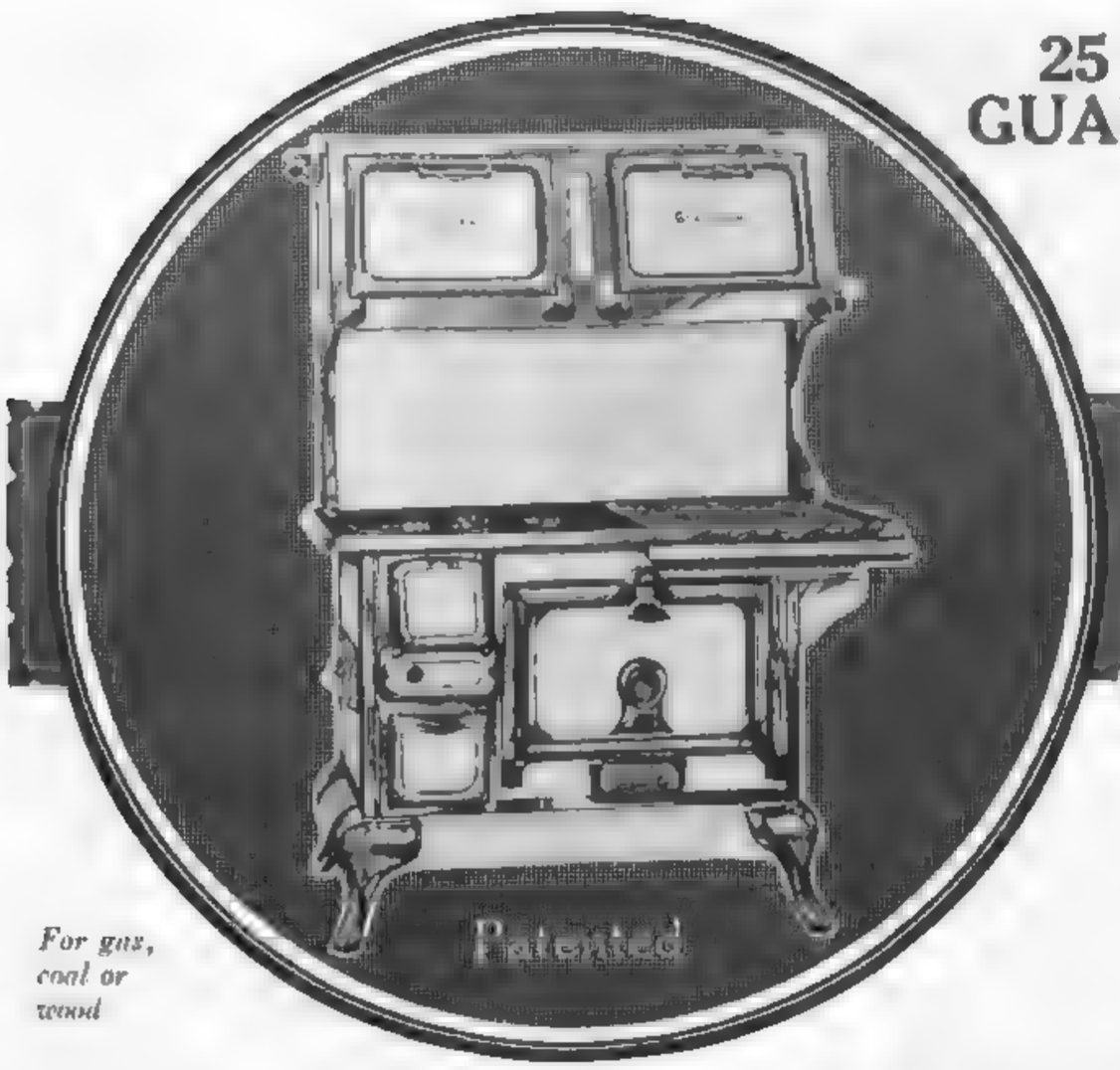
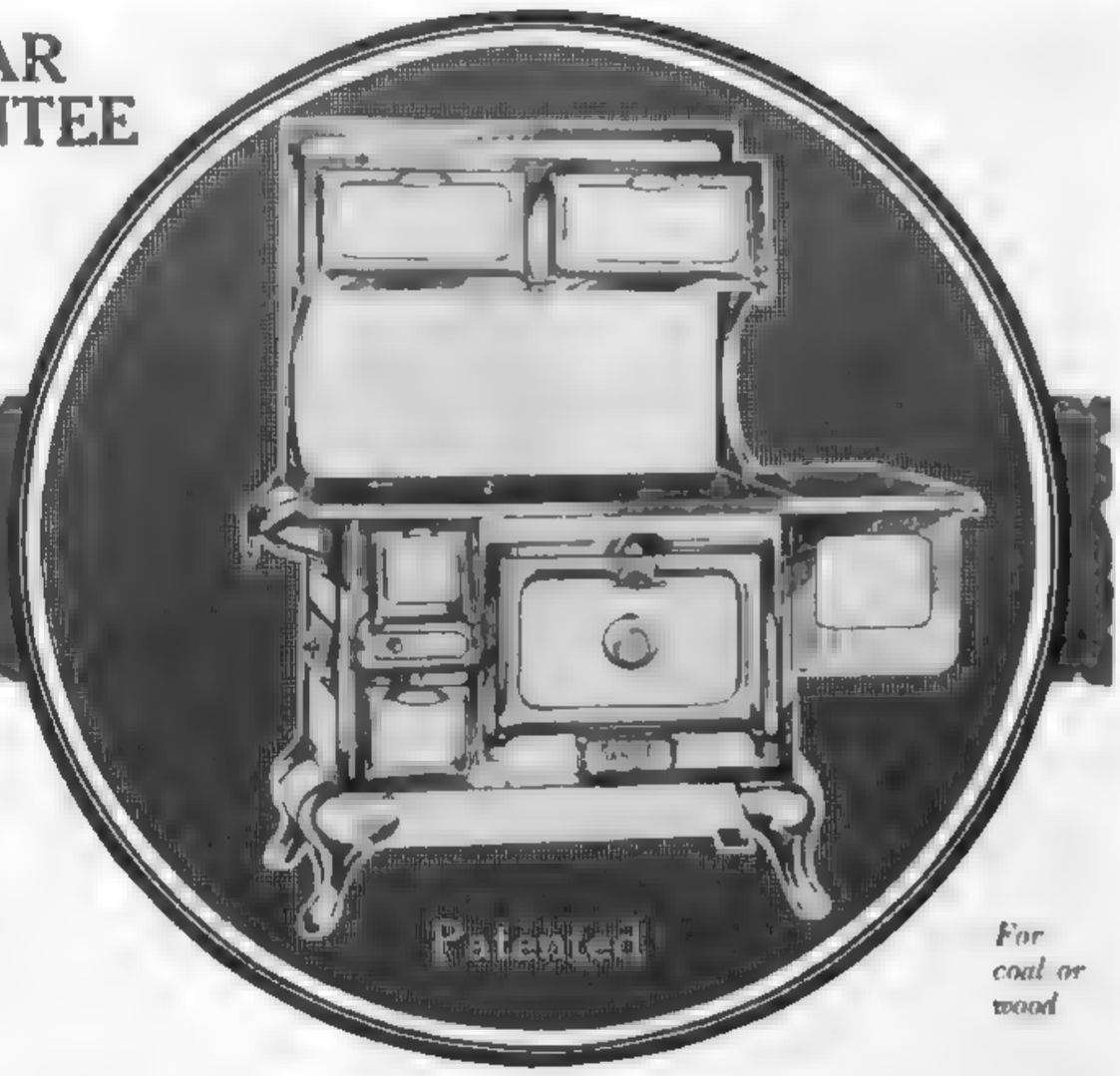
25 YEAR GUARANTEE



For gas, coal or wood



For coal or wood

Dealers and Users:
Do not confuse this six-metal, elastic, everlasting Porcelain used on this range with the ordinary bath tub enamel ranges so commonly sold. This is the only Porcelain that will not chip or crack from heat or cold. Ranges made from this material carry a 25 year guarantee.

"SANITARY CORAL"
SANICO

The RUST-PROOF PORCELAIN RANGE

SERVICE, economy, beauty and, above all, lasting satisfaction, that's what you get in the SANICO Porcelain Range. Its many conveniences, its special features, will appeal to you.

Armco Iron, coated inside and out with everlasting, rust-proof, six-metal SANICO porcelain, assures a lifetime of service. Nothing but violent abuse can injure it. A full size range, not skimped to cut the price. Plenty of oven room for the big week-end baking or for roasting big turkeys. Plenty of room on top. **Two Ranges in One**—The SANICO Combination Range burns gas, coal or wood, two complete ranges in one, two full-size ovens, use either or both at once.

The Range Beautiful

Handsomely finished in glistening porcelain. Colors—Azure Blue, **Snow** White, Dark Blue or Black and White. Handsomely trimmed with heavy nickel in plain designs. No cracks and crevices to catch the dirt. Requires no blacking—no polishing. As rust-proof and easy to clean as a china dish. Merely wipe clean with a damp cloth. Distinctively ornamental. Matches the most complete and modern kitchen appointments. Even distribution of heat insures perfect baking. Made—and made well—by one of America's foremost range, stove and furnace manufacturers.

Write for catalog and sample of this beautiful porcelain. Put it to any heat test. See how far it will bend before cracking. The catalog illustrations show Sanico Rust-Proof Porcelain Ranges in their actual colors. Please give your dealer's name. Dealers everywhere are rapidly putting in the wonderful Sanico Ranges. If your dealer's stock has not arrived we will see that you are supplied.

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of all the discouraged inventors who had been reduced to a state of despair by the ridicule of their unbelieving friends. When no one else would listen Cottrell was always there with help and hope.

Out in California, where he was born, the people still tell about the unselfish accomplishments of this native son. Those who knew him in boyhood tell of his pluck in fighting his way through school and at the same time paying off the debts left by the untimely death of his father. Finally, managing to get a little money ahead, he entered the University of California with the class that was to finish in '97 and succeeded in graduating with the class of '96, doing four years' work in three. His exceptional scholarship won the Le Conte Fellowship for him, so he was able to spend a fourth year in postgraduate work.

Dr. F. G. Cottrell (on the Left), Inspecting the War Ruins at Rheims

On leaving college Mr. Cottrell spent the following three years teaching chemistry at the Oakland High School. By 1900 he had saved enough from his teaching and occasional odd jobs to get him across the ocean to Germany, where he spent a semester in Berlin, working and studying with Professor Van't Hoff, the famous Dutch chemist. At the same time he was registered as a student in the University of Berlin and devoted all the hours possible to the scientific study of physical chemistry, specializing on the potash and magnesium salts obtained from the celebrated Strassfurt deposits.

Leaving Berlin he went to Leipsic, where he finished his work under Professor Ostwald and procured the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Following his graduation Mr. Cottrell, now Doctor Cottrell, spent his last dollars visiting the more famous laboratories of Germany and France and in 1903 returned to California, where he was made an instructor in physical chemistry in the state university. Later he became assistant professor and in 1911 left college work to accept the appointment as chief metallurgist for the United States Bureau of Mines. He has since remained in the Government's service and is now assistant director of the bureau he has so faithfully served.

This briefly sketches the life of Doctor Cottrell so far as his education and connections are concerned, and if the story were to end here it would be the tale of a man's accomplishment, creditable but not unusual. However, what I have said has been nothing more than a sort of clearing the decks for action so that we won't have to waste any more time stumbling over such things as calendar dates and jobs. No one who has read thus far will doubt that Cottrell has a brilliant mind. A fellow can't annex a bona fide sheepskin in a four-year college by doing three years' work unless he's some smart. But the country is filled with valedictorians who are working for tail-enders, so I'm not going to brag about a man's mentality, but instead tell the uncommon facts about a real he-man who himself fought so hard against obstacles that his ideal in life became centered about a single aim—the business of smoothing the way for others who likewise lacked the necessary support to get their ideas across.

Let me now return to Doctor Cottrell's first years at the University of California subsequent to his return from Germany, and thus pass over the dozens of remarkable scientific papers that he had already contributed to the technical literature of the day. It was no longer ago than 1906 when he began his investigations relating to the electrical precipitation of particles of liquids and solids. He believed that one of the important problems of the age was the maintaining of a clear and unpolluted atmosphere. While acknowledging that there were natural phenomena such as fogs and exhalations from decaying vegetation that we have to contend with, he asserted that most of the sources of air pollution were man-made and as far as possible should be eliminated.

Throughout the United States at that time were many smelters, each of which burned off daily from 250 to 1000 tons of sulphur from its ores into the atmosphere. These waste fumes seriously damaged the surrounding country by getting into the drainage. The material losses were also serious, for each ton of sulphur thus thrown off would make three tons of concentrated sulphuric acid and six of superphosphate fertilizer. Doctor Cottrell went to work on the problem and soon proved that the precipitation of suspended matter, whether in gases or liquids, may be accelerated by electricity in the form of direct or alternating current.

The theory was that, if we bring a needle point connected to one side of a high-potential direct-current line opposite to a flat plate connected to the other side of the line, we find that the air space between becomes highly charged with electricity of the same sign as the needle point, and any insulated body brought into this space instantly receives a charge of the same sign. If this body is a floating particle it will immediately be attracted to the plate of opposite charge. Even suspended gas molecules undergo the same process, though the gases themselves may be perfectly transparent.

Doctor Cottrell continued the development of his idea, devoting most of his early attention to sulphur fumes. The first installation of his system was made at a powder plant in California. Here he used hairy electrodes made of asbestos, which succeeded in precipitating sulphur from the wet fumes. The process, however, was not sufficiently profitable and the entire scheme would probably have died had not fate come to the rescue. Near by was the Selby smelter, which plant was close to one of the tunnels of the Southern Pacific Railway. When the wind blew from a certain direction the sulphur fumes would fill the tunnel with choking gases and the railroad company finally took legal measures to close the smelter. At this critical juncture Doctor Cottrell was called in and erected a small electric precipitation plant, which met the difficulty, and even to-day is still producing dilute sulphuric acid as a by-product.

As soon as it was known that the smelter gases and smoke could be captured the fume-pestered farmers all throughout the West started legal proceedings against the smelter companies, with the result that most plants of this kind operating to-day have Cottrellized their fumes.

This wide adoption of the process in a commercial way caused other industries to bring their smoke-and-fume problems to Doctor Cottrell, and in no time the same scheme of electrical precipitation was being used to bring down poisonous arsenic, valuable metal dust and other substances that had been polluting the atmosphere in many localities.

In addition the scheme was applied to the big cement works of the Pacific Coast, and not only did the process thus save thousands of acres of orange groves from the evil effects of the cement-kiln smoke, but the owners of the plants found it possible to collect large quantities of potash from this same smoke and use the material to fertilize the fruit groves instead of destroying the trees by clogging the tender pores of the orange leaves. The story of how the so-called Cottrell process has been extended to varied uses in many industries throughout the world is a tale not only of great industrial saving but of nuisance elimination.

Of more pertinent interest in the present story is the attitude that was assumed by Doctor Cottrell in the disposal and administration of his successful scientific idea. After the scheme had become an assured commercial success he entered into an understanding with his backers which stipulated that, when the receipts from the business that was organized should have repaid the initial investment with reasonable interest, at least a considerable portion of the patent rights should be turned over to some public institution to be administered as the nucleus of a fund for the promotion of research. It was the idea of the inventor that this might set a precedent and stimulate similar contributions from others.

In accordance with this proposed plan Doctor Cottrell and his associates offered to transfer as a gift to the Smithsonian Institution extensive rights in the patents covering the precipitation processes. After careful consideration the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution decided that it was not expedient for the institution to become the direct owner of the proposed gift, but the directors voiced the opinion that the institution might properly accept a declaration of trust from the owners of the patents to hold and operate the same in the interests

(Continued on Page 169)

Process Not in Operation

Cottrell Precipitation Process in Operation

These 12 Meatless Menus

(Compiled and Tested by the School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago—Recognized Authorities on Foods)

Will Cut Meat Bills *in Half*

—And Note How the Family Likes Them

SCORES of women don't know that the cost of meat is their largest food expense.

But millions now are learning the facts about food, and they are straightway cutting those meat bills in two.

They are finding out they can buy as much *protein in the large or baby lima beans* as in meat for *one-third to one-half the cost.*

And that these succulent beans, in combination with other dainty foods, are perfectly balanced substitutes for meat.

That not an iota of food value is lacking. And that these menus provide delicious, attractive foods that the entire family welcomes, so you can serve at least one meal like this each day.

As soon as you've tried them, you'll tell friends about them, for news like this is too good to keep.

The "Bone-and-Muscle" Dish for Children

Remember that protein builds bone and muscle, so both the large size and baby lima beans are excellent for children. And children who have been slow to eat vegetables before, like these sweet, nut-like beans when cooked in these new and charming ways.

The menus and recipes printed on this page, being compiled and tested by recognized authorities on foods, are authentic and therefore practical.

Try them and see how good they are. See how they lower housekeeping costs.

But Get Real California Limas

But be sure that you get real *lima* beans—your grocer can supply them. We furnish him with the SEASIDE Brand of Lima Beans, so you can easily get the genuine. They come from California and are grown near the sea.

Don't confuse with "wax" or "butter" beans.

The genuine California limas are thin-skinned, more tender (easier to cook) and have a sweeter, nut-like flavor.

You can get them in the large or baby size—both equally good in any recipe that calls for this type of bean.

Try these balanced, meatless menus now and see how they cut *your* bills.

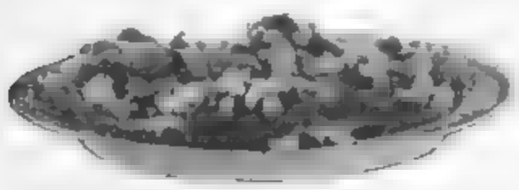
Thin-skinned, Tender, Sweet—Nut-like in Flavor

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE LIMA BEANS

LARGE LIMAS BABY LIMAS

The "Protein" Beans that take the place of Meat

In each of these menus the lima bean dish together with the complementary dishes furnish protein, fat, mineral salts and carbohydrates in scientific proportions, so each forms a balanced meal with all necessary food elements included.



Lima Bean Salad

Meatless Menu No. 1

Lima Beans and Celery in Cream
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Rice Pudding

Recipe for Lima Beans and Celery in Cream

Soak dried baby lima beans over night in cold water. In the morning remove loose skins and drain, cook in boiling salted water until tender but not soft. Cut celery in half-inch pieces, boil until tender and add to the beans. Add cream, salt and pepper and reheat before serving. Serves about 5

Meatless Menu No. 2

Clear Tomato Soup
Lima Bean Loaf
Cold Slaw
Steamed Fruit Pudding—Hard Sauce

Recipe for Lima Bean Loaf

1 cup dried lima beans	Salt
1½ cups bread crumbs	Pepper
1 cup milk	1 tbsp. bacon fat or
1 egg, slightly beaten	butterine

Wash and soak the beans over night. Cook until soft. Drain and rub through a coarse sieve. Add other ingredients, turn into a greased mold and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with white sauce or tomato sauce. Serves about 5

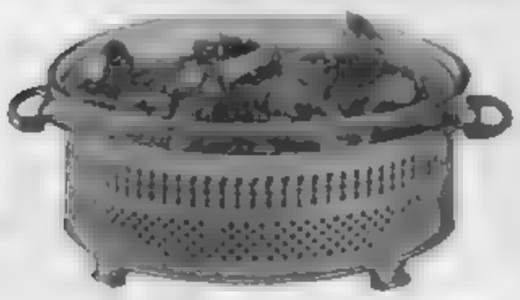
Meatless Menu No. 3

Cream of Lima Bean Soup—Croutons
Celery
Apple Tapioca Pudding

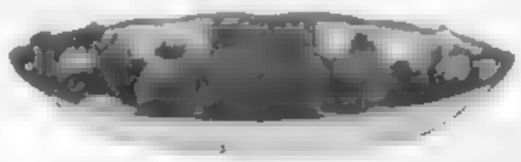
Recipe for Lima Bean Soup

1 cup dried lima beans	2 tbsp. fat
6 cups cold water	2 tbsp. flour
1 onion	Salt
1 sliced carrot	Pepper
1 cup milk	

Soak beans over night. Drain, add water, cook



Lima Beans en Casserole



Lima Bean Croquettes

until soft and rub through a sieve. Cook onion and carrot in fat, remove vegetables, add flour, seasonings and bean purée. Add milk, strain and reheat. Serves about 5.

Meatless Menu No. 4

Lima Bean Croquettes
Spinach
Fruit Salad—Wafers

Recipe for Lima Bean Croquettes

1 cup baby lima beans	½ tsp. salt
Cold water to cover	Pepper
¾ cup rolled, dried bread crumbs	1 tsp. sage
	Onion juice
3 tbsp. milk	1 egg

Soak beans over night in cold water. Drain and cook in boiling water until soft, then force through a purée strainer. Add crumbs, milk, seasonings and egg, beaten slightly. Shape in the form of croquettes; dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serves about 5.

Meatless Menu No. 5

Rice Soup
California Lima Bean Salad
Chocolate Blanc Mange

Recipe for California Lima Bean Salad

2 cups cooked baby lima beans	Onion or chives
	Seasonings
1 cup diced celery	French dressing
2 or 3 large ripe tomatoes	2 green peppers

Mix baby lima beans and celery, add seasonings and a portion of the dressing and marinate with French dressing. Arrange slices of tomato on bed of lettuce, place a ring of pepper on each slice and fill ring with baby lima bean mixture.

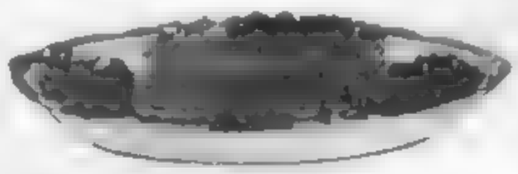
Meatless Menu No. 6

Lima Beans with Bacon
Harvard Beets
Apple Sauce—Oatmeal Cookies

Recipe for Lima Beans with Bacon

2 cups dried baby lima beans	Salt
Cold water to cover	Pepper
Butter	

Soak beans over night in cold water, drain, add boiling water to partially cover. Simmer slowly. Season, add butter, and serve garnished with bacon. Serves about 5.



Lima Bean Loaf

Meatless Menu No. 7

Lima Beans en Casserole
Buttered Asparagus on Toast
Tapioca Cream

Recipe for Lima Beans en Casserole

2 cups dried lima beans	¼ tsp. pepper
Cold water to cover	Milk
½ tsp. salt	Butter

Soak beans over night in cold water, drain, add hot water, using just enough to cover beans. Simmer until beans are tender and water is absorbed. Put into casserole, add seasonings, dot with butter, add milk to partially cover beans and bake in a moderate oven. Serves about 5

Meatless Menu No. 8

Lima Bean Chowder—Wafers
Olives—Celery
Baked Apples

Recipe for Lima Bean Chowder

1 cup dried baby lima beans	¼ tsp. pepper
1 small onion	2 tbsp. butter
½ can tomatoes	1 tbsp. flour
½ tsp. soda	1½ cups milk
Salt	

Cut onion very fine and brown in 1 tablespoonful butter. Put beans in kettle. Add seasonings. Cover with water and simmer until tender. Make white sauce of 1 tablespoonful butter, flour and milk. Add to chowder and cook until slightly thickened. Heat tomatoes, strain and add. Add to chowder just before serving. Serves about 5

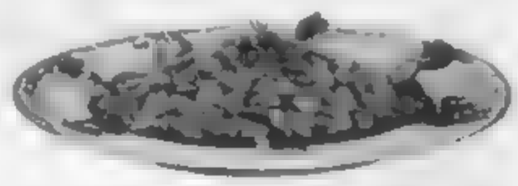
Meatless Menu No. 9

Lima Bean Roll with Rice
Head Lettuce—Thousand Island Dressing
Prune Jelly

Recipe for Lima Bean Roll with Rice

1 cup dried lima beans	1 tbsp. flour
½ cup rice	½ tsp. salt
½ cup milk	Speck pepper
1 tbsp. butter	

Soak beans over night in cold water, drain, cook in boiling water until soft and then force through a purée strainer. Add white sauce made of milk, butter, flour and seasoning, then add rice which has been cooked, shape in roll, cover with bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven.



Lima Beans and Bacon

Meatless Menu No. 10

Lima Bean Roast
Creamed Potatoes
Apple and Celery Salad
Caramel Custard

Recipe for Lima Bean Roast

2 cups cooked lima beans	1 green pepper
1 cup diced potatoes	¼ cup parsley
1 onion	1 cup bean stock
2 tbsp. ham or bacon fat	Salt

Slice the onion and brown it in the fat. Add the other ingredients. Put the mixture into a baking dish, add water and bake in a moderate oven about one hour. It may be necessary to add water during the baking, as the mixture should not be dry when served. Serve with tomato sauce.

Meatless Menu No. 11

Lima Bean Timbales
Scalloped Tomatoes
Cottage Pudding—Chocolate Sauce

Recipe for Lima Bean Timbales

2 cups cooked baby lima beans	1 tsp. salt
2 eggs	¼ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. butter	Cayenne

Rub beans through a sieve, add melted butter, beaten eggs and seasonings. Turn into buttered molds set in pan of hot water and bake until firm. Serve with tomato sauce. Serves about 5

Meatless Menu No. 12

Baked Lima Beans
Cucumber and Radish Salad
Brown Betty—Sterling Sauce

Recipe for Baked Lima Beans

Place a layer of boiled lima beans in a baking dish, add a little green pepper, salt and sprinkle the layer with dry bread crumbs. Add another layer of beans and seasonings. Cover the top with browned crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes.

Mail This Coupon

and we'll send you free the 12 Balanced Meatless menus and 18 recipes for delicious lima bean dishes, to paste in your cook book or place in your recipe card file.

California Lima Bean Growers Association
DEPT. F—OXNARD, CALIFORNIA

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California Lima Bean Growers Association

A co-operative, non-profit organization of growers

Dept. F—Oxnard, California

STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

The Overland Mail—By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

It Took These Six Hundred Apaches Three Days and Three Nights to Kill the Seven White Men

FROM the time when the first lean and bearded horsemen in their garments of fringed buckskin rode out into the savage West men gave the same excuse for traveling that hard road toward the setting sun. The early pathfinders maintained there must be all manner of high-priced furs off there beyond the sky line. The emigrants who followed in the days of Forty-nine informed their neighbors that they were going to gather golden nuggets in California. The teamsters who drove the heavy freight wagons over the new trails a few years later told their relatives and friends that they were going West to better their fortunes. And when the Concord coaches came to carry the mail between the frontier settlements and San Francisco the men of wealth who financed the different lines announced there was big money in the venture. The men of action who operated them claimed that high wages brought them into it.

So now you see them all—pathfinder, argonaut, teamster, stage driver, Pony-Express rider and capitalist—salving their consciences and soothing away the trepidations of their womenfolk with the good old American excuse that they were going to make money. As a matter of fact, that excuse was only an excuse and nothing more. In their inmost hearts all these men knew that they had other motives.

There was one individual who did not try to hoodwink himself or others about this Western business and if you will but take the time to look into his case you will be able easily to diagnose an itching which was troubling all the rest of them.

That individual was usually taken most acutely with his ailment on a warm May morning, one of those mornings when the lawless youths of the village decided to play hookey in the afternoon and test the temperature of the swimming hole. On such a morning he was to be found somewhere near the center of the schoolroom, this being the point most remote from the distraction of open windows and hence selected for him by the teacher. He was seated at a small desk whose top was deeply scored by carved initials and monograms of rude design, all inked in to give them the boldness of touch necessary when one would have his art impress the beholder. An open book lay on that desk top, but the eyes of the individual were not focused on its pages.

He was gazing—aslant so that the teacher would not detect him at it—through one of those remote open windows. And he was not seeing the roofs of the little town or the alluring line of low wooded bluffs across the river. He was seeing swarms of Indians mounted bareback on swift ponies. Swarms and swarms of them, stripped to the waist, befeathered, trousered in tightly fitting buckskin, they were defying all the laws of gravitation by the manner in which every one clung by a single heel to his mustang, allowing his body to droop alongside in a negligently graceful attitude. These savages were circling round and round a stagecoach. And on the top of that stagecoach, with his trusty rifle at his shoulder—while the driver beside him died a painful death—sat the individual himself—none other. And he was certainly playing havoc with those redskins.

We need not undergo the weary ordeal of waiting with him while the clock's slothful hands creep round the dial. We may skip the interval—as he would do ever so gladly if he only could—and see him that night as he climbs from his bedroom window, crawls down the woodshed roof and drops from the low eaves to make his way across the vacant lot next door and thence—out West. As far perhaps as the next town, which lies seven miles or so away, where he is overhauled and ignominiously dragged back to civilization.

That individual—the only one of them all who did not attain the consummation of his hopes, the only one who had to stay at home—is the sole member of the foregoing list who acknowledged his true motives. For he asserted loudly—and with lamentations—that the spirit of adventure was blazing within him; he wanted to go out West to fight Indians and desperadoes.

Resisting the temptation to indulge in dissertation concerning the beneficial effects of the dime novel on the morale of successive younger generations, we return to the men who said that they went beyond the Mississippi to gain money. Like the schoolboy they were hot with the lust for adventure. The men of action wanted to risk their lives and the men of wealth wanted to risk their dollars. Which does not imply that the latter element were anxious to lose those dollars any more than it implies that the former expected to lose their lives. But both were eager for the hazard.

Like the schoolboy, all of them dreamed dreams and saw visions. And the dreams were realized—the visions became actualities.

Few of them justified their excuse of money-making; many came out of the adventure poorer in this world's goods than they went into it. But every man of them had the time of his life and lived out his days with a wealth of memories more precious than gold—memories of a man's part in a great rough drama.

The Winning of the West someone has called that drama. No act in the play attained the heights which were reached by the last one before the coming of the railroad, the one with which this story has to deal, wherein bold men allied themselves on different sides to get the contract of carrying the mails by stagecoaches on schedule time across the wilderness. And in the tale of this great struggle there is another motive in addition to the love of adventure—and like that love, unacknowledged by those whom it stirred—the strong instinctive desire for a closer union which exists among all Americans.

In the beginning there was a frontier two hundred miles or so west of the Mississippi River. Behind that frontier wide-stacked wood-burning locomotives were drawing long trains on tracks of steel; steamers came sighing up and down the muddy rivers; cities smeared the sky with clouds of coal smoke; under those sooty palls men in high hats and women in enormous hoop skirts passed in afternoon promenade down the sidewalks; newspapers displayed the day's tidings in black headlines; the telegraph flashed messages from one end of that land to the other; and where the sharp church steeple of the most remote village cut the sky the people read and thought and talked the same things which were being discussed in Delmonico's at the same hour.

Beyond the Sierra Nevada Mountains there was another civilization. In San Francisco hotel lobbies men and women passed and repassed one another dressed in Eastern fashions—some months later but Eastern fashions none the less. Newspapers proclaimed the latest tidings from the East in large type. Men were falling out over the same political issues which embroiled men by the Atlantic seaboard; they were embarking in the same sort of business ventures.

But two thousand miles of wilderness separated these two civilizations. The vast expanse of prairies as level as the sea, of sagebrush plains, of snow-capped mountains and silent deadly deserts was made more difficult by bands of hostile Indians.

In Europe such an interval would have remained for centuries, to be spanned by the slow migration of those whom ill fortune and bad government had driven from the more crowded communities on either side. During that time these two civilizations would have gone on in their own ways, developing their own distinct customs, until in the end they would have become separate countries.

But the people east of the Mississippi and the people west of the Sierras were Americans and the desire for a close union was strong within them. Their business habits were such that they could not carry on commercial affairs without it. Their political beliefs and their social tendencies kept them chafing for it. And furthermore, it was their characteristic not to acknowledge Nature's obstacles as permanent. Two thousand miles of wild prairie, mountain ranges and deserts simply meant a task, the more blithely to be undertaken because it was made hazardous by the presence of hostile savages. So now the East began to cry to the West and the West to the East, each voicing a desire for quicker communication, and to get letters from New York to San Francisco on fast time became one of the problems of the day.

The first step toward solution was the choice of a route, and while this was up to Washington the proof on which it rested was up to the men of wealth and the men of action.

Immediately two rival groups began striving, each to prove that its route was the quicker. Russel, Majors and Waddel, who held large freighting contracts on the northern road from Independence, Missouri, via Salt Lake City, to Sacramento, bent their energies to demonstrating its practicability; the Wells-Butterfield coterie of stage-and-express men undertook to show that the longer pathway from St. Louis by way of the southwestern territories to San Francisco was the better.

In 1855 Senator W. M. Gwin, of California, who had conceived the idea with F. B. Ficklin, general superintendent of the Russel, Majors and Waddel Company, introduced a bill in Congress for bringing the mails by horseback on the northern route, but the measure was pigeonholed. Snow in the mountains was the main argument against it.

In 1857 James E. Birch got the contract for carrying a semimonthly mail from San Antonio, Texas, to San Diego. The southern route's champions had won the chance to prove their contention. Save for a few brief stretches in Texas and Arizona, there was no wagon road. El Paso and Tucson were the only towns between the terminals. A few far-flung military outposts, whose troops of dragoons were having a hard time of it to hold their own against the Comanches and Apaches, afforded the only semblance of protection from the Indians.

Horsemen carried the first mail sacks across this wilderness of dark mountains and flaming deserts. On that initial trip Silas St. John and Charles Mason rode side by side over the stretch from Cariso Creek to Jaeger's Ferry, where Yuma stands to-day. That ride took them straight through the Imperial Valley. The waters of the Colorado, which have made the region famous for its rich crops, had not been diverted in those days. It was the hottest desert in North America—sand hills and blinding alkali flats and

(Continued on Page 51)

"AT DAWNING"

Hear this beautiful ballad sung by the gifted Irish tenor, and marvelously reproduced by

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I love you."

ONCE in a generation there comes to us a true balladsinger—onewhose voice, by its sheer beauty and natural quality, can make us sad or glad, as the spirit of his song dictates, and whose own spirit truly grasps and voices the sentiment he is expressing.

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* * * *

COLIN O'MORE is such a singer. This talented young tenor has a magnificent future. His singing of the old familiar ballads that everyone loves has never been surpassed. Due to the extraordinary results accomplished in recording, by the new system employed in making Vocalion Records, and the perfect reproductions made possible by the superior construction of the Aeolian-Vocalion, we are today in a position to enjoy Colin O'More's, and other singers' art, as never before.

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The unparalleled tone of the Vocalion, the beauty of its cases, the simplicity and efficiency of its mechanical features, and its exclusive tone-control—the Graduola—by which, for the first time, an artistic means for *personally playing* phonograph records is presented, make the Aeolian-Vocalion the supreme phonograph on the market today.

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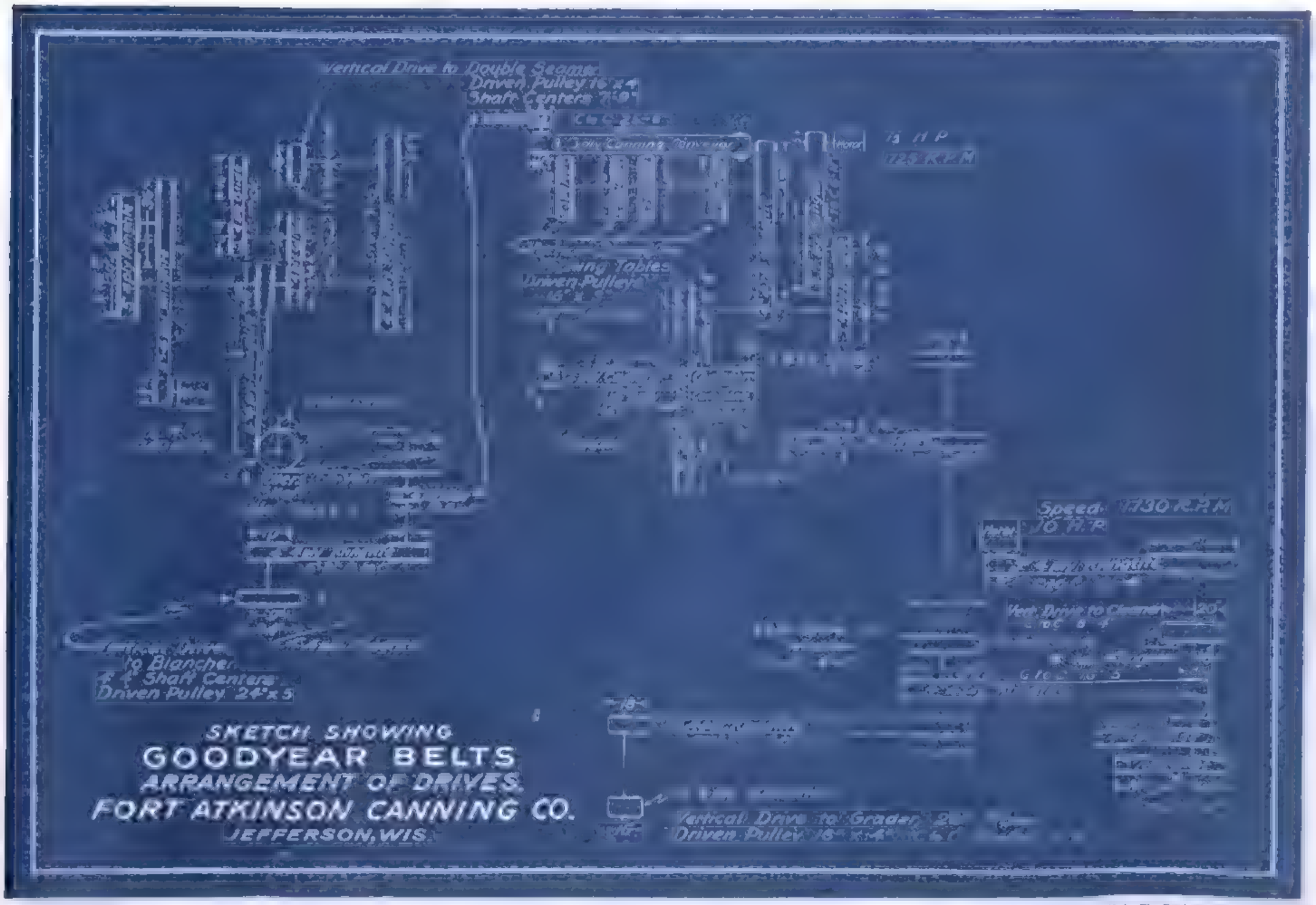

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An Idea, Our Good Name—and the G. T. M.

They had never used a Goodyear Belt. Their experience with the belting they had in their parent plant had been generally satisfactory. But the Fort Atkinson Canning Company did know Goodyear reputation for quality—knew it by the willing testimony and the demonstrated experience of other concerns the country over who were reporting notable successes with Goodyear Belts on every kind and condition of drive.

And the plant analysis idea proposed by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—struck them as the logical way to insure the right belt for every duty. They had opportunity to test the principle of it thoroughly in a study of their new plant's belting requirements. They had the G. T. M. make the study.

So they specified 100% Goodyear equipment—transmission belts, conveyor belts, steam hose, water hose—for their new cannery at Jefferson, Wis., all on the basis of the G. T. M.'s plant analysis, and their confidence in Goodyear products.

The Jefferson plant is an efficient linking of different transmissions and conveyors. No one type of belt, however well adapted to one form of duty, could be depended on to fulfill with equal capacity all these varied demands. An expert analysis that insured the full effectiveness of every drive in relation to the entire unit appealed to the superintendent as the only right solution of the power problem.

Note the belts specified to their particular uses: for the light drives, where the conditions are small pulleys run at high speed and uniform load, Goodyear Glides; for general transmission and moderately heavy duty, Goodyear Klingtite has been used. Width, plies and type are specified to the service required. The very natures of the Goodyear Belts employed meet the peculiarities of the situation. For instance, the belt on the canning conveyor, due to its particular construction of cover, fabric and friction, insures against the action of acids encountered in the raw material it carries.

The unfailing performance of these Goodyear Belts substantiates the plant analysis method of applying belts to the specific service. Their freedom from belt troubles—no slipping, no stretching to an appreciable amount, which usually causes an interruption in production in order to "cut out" and take up the slack—is their own best service assurance.

Both Goodyear analysis and Goodyear Belts are at your service. The G. T. M.'s expert study of either a single drive or a complete plant installation is without obligation on your part. For further information about the Goodyear plan of plant analysis and the G. T. M., write to the Mechanical Goods Dept. of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 48)

only one tepid spring in the whole distance—one hundred and ten miles, and the two horsemen made it in thirty-two hours without remounts.

The company now began to prepare the way for stagecoaches. During the latter part of November St. John and two companions drove a herd of stock from Jaeger's Ferry to Maricopa Wells. The latter point had been selected for a relay station because of water and the presence of the friendly Pima and Maricopa Indians, who kept the Apaches at a distance. During that drive of something like two hundred miles the pack mule lost his load one night in the desert. The men went without food for three days and for thirty-six hours traveled without a drop of water in their canteens.

The first stage left San Diego for the East in December with six passengers. Throughout the trip a hostler rode behind, herding a relay team. The driver kept his six horses to their utmost for two hours; then stock and wearied passengers were given a two-hour rest, after which the fresh team was hooked up and the journey resumed.

In this manner they made about fifty miles a day. Luck was with them. There were several runaways along the route. At Fort Davis, Texas, they found the garrison, which they had expected to supply them with provisions according to orders from Washington, short of food, and they subsisted for the next five days on what barley they felt justified in taking away from the horses. They arrived at Camp Lancaster just after the departure of a Comanche war party, who had stolen all the stock, and were obliged to go two hundred miles farther before they could get a relay. But these incidents and a delay or two because of swollen rivers were accounted only small mishaps. They came through with their scalps and the mail sacks—only ten days behind the schedule.

Thereafter the Birch line continued its service—and letters came from San Francisco to St. Louis in about six weeks. Occasionally Indians massacred a party of travelers; now and then renegade whites or Mexicans robbed the passengers of their belongings and looted the mail sacks. But such things were no more than anyone expected. James Birch had proved his point—the southern route was practical—and in 1858 the Government let a six-year contract for carrying letters twice a week between St. Louis and San Francisco to John Butterfield of Utica, New York. Thus the Wells-Butterfield interests scored the first decisive victory.

Butterfield's compensation was fixed at $600,000 a year and the schedule at twenty-five days. The route went by way of Fort Smith, Arkansas, El Paso, Tucson and Jaeger's Ferry. Tie one end of a loose string to San Francisco and the other to St. Louis on your wall map; allow the cord to droop in a semicircle to the Mexican boundary and you will see the general direction of that road, whose length was two thousand seven hundred and sixty miles. Of this nearly two thousand miles was in a hostile Indian country.

Twenty-seven hundred and sixty miles in twenty-five days meant a fast clip for horses and a lumbering Concord coach over ungraded roads. And such a clip necessitated frequent relays, which in their turn demanded stations at short intervals. While a road gang was removing the ugliest barriers in the different mountain passes—which was all the smoothing away that highway ever got during the stagecoach era—a party went along the line erecting adobe houses. These houses were little forts, well suited for withstanding the attacks of hostile Indians. The corrals beside them were walled like ancient castle yards.

William Buckley, of Watertown, New York, headed this party. Bands of mounted Comanches attacked them on the lonely Staked Plain of Western Texas. Apaches crept upon them in the mountains of Southwestern New Mexico. Of the battles which they fought history contains no record, but they went on driving the Mexican laborers to their toil under the hot sun, and the chain of low adobe buildings crept slowly westward.

In those days Mexican outlaws were drifting into Arizona and New Mexico from Chihuahua and Sonora, and these cutthroats, to whom murder was a means of livelihood, were almost as great a menace as the Indians. Three of them got jobs on the station building gang and waited their opportunity to make money after their bloody fashion. At Dragoon Springs they found their opportunity. Here where the Dragoon Mountains come out into the plain like a lofty granite promontory that faces the sea the party had completed the walls of a stone corral, within which inclosure a storehouse and stage station were partitioned off. The roofing of these two rooms and some ironwork on the gate remained to be completed. The main portion of the party moved on to the San Pedro River, leaving Silas St. John in charge of six men to attend to these details. The three Mexican bandits were members of this little detachment. The other three were Americans. The place was right on the road which Apache war parties took to Sonora. For this reason a guard was maintained from sunset to sunrise. St. John always woke at midnight to change the sentries.

One starlight night, when he had posted the picket who was to watch until dawn, St. John went back to his bed in the unroofed room that was to serve as station. He dropped off to sleep for an hour or so and was roused by a noise among the stock in the corral. The sound of blows and groans followed. St. John leaped from his blankets just as the three Mexicans rushed into the room. Two of them were armed with axes and the third with a sledge. The fight that followed lasted less than a minute.

St. John kicked the foremost murderer in the stomach and as the man fell he sprang for a rifle which he kept in the room. The other two attacked him with their axes. He parried one blow aimed at his head and the blade buried itself in his hip. While the man was tugging to free the weapon St. John felled him with a blow on the jaw. The third Mexican struck down at almost the same instant, almost severing St. John's left arm near the shoulder. Then the white man got his one good hand on his rifle and the three murderers fled. They had killed one of the Americans, who was sleeping in the inclosure, left another dying near him and a third gasping his last outside the gate.

St. John stanched the blood from his wounds and crawled to the top of a pile of grain sacks whence he could see over the unroofed wall. Here he stayed for three days and three nights. With every sunrise the magpies and buzzards came in great flocks to sit upon the wall after they had sated themselves in the corral, and watched him. With every nightfall the wolves slunk down from the mountains and fought over the body outside the gate. Night and day the thirst-tortured mules kept up a pandemonium. (Continued on Page 53)

It Was the Hottest Desert in North America—Sand Hills and Blinding Alkali Flats and Only One Tepid Spring in the Whole One Hundred and Ten Miles

"D—N IT! THEY WON'T COME OUT!"

Ever-Ready
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Every bristle [illegible] vulcanized hard rubber
25[illegible]50
Sold the [illegible]
American Safety Razor Corp.
[illegible]

Ever-Ready

TRADE MARK REG.

(Continued from Page 51)

A road-grading party came along on Sunday morning. They gave him such first aid as they could and sent a rider to Fort Buchanan for a surgeon. The doctor amputated the left arm nine days after the wound had been inflicted. Three weeks later St. John was able to ride a horse to Tucson.

Silas St. John is offered as a sample of the men who built and operated the overland-mail lines. Among the drivers, stock tenders and messengers there were many others like him—iron men. It was not easy to kill them and so long as there was breath in their bodies they kept on fighting. John Butterfield and his associates were made of the same stuff as these employees.

How many hundred thousand dollars these pioneer investors put into their line before the turning of a single wheel is not known. It must have been somewhere near a cool million, and this was in a day when millions were not so common as they are now; a day, moreover, when nothing in this business was certain and everything remained to be proved.

They established more than one hundred stage stations along that semicircle through the savage Southwest. They bought some fifteen hundred mules and horses which were sent out along the route. To feed these animals hay and grain were freighted in some cases for two hundred miles and the loads arrived at the corrals literally worth a goodly fraction of their weight in silver. There was a station in Western Texas to which teamsters had to haul water for nine months of the year from twenty-two miles away. At every one of these lonely outposts there were an agent and a stock tender and at some it was necessary to maintain what amounted to a little garrison. Arms and ammunition were provided for defense against the savages; provisions were laid in to last for weeks. One hundred Concord coaches were purchased from the Abbott-Downing Company, who had been engaged in the manufacture of these vehicles in the New Hampshire town since 1813. They were built on the thorough-brace pattern and were regarded as the best that money could buy. Seven hundred and fifty men, of whom one hundred and fifty were drivers, were put on the pay roll and transported to their stations.

Nearly all this outlay was made before the beginning of the first trip. It was the greatest expenditure of money on a single transportation project of its kind up to this time in America. And there were a thousand hazards of the wilderness to be incurred, a thousand obstacles of Nature to be overcome before the venture could be proved practical. The men of money had done their part now. The line was ready for the opening of traffic. On the fifteenth of September, 1858, the mail sacks started from St. Louis and San Francisco. It was up to the men of action to get them through within the schedule. Twenty-five days was the allowance for the twenty-seven hundred and sixty miles.

The west-bound coach reached San Francisco about twenty-four hours inside of that limit. On that October evening crowds packed Montgomery Street; there was booming of cannon and the crashing of anvils loaded with black powder; the blaring of brass bands and the voices of orators all mingled in one glad uproar to tell the world that the people by the Golden Gate appreciated the occasion.

In St. Louis the east-bound mail was an hour earlier. John Butterfield stepped from the Missouri Pacific train with the sacks and a great procession was on hand to escort him to the post office. Bands and carriages and a tremendous display of red-white-and-blue bunting enlivened the whole city. President Buchanan sent Butterfield a telegram of congratulation.

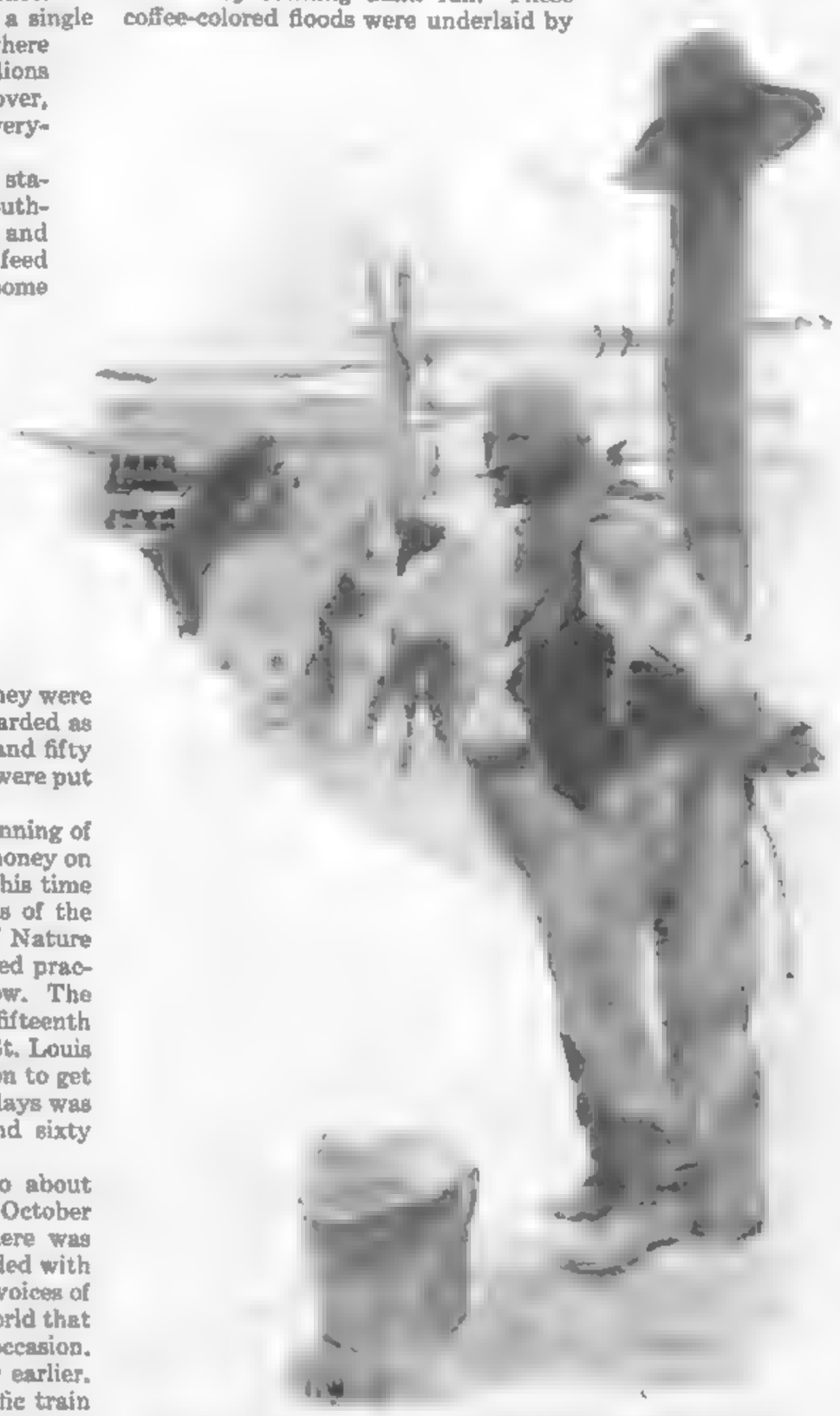
It looked as if the northern route was out of it for good now, but it remained for the men to keep the victorious line in operation. What had been done was only a beginning. The long grind of real accomplishment still lay ahead. Storm and flood and Indian massacre were incidents; holdups and runaways were matters of routine in carrying on the task. The stock was for the most part unbroken.

At nearly every change the fresh team started off on a mad gallop, and if the driver had a wide plain where he could let them go careering through the mesquite or greasewood, while the stage followed, sometimes on two wheels, sometimes on one, he counted himself lucky. There was many a station from which the road led over broken country—along steep sidehills, across high-banked washes, skirting the summits of rocky precipices, and on such stretches it was the rule rather than the exception for the coach to overturn.

The bronco stock was bad enough, but the green mules were the worst. It was often found necessary to lash the stage to a tree—if one could be found near the station, and if not to the corral fence—while the long-eared brutes were being hooked up. When the last trace had been snapped into place the hostlers would—very gingerly—free the vehicle from its moorings and as the ropes came slack leap for their lives.

They called the route a road. As a matter of fact that term was a far-fetched euphemism. In some places approaches had been dug away to the beds of streams and the absolutely impassable barriers of the living rock had been removed from the mountain passes, but that was all. What with the long climbs upgrade and the bad going through loose sand or mud it was always necessary for the driver to keep his six animals at a swinging trot when they came to a level or a downhill pull. Often he had to whip them into a dead run for miles where most men would hesitate to drive a buckboard at a walk to-day.

During the rainy seasons the rivers of that southwestern land proceeded to demonstrate that they had a right to the name—to which they never pretended to live up at other times—by running bank full. These coffee-colored floods were underlaid by thick strata of quicksand. Occasionally one of them simply absorbed a coach, and unless the driver was pretty swift in cutting the traces it took unto itself two or three mules for good measure.



He Brought the Prisoner Back to Julesburg and Bound Him to the Snubbing Post in the Middle of the Stage Company's Corral

The Comanche Indians were on the warpath during these years in Western Texas. On the great Staked Plain they swooped down on many a stage, and driver and passengers had to make a running fight of it to save their scalps. They attacked the stations, two or three hundred of them in a band. The agents and stock tenders, who were always on the lookout, usually saw them in time to retreat inside the thick adobe walls of the building, from which shelter they sometimes were able to drive them off without any particular damage. But sometimes they were forced to watch the enemy go whooping away with the stampeded stock from the corral, and now and again there was a massacre.

Under Mangus Colorado, whom historians account their greatest war chief, the Apaches were busy in New Mexico and Arizona. They worked more carefully than their Texan cousins and went to ambush whenever they could. There is a gorge along the line in that section which got the name of Doubtful Cañon in those days because the only thing a driver could count on there with any certainty was a fight before he got through to the other side.

Nor were the Indians the only savage men in that wilderness. Arizona was becoming a haven for fugitives from California vigilance committees and renegade Mexicans from south of the boundary. The road agents went to work along the route and near Tucson they did a thriving business. Yet with all these enemies and obstacles it is a matter of record that the Butterfield overland mail was late only three times. In spite of runaways, bad roads, floods, sand storms, battles and holdups, the east and west bound stages usually made the distance in twenty-one days. And there was a long interval during 1859 when the two mails—which had started on the same day from the two terminals—met each other at exactly the halfway point.

Apparently the Wells-Butterfield interests had won the struggle. Service was increased to daily and the compensation was doubled. The additional load was handled with the same efficiency that had been shown in the beginning. It is hard in these days of steam and gasoline and electricity to understand how men did such things with horseflesh. The quality of the men themselves explains that. One can judge that quality by an affair which took place at Stein's Pass.

"Steen's Pass," as the old-timers spelled it—and as the name is still pronounced—is a gap in the mountains just west of Lordsburg, New Mexico. The Southern Pacific comes through it to-day.

One afternoon Mangus Colorado and Cochise were in the neighborhood with six hundred Apache warriors when a smoke signal from distant scouts told them that the overland stage was approaching without an armed escort. The two chieftains posted their naked followers behind the rocks and waited the arrival of their victims.

When one remembers that such generals as Crook have expressed their admiration for the strategy of Cochise and that Mangus Colorado was the man who taught him one will realize that Stein's Pass, which is admirably suited for all purposes of ambush, must have been a terribly efficient death trap when the Concord stage came rumbling and rattling westward into it on that blazing afternoon.

There were six passengers in the coach, all of them old-timers in the West, and they were known as the Free Thompson party, from the name of their leader. Every one of these men was armed with a late-model rifle and was taking full advantage of the company's rule which allowed the carrying of as much ammunition as one pleased. They had several thousand rounds of cartridges. Such a seasoned company as this was not apt to go into a place like Stein's Pass without taking a look or two ahead, and six hundred Apaches were bound to offer some evidence of their presence to keen eyes—which probably explains why the horses were not killed at once, for they were not. The driver was able to get the coach to the summit of a low bare knoll a little way off the road. The Free Thompson party made their stand on that hilltop. They were cool men, uncursed by the fear of death, the sort who could roll a cigarette or bite a mouthful from a plug of chewing tobacco between shots and enjoy the smoke or cud, the sort who could look upon the advance of overwhelming odds and coolly estimate the number of yards which lay between. These things are known of them and it is known that the place where they made their stand was far from water, a bare hilltop under a flaming sun, and round about a ring of yelling Apaches.

There were a few rocks affording a semblance of cover. You can picture those seven men, with their weather-beaten faces, their old-fashioned, slouching, wide-rimmed hats and their breeches tucked into their boot tops. You can see them lying behind those bowlders with their leathern cheeks pressed close to their rifle stocks, their narrowed eyes peering along the lined sights, and then as time went on crouching behind the bodies of their slain horses. And you can picture the turbaned Apaches with their frowsy hair and the ugly smears of paint across their grinning faces. You can see them creeping on their bellies through the clumps of coarse bear grass, gliding like bronze snakes among the rocks, slowly enough – the Apache never liked the music of a rifle bullet—but coming closer every hour. Every gully and rock and clump of prickly pear for a radius of a half mile about that knoll sheltered its portion of the venomous brown swarm.

Night followed day; hot morning grew into scorching noontide; the full glare of the Arizona afternoon came on; and night again. The rifles crackled in the bear grass. Thin jets of pallid flame spurted from behind the rocks. The bullets kicked up little dust clouds. So for three days and three nights, for it took those six hundred Apaches that length of time to kill the seven white men.

But before the last of them died the Free Thompson party slew between one hundred and thirty-five and one hundred and fifty Indians. In after years Cochise told of the battle.

"They were the bravest men I ever saw," he said. "They were the bravest men I ever heard of. Had I five hundred warriors such as they I would own all of Chihuahua, Sonora, New Mexico and Arizona."

That was the breed of men who kept the Butterfield stage line open and the affair at Stein's Pass is cited to show something of their character, though it took place after the company began removing its rolling stock, for in 1860 Russel, Majors and Waddel accomplished a remarkable coup and brought the overland mail to the northern route. They performed what is probably the most daring exploit in the history of transportation. The story of their venture bristles with action; it is adorned by such names as Wild Bill Hickok, Pony Bob Haslam, Buffalo Bill and Col. Alexander Majors.

Colonel Majors held the broad-horn record on the old Santa Fé trail—ninety-two days on the round trip with oxen. He was the active spirit of the firm—Russel, Majors and Waddel. In 1859 these magnates of the freighting business had more than six thousand huge wagons and more than seventy-five thousand oxen on the road between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Salt Lake City, hauling supplies for government posts and mining companies. They were operating a stage line to Denver, where gold excitements were bringing men in droves now.

One day in the winter of 1859–1860 Senator W. M. Gwin of California had a meeting with Majors' senior partner, William H. Russel, and several New York capitalists in Washington. Senator Gwin proposed a plan to show the world that the St. Joseph-San Francisco route was practicable throughout the year. That scheme was the Pony Express—men on horseback with fresh relays every ten or twelve miles to carry letters at top speed across the wilderness. Congress had pigeonholed his bill to finance such a venture. He urged that private capital undertake it and he talked so convincingly that Russel committed himself to enlist his partners in the enterprise.

Russel went back to Leavenworth, Kansas, the headquarters of the firm, and put the matter up to Majors and Waddel. They showed him in a very few minutes that he had been talked into a sure way of losing several hundred thousand dollars. But he reminded them that he had committed himself to the undertaking. They said that settled it—they would stand by him and make his word good.

Their stage line had stations every ten or twelve miles as far as Salt Lake. Beyond that point there was not a single building. But within two months from the day when Russel had that talk with Senator Gwin the firm had completed the chain of those stations clear to Sacramento, purchased five hundred half-breed mustang ponies which they apportioned along the route, hired eighty riders and what stock tenders were necessary and hauled feed and provisions out across the intermountain desert. They had droves of mules beating down trails through the deep drifts of the Sierras and the Rockies.

And on the third day of April, 1860, Henry Roff swung into the saddle at Sacramento; Alexander Carlyle leaped on a brown mare in St. Joseph, Missouri. While cannon boomed and crowds cheered in those two remote cities the ponies came toward each other from the ends of that two-thousand mile trail on a dead run.

At the end of ten miles or so a relay mount was waiting for each rider. As he drew near the station each man let out a long coyote yell; the hostlers led his animal into the roadway; the messenger charged down upon them, drew rein, sprang to the earth, and while the agent lifted the pouches from one saddle to the other—as quickly as you read these words describing the process—gained the back of his fresh horse and sped on. At the end of his section—the length of these intervals varied from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five miles—each rider dismounted for the last time and turned the pouches over to a successor.

In this manner the mail went across prairie and sagebrush plain, through mountain passes where the snow lay deep beside the beaten trail and across the wide silent reaches of the Great American Desert. And the time on that first trip was ten days for east and west bound pouches.

The riders were light of weight; they were allowed to carry no weapons save a bowie knife and revolver; the letters were written on tissue paper to save weight; the two pouches were fastened to a leathern covering fitted over the saddle and the affair was lifted with one movement from the last horse to the relay animal. When one of these messengers came within earshot of a station he always raised his voice in the long shrill coyote yell, and by day or night as that signal came down the wind to them the men who were on duty scrambled to get the waiting horse into its place.

Many of these half-breed mustangs were unbroken; some were famous for their ability at bucking. There is a man in my town, Joe Hand—and he would hate to acknowledge that he is getting on in years even now—who used to ride the western end, and he said:

"'They'd hold a bad horse for a fellow long enough to let you get the rowels of those big Mex spurs fastened in the hair cinch. Then it was you and that horse for it. The worst of it was that the pony would usually tire himself out with his pitching and you'd lose time. I remember one that left me pretty badly stove up for a while, but I had the satisfaction of knowing he'd killed himself trying to pile me."

But bad horses were a part of the game; like bad men, everyone in the business expected them and took them as a matter of course. The riders of the Pony Express hardly recall such incidents, because of the larger adventures with which their lives were filled.

There was the ride of Jim Moore, for a long time famous among the exploits on the frontier. His route went from Midway station to old Julesburg, one hundred and forty miles across the great plains of Western Nebraska. The stations were from ten to fourteen miles apart. Arriving at the end of that grueling journey, he would rest for two days before making the return trip.

One day Moore started westward from Midway station, knowing that his partner, who carried the mail one way while he was taking it the other, was sick at Julesburg. It was a question whether the man would be able to take the east-bound pouches, and if he were not there was no substitute on hand. Realizing what might lie ahead of him, Moore pressed each fresh horse to its utmost speed during that westward ride. A man can endure only so long a term of punishment—he resolved to save himself what minutes he could right in the beginning. He made that one hundred and forty miles in eleven hours.

The partner was in bed—no hope of his rising for a day or two. The weary messenger started toward one of the bunks to get a bit of rest, but before he had thrown himself on the blankets the coyote yell of the east-bound rider sounded up the road. It was up to Moore to take the sick man's place now. While the hostlers were saddling a pony and leading it out in front of the station he snatched some cold meat from the table, gulped down a cup of lukewarm coffee and hurried outside. He was just in time to swing into the saddle. He clapped spurs to the pony and kept him on a run. So with each succeeding mount; and when he arrived at Midway he had put the two hundred and eighty miles of the round trip behind him in twenty-two hours.

In Western Nevada, where the Piute Indians were on the warpath, several of the stations were little forts and riders frequently raced for their lives to these adobe sanctuaries. Pony Bob Haslam made his great three-hundred-and-eighty-mile ride across this section of scorching desert. He rode out of Virginia City one day while the inhabitants were frantically working to fortify the town against war parties whose signal fires were blazing at the time on every peak for a hundred miles. When he arrived at the Carson River, sixty miles away, he found that the settlers had seized all the horses at the station for use in the campaign against the savages. He went on without a relay down the Carson to Fort Churchill, fifteen miles farther. Here the man who was to relieve him refused to take the pouches.

Within ten minutes Haslam was in the saddle again. He rode thirty-five miles to the Carson sink; got a fresh horse and made the next thirty miles without a drop of water; changed at Sand Springs and again at Cold Springs; and after one hundred and ninety miles in the saddle turned the pouches over to J. G. Kelley. Here at Smith's Creek Pony Bob got nine hours' rest. Then he began the return trip. At Cold Springs he found the station a smoking shambles. The keeper and stock tender had been killed, the horses driven off by Indians.

It was growing dark. He rode his jaded animal across the thirty-seven-mile interval to Sand Springs, got a remount and pressed on to the sink of the Carson. Afterward it was found that during the night he had ridden straight through a ring of Indians who were headed in the same direction he was going. From the sink he completed his round trip of three hundred and eighty miles without a mishap, arriving at the end within four hours of the scheduled time.

Nine months after the opening of the line the Civil War began and the Pony Express carried the news of the attack on Fort Sumter from St. Joseph to San Francisco in eight days and fourteen hours.

Newspapers and business men had wakened to the importance of this quick communication and bonuses were offered for the delivery of important news ahead of schedule. President Buchanan's last message had heretofore held the record for speedy passage, going over the route in seven days and nineteen hours. But that time was beaten by two hours in the carrying of Lincoln's inaugural address—seven days and seventeen hours, the world's record for transmitting messages by men and horses!

The firm of Russel, Majors and Waddel spent $700,000 on the Pony Express during the eighteen months of its life. They took in something less than five hundred dollars, but they accomplished what they had set out to do. In 1860 the Butterfield line was notified to transfer its rolling stock to the west end of the northern route—their rivals got the mail contract for the eastern portion.

The Wells-Butterfield interests were on the underside now. The change to the new route involved enormous expense, and with the withdrawal of troops at the beginning of the Civil War Apaches and Comanches plundered the disintegrating line of stations. The company lasted only a short time on the west end of the overland mail and retired. Its leaders now devoted their energies to the express business.

At this juncture a new man got the mail contract. Ben Holliday was his name and in his day he was known as a Napoleon. Perhaps it was the first time that term was used in connection with American promoters. Holliday, who had begun as a small storekeeper in a Missouri village, had made one canny turn after another, until at the time when the mail came to the northern route he owned several steamship lines, large freighting interests and was beginning to embark in the stage business.

The firm of Russel, Majors and Waddel was losing money, due in part to bad financial management and in part to the courageous venture of the Pony Express. Holliday absorbed their property early in the sixties. He was the transportation magnate of his time, the first American to force a merger in that industry. One of his initial steps was to improve the operation of the stage line. Some of the efficiency methods of his subordinates were picturesque, to say the least.

In Julesburg, which was near the mouth of Lodge Pole Creek in Northeastern Colorado, the agent was an old Frenchman after whom the place had been named. This Jules had been feathering his own nest at the expense of the company and the new management supplanted him with one Jack Slade, whose record up to that time was either nineteen or twenty killings. Slade was put in charge at Julesburg with instructions to clean up his division. While the new superintendent was exterminating such highway robbers and horse thieves as Jules had gathered about him in this section his predecessor was biding in the little settlement, watching for a chance to play even.

One day Slade came into the general store near the station and the Frenchman, who had seen a good opportunity for ambush here, fired both barrels of a double-barreled shotgun into his body at a range of some fifty feet.

Slade took to his bed, but he was made of the stuff which absorbs much lead without any great amount of permanent harm. He was up again in a few weeks. He hunted down Jules, who had taken refuge in the Indian country to the north on hearing of his recovery. He brought the prisoner back to Julesburg and bound him to the snubbing post in the middle of the stage company's corral.

Accounts of what followed differ. Some authorities maintain that Slade killed Jules. Others, who base their assertions on the statement of men who said they were eyewitnesses, tell how Slade enjoyed himself for some time, filling the prisoner's clothing with bullet holes, then exclaimed: "Hell! You ain't worth the lead to kill you," and turned the victim loose.

But all narrators agree on this: Before Slade unbound the living Jules—or the dead one, whichever it may have been—he cut off the prisoner's ears and put them in his pocket.

It may be noted in passing that this truculent efficiency expert in after years wound up his days at the end of a rope in Virginia City, Montana.

Ben Holliday carried the mails overland throughout the early sixties. But during the summer of 1864 the Indians of the plains for the first time in their history made a coalition. They united in one grand war party against the outposts along the line and for a distance of four hundred miles they destroyed stations, murdered employees and made off with live stock. The loss to the company was half a million dollars. It crippled Holliday, and the Government so delayed consideration of his claims for reimbursement that he was glad to sell the property.

The firm of Wells Fargo, who had been increasing their express business until they practically monopolized that feature of common carrying throughout the West at the close of the Civil War, took the line over. It was the old Wells-Butterfield Company again. The first winners in the struggle were the last.

The railroad came. Men said that the day of adventure was over. But this adventure has not ended yet.

While this story was being written another pioneer died on that overland-mail route. And when his aëroplane came fluttering down out of a driving snowstorm to crash in a mass of tangled wreckage on the side of Elk Mountain, Wyoming, Lieut. E. V. Wales went to his death within a rifle shot of the road where so many of his predecessors gave up their lives trying—even as he was then striving—to quicken communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Under Searching Eyes—

Do you ever wince inwardly?

AN unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face— Can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring?

Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness? Some fault in your complexion that you *know* observant eyes must take notice of?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or a woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault. Even a little blemish in some conspicuous place makes you miserably embarrassed. You want to shrink into the background. You lose your confidence, your gaiety. Your very personality is dimmed just when you are most anxious to appear at your best.

Yet this suffering is entirely needless. You need never be miserable and tongue-tied from such self-consciousness. Almost anyone, by simple, regular hygienic care of the skin, can free her complexion of the defects that so commonly mar an otherwise lovely face.

Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that will get shiny—These things *can* be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and *within a week or ten days* you will notice a marked improvement.

Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong in your blood—but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases, these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores *from outside*, through dust and fine particles in the air.

How to remove skin blemishes

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment regularly and the blemishes will gradually disappear.

The famous treatment for conspicuous nose pores

Do you know what it *is* that causes conspicuous nose pores?

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose, especially,* there are more fat glands than elsewhere, and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, lose their power to contract properly; they clog up and become enlarged.

Try using this special treatment for conspicuous nose pores, and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose with a *piece of ice.* Always dry your skin carefully.

Use this treatment every night before retiring, and before long you will notice how this gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they become inconspicuous. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. The booklet containing full directions for all the famous Woodbury treatments is wrapped around each cake.

Get a cake today and begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any one of these treatments.

Would you like to have a trial size cake?

For 6 cents we will send you the trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 601 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 601 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Don't Guess about Lighting!

Sixty percent of the Factory Managers who thought they had good lighting found they were mistaken

A survey of 446 manufacturing plants in various parts of the country shows a general condition of *underlighting*. Twenty-four percent of these had made no lighting changes in five years and are, therefore, still using obsolete lighting equipment; while at least 60% need to make radical improvement if they are to avoid important and usually unsuspected losses.

It is possible, of course, that these things are not true in your plant. And yet there is *more than an even chance* that they are! On the other hand, where really up-to-date lighting has been installed, the gains in volume of production have run from 8% to 35% in different departments, with an average gain of 15%. Improvement in hygienic conditions, lowering of the accident hazard and a better attitude on the part of the workers also have followed.

Do you know the real state of your own lighting? Why not arrange through the man who supplies your NATIONAL MAZDA lamps to have "foot-candle" readings taken throughout your plant at once? The figures will tell the story! If you believe in *knowing, not guessing*, you will make the next move TODAY.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of* General Electric Company
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Each label represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

"Foot-Candle" Readings

The instrument shown below is a foot-candle meter. It is no more mysterious than a thermometer or a yardstick. The foot-candle is a measure of useful light. It indicates the amount of delivered light in the working plane—that is, at the bench or machine or wherever the actual work is being done. Foot-candle may be a new term to you but, once explained, it should be no more troublesome than acre, ton, horse-power or any other familiar unit of measurement. Have foot-candle readings taken throughout your plant. If you need more lighting, *the figures will tell.*

NATIONAL
MAZDA LAMPS

THE SHINING MOMENT

(Continued from Page 36

Kneeling there with her baby tucked up under her chin, Leslie laughed and sobbed. All the years of her repressed girlhood, so recent and yet so far away, pressed in upon her. The evening when she had told them she wanted to be an actress, her bewilderment at their horror, the attic, the lace-curtain veil, the yellowed book of plays, twilights when she sat alone on the steps of the porch and ached with forbidden longings, Eddie Lawrence, the rapture and wonder of that first rehearsal in the Greenfields Opera House, the curtain rolling up and the row of lights in her eyes!

Somehow she had fought her way to these sensations and emotions, but being a Stebbins as well as an artist she had suffered all the whiplashes of conscience it was possible to suffer. The tears she had shed over her own ingratitude, her treachery, her perversity! And now she was asked to bind over her daughter to those repressions, those tears.

Also, she saw many other things—the various rooms she and Eddie Lawrence had lived in—the dirty, sordid, cheap rooms. And she saw the exquisite cleanness, the order and spaciousness of Cousin Mattie's house. She saw the patient, hopeless lines in the waiting rooms of managers and the green elms of Uncle Eleazor's lawn. She recalled tales of suffering and of glory. She saw in that hour both sides of the two lives that were offered to her daughter.

But from the moment she had finished reading her uncle's letter there was small question in her mind as to her course. In that hour she chose her star and set her course by it. It was all in the broken prayer she uttered as she buried her face in the baby's dress:

"Dear God, help me to give her a chance. If I'm wrong forgive me, but don't punish her for it. If I'm right, dear God, help me to let her grow up free and strong in her own way—in her own way."

Just off Broadway, south of Times Square, is a tea house beloved of young actresses, architects and newspaper men. The actresses are not from the girl shows. Mostly they are quite earnest young souls—some of them from Washington Square, some from Iowa, now and then an old-time professional who comes here for the waffles, now and then the modest young star of the serious drama. During the winter they eat crowded together in a dark, dingy little room whose walls are papered with old playbills and whose mantelpiece is horribly littered with dusty jugs, vases and dried grasses quite touchingly like the mantel of a country parlor.

But with the first warm noons of spring green-striped umbrellas are hoisted over tables in the sooty garden at the rear, fresh gravel is spread underfoot, a few shrubs are placed against the wall at the back, the high fence between the garden and the back yard of the antique collector next door is painted green and everyone fights to lunch amid these vernal surroundings.

It was in this place at luncheon on a late spring day that I first saw Leslie Lawrence. And it was here that my Cousin Channing told me her story. As I sat there waiting for Channing I watched Leslie Lawrence sitting alone under one of the green-striped umbrellas, eating cheerfully a rather frugal luncheon. Even in that place I knew she was the most attractive woman I had ever seen.

She was not young, according to Broadway standards. There is a good old word whose dictionary meaning is "Homelike beauty - sweet and fair." Bonny—she was exactly that. I learned afterward that she had just come in from twenty-six weeks with a Number Two Company on the road and she had jumped into Number Two straight from ten weeks in stock in an up-state city. She probably felt as old and battered as a sailing vessel beating its way into harbor after a long cruise in dirty weather, but all her lines were as gallant as the sweep of that vessel's sails.

I have never seen a woman who so looked the captain of her soul. So many women look as if they have either starved their souls or lost them. But Leslie Lawrence looked as if she steered the gallant craft of her spirit by the light of her own unequivocal star. The little upward gay quirk to the corner of her lips seemed to be saying: "Rummy old world! It's beaten me lots of ways, but I've got something it can never touch, no matter what it does to me!"

And her lovely eyes, serene and gay and kind, were infinitely more youthful than the eyes of the eighteen-year-old actress who sat at the next table. There was something fearless even about her gown. It had probably cost less than the hat and gloves of the young actress, but in six months of hard wear it had achieved what the younger woman would never have—a distinguished air. Indeed I saw as I studied her ensemble that a thoughtful cleverness had gone into it. The bronze brown of her straw turban, the paler brown of cloth, the inspired touch of creamy lace brought out the bright tones in her tawny hair and the golden-brown flecks in her eyes. It was a costume that could be—and probably had been—worn week after week on the road, sent to the cleaners as soon as it got back to New York and then presented serenely before the most sartorial-minded of managers.

She had, I could see, a quick, warm expression of curiosity, of interest that nothing had ever staled, in human beings and in what was going to happen round the corner of to-morrow. But to-day it struck me there was something or somebody she was especially waiting for. She kept glancing toward the door that led from the restaurant into the garden, and finally I saw her face light up quickly. A girl was coming down the gravel path—a girl who looked so much like Leslie that I thought at once, "Her younger sister!" It was plain that Leslie Lawrence adored her. Her face became softly radiant, her eyes brooded tenderly, happily over the girl; her lips curved in a proud, welcoming smile. It came to me suddenly that this was Leslie's reason why the rummy old world could not touch her. This was the star by which she steered the craft of her soul.

The girl was tall and slenderly graceful, as Leslie must have been at her age. In her simple, beautifully cut cloth gown and wide straw hat she looked as finished, as polished, as perfectly groomed as any young aristocrat. Curiously enough Leslie Lawrence appeared no older beside the girl and I figured it out that this was partly because of the brightening of her face and partly because the girl herself had reached the serious and dignified age. Her face, which so startlingly resembled Leslie's in features and coloring, was not nearly so carefree and merry in expression as her companion's at this moment. A sense of humor is the compensation of years. But she certainly was a beauty.

As she took a chair under Leslie's green-striped umbrella she turned so that she faced me and looked back at the door. To my surprise I heard her mention my Cousin Channing's name:

"I met him on Broadway and he said he was lunching here—oh, there he is now!"

I looked up to see Channing coming through the door. I waved a hand at him, but I might have saved myself the gesture, for I was quite invisible to him. His eyes passed quickly round the garden, crowded by now, and then as if they saw what they were hungrily looking for they suddenly became guarded again. But that only made the happiness in his face more noticeable.

Never having seen anything approaching this light in my cousin's face before, I followed his gaze with the liveliest interest. He was looking straight at Leslie Lawrence. He hastened past me, his luncheon guest, and with an inarticulate word put out his hand to Leslie. He is a man of self-possession, but I'd have sworn that the hand he extended was shaking.

And Leslie—I saw that there had crept up to the feathery fringe of hair on her forehead the faintest blush. Her lips—up to this instant so warm and friendly—had grown thinner, as if they defended themselves. From Channing? No, most likely from herself, from something she did not want to show. But she, nevertheless, welcomed him charmingly.

Channing, stooping under their striped umbrella, his distinguished head with the touch of iron-gray above the ears, was about to accept the chair they offered him when my stare must have got to him. With a word to Leslie he then came over to me, explained that he wanted me to know the most charming woman on the American stage and carried me off to join them.

As our chairs were scraping into place, Channing must have dropped the word "playwright," for Leslie turned smilingly to me:

"Oh, won't you write a play for my daughter?"

I did not try to conceal my astonishment as I looked from her to the girl opposite.

"Your daughter!"

They both laughed delightedly.

The girl cried: "Isn't it lovely, mummy, how they never believe it?"

And I saw in the glance they exchanged that they were the most understanding of friends. Love and pride and comradeship were in that glance.

"I want you to know," Mrs. Lawrence laughed, "that my daughter played with me all last winter and not a soul outside the company suspected I was a parent." She turned to Channing: "She has it, Channing, the real thing. I wish you could have seen her in Waifs. The house loved her. That play made me realize I am going to have a very serious rival."

"Oh, mummy, what nonsense!" the girl flashed quickly. "Mr. Channing, you know I'll never have the lovely voice she has. And the way she speaks! There isn't anyone who has the feeling that she has for the beautiful sound of words, is there, Mr. Channing?"

"There's no one on the stage to-day who speaks so well," affirmed Channing gravely. Then he looked at Leslie almost as if he pleaded, and I knew he had asked her the same question before.

"When are you going to give up this deadly road business, Leslie? Don't you think it's time now, with Eileen ready to launch out on her own, for you to try for a Broadway season? I hear that Ebert has a new play and he's hunting for just your type. Won't you go over to see him ——"

But she stopped him with a raised finger and a smiling shake of her head:

"Too much risk. Ebert's play may fail and leave me stranded. But a good safe Number Two Company seldom falls down on one—and after all, sixteen years on the road have left me with unlimited powers of endurance."

"Leslie, you've said the same thing to me every year for six years!" cried Channing. "You've let more than one good chance slip away."

"Don't, please, Channing! You know why I've always played safe."

Their eyes met, hers concealing their wistfulness under a defiant smile and his sad with an old protest.

And I saw Eileen Lawrence's hand creep across the tablecloth and cover her mother's. Her head drooped a little and a shadow was over her face. She, at least, understood perfectly why her mother had let those good chances slip past. Leslie saw this shadow instantly and she rallied gayly:

"But we haven't told you our wonderful secret. Shall we impart it, Eileen? Only, of course, it mustn't be whispered until the whole thing's settled. You both saw Breakfast at Nine last winter, of course?"

We nodded. Huge audiences had seen the sparkling comedy, which was still going strong and showing signs of continuing through the summer and into another winter. It had introduced and made the fortune of its producer, Jeffries, and its star, Marguerite Waring. Now, it appeared from what Mrs. Lawrence went on to tell us, Jeffries had found a new and equally promising play for Marguerite Waring and he was looking for someone to take her place in Breakfast at Nine.

Channing gave an exclamation of delight: "And you ——"

"I got a copy of the part. For three days and nights I put Eileen through it and this morning"—Leslie paused dramatically to give the next words due emphasis—"this morning Eileen read the part to Jeffries! And she's going to get it!"

"Mother! You're not sure. Mr Jeffries didn't say ——" the girl protested.

"That's just why I'm sure." Leslie looked from one of us to the other, her face sparkling and triumphant. "When Jeffries is polite and bows you out, abandon hope. But when he stands at the window with his back to you and waggles a hand toward the door in absolute silence—then you've got him thinking.

"He'll telephone us this afternoon that Eileen's to have the part—you'll see!"

She stood up, drawing on her gloves. I made my congratulations, but Channing stood silently beside his chair, his face curiously dark. When Leslie and her daughter had gone Channing still stood as if he had forgotten where he was and when he at last dropped back into his seat it was to sit in silence staring into his coffee cup.

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Then suddenly he looked up at me. I was astonished to see how gray his face had gone, as if all light and warmth had ebbed away from it.

"I suppose you know," he said unevenly, as if the words were jerked from him, "I suppose you know I'm in love with Leslie Lawrence?"

From Channing I knew how much this meant, and I merely nodded gravely. He leaned his head on a hand and stared past me at the trellis behind us. By now the garden was nearly empty. The roar of Broadway and the Elevated was cut off by the monstrous buildings on two sides of us. It was a moment of incredible, golden quiet.

"It happened six years ago when I saw her in a summer stock company in Detroit. Every year since then I have asked her to marry me. But there was always Eileen. You know my books never have gone very well until this year, my income was small and Leslie refused to burden me, as she called it. Eileen must have the best schools, she must have every opportunity to make a success when the time came for her to go on the stage, for she is talented. I know Leslie isn't fooling herself there, and she is certainly beautiful. And she has the same love of the stage that her mother has always had. So even as long ago as that Leslie was making all her plans with a view to Eileen's future. For her Leslie kept on all those years with those damnable road companies. For her she let slip more than one opportunity to try her luck on Broadway. My Lord, think of it!"

Channing gripped his hands on the table and sat staring down at them, as if he saw to the last detail those years of unremitting hard work, poor living in the grime of railway trains and second-rate hotels and no compensating glory.

"As far as money goes," Channing went on with a gesture of exasperation, "she has been all right for the past few years, I fancy. The managers know her value as an artist. And that is the ironic part of it. Leslie Lawrence is known and has her big following all over the country, but never having had that one big moment, an appearance on Broadway, she is for all practical purposes unknown. I have known her to go out on the road with a Number Two Company playing a Broadway success and do the leading part better than the original star. But who knows her name? When I introduced you, for instance, you had never heard of Leslie Lawrence, had you?"

I admitted I had not.

"There was a good deal she would never tell me," Channing said, "but I know that the year after Eileen was born must have been horrible. We were passing through the hall of an office building once when she stopped and looked down a side corridor with a curious smile on her face. When I asked her what she was looking at she said, 'Myself, scrubbing that floor.' Then she laughed and said quickly, when she saw my expression: 'It wasn't so bad. And whenever I look at Eileen I know it was all worth while.'"

Channing paused and looked at me wistfully. "You think Eileen is beautiful, don't you?"

I assured him that I thought she was exquisite.

"That is the word Leslie used. She said that out of the ugliness of those days she has brought a human soul and given it a chance to grow beautifully, to express itself in freedom and peace."

"I think she is right," I interposed. "There wouldn't have been any freedom and precious little beauty if for the sake of living in safety she had gone back to Uncle Eleazor that time."

Channing stood up in silence as I pushed back my chair. Just as we were leaving the garden he sighed:

"I know that is so, but—I wish—it gets unbearable sometimes when I think of the sacrifice of herself she has had to make."

I was thinking of Leslie's face when she saw Channing coming into the garden.

"Perhaps now that success has come to you," I suggested, "she won't think herself a burden. Or if Eileen gets something good for next season—if Jeffries ——"

"He won't," said Channing gloomily. "And Leslie will have a summer in stock in some benighted hole, and in the fall she'll go out on the road once more—well, let's talk about something else."

We walked up Fifth Avenue, circled through the park and came back down Broadway. There were several things I should have been doing, but I hadn't the heart to desert Channing. The gray look was still in his face and he fell into long silences during which his feet dragged.

At Forty-second Street we turned east toward the Elevated. I was taking a listless Channing down to tea in Washington Square. In silence we climbed the long flight to the platform.

As we passed the ticket-chopper's box I was ahead of Channing and so I saw before he did that at the extreme south end of the platform a woman stood. Except for this figure the platform was empty. She stood rigidly quiet, her hands clasped to her breast, looking off over Bryant Park to the back of the Public Library. But I knew that what she saw was nothing outside herself.

At this instant Channing uttered an exclamation. She could not have heard him at that distance, but she turned quickly and faced us. I saw then that it was Leslie Lawrence.

She gave an incredulous stare and then started walking down the platform toward us. I use the word walking, but flying would more nearly express the sort of movement she made toward us. High on that narrow platform, against the background of sky and towering buildings with the sun outlining her in gold, she darted toward us with something ecstatically alive in every line of her.

She did not appear to see me, but both her hands were stretched out to Channing. And after my first glance at her face I fell behind my cousin. Something had happened that had stirred her to the depths. She wanted only Channing.

"Oh, I'm so glad it's you!" she cried. "I came up here to be alone for a minute, but I wanted you, Channing, more than any one."

Channing took her hands and stared into her face. She was white to the lips, but her eyes were amazing, flaming and very dark. Channing's lips moved as if he asked what had happened, but he did not make a sound.

"I've seen Jeffries," she went on breathlessly.

"My dear!" Channing made a sound of pity. "He doesn't want Eileen?"

She looked up into his face with the most curious mixture of radiance and of ruefulness.

"No, he doesn't want Eileen," her voice thrilled. "Channing—he wants me!"

There are no adjectives that quite express the incredulous white radiance in her face.

"Channing, can you believe it?" she cried as he shook her hands wildly. "He wants me for Hilda in Breakfast at Nine! Me! A safe success, no risk and probably a long Broadway engagement. And Ebert is to do a new play for me next season. Jeffries had him there to meet me. And Eileen is to have a lovely bit in Ebert's new play."

Her voice broke, the color began to flood back into her face, she drew her hands away and frankly wiped her eyes. Channing could not speak coherently. The joy in his face transformed it.

"I knew you should have had Hilda," he said.

"Oh, but, Channing, I wanted it for Eileen! I didn't think of trying for it myself. I knew Eileen was a bit young, but I worked with her for three days on the part. She read it beautifully. This morning in Jeffries' office I fed her her lines so carefully. And Jeffries says that all the time he was watching me, listening to my voice. Once Eileen slipped and I took up the line for her. And Jeffries says it was then he knew I was a better Hilda than Marguerite Waring."

"Of course! How could he help it?"

"But, Channing, I can't believe it! Do you think I am dreaming? After all these years—I—can't—believe—it!"

She looked up and round her at the sparkling sunlight on tall buildings, at the figures on the benches in the park, at the people crossing over toward Fifth Avenue from the Broadway matinées, and she stretched out her arm as if she took it all into a rapturous embrace.

"After all these years—on Broadway at last!" she cried. "Eileen and I, both of us. Channing"—she turned to him, her face very tender—"it's like getting home after a long hard journey, a dreadful journey. You and I can begin to live now!"

I did not hear his answer, for at that instant a downtown train came in and I slipped on board. Neither of them saw me go. They stood there on that roaring, vibrating platform, holding each other's hands in what was to them an ineffable silence.

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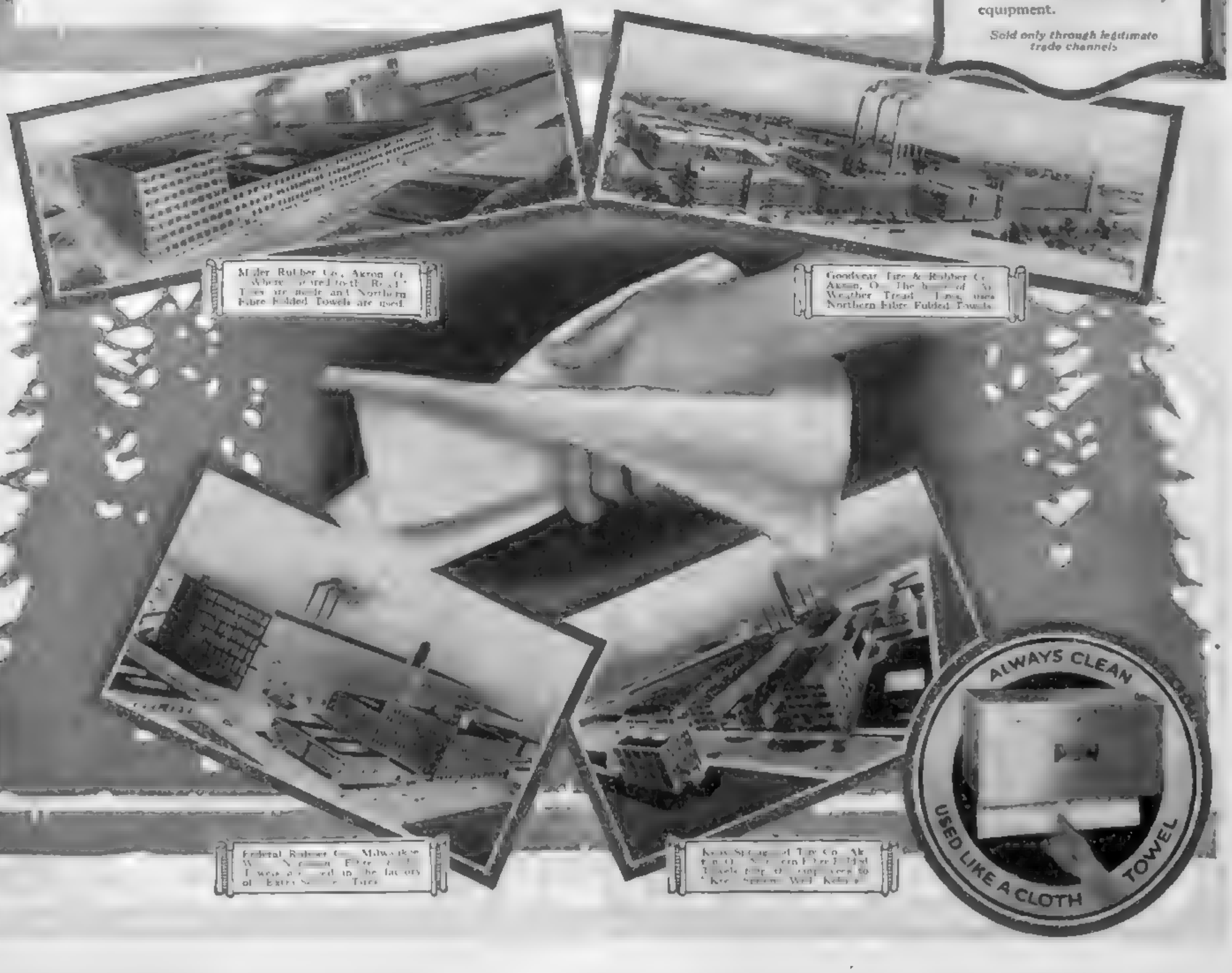
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MOVIE SIGNBOARDS

(Continued from Page 13)

and follow it on one of his state elephants for an hour at a stretch, and then come back to the palace and have the film showing it—which I may not have mentioned that he bought outright after its first showing—run for almost as long. A great institution—the cinema—I say."

But though these more or less humorous examples of the manner in which various primitive people have reacted to what they saw on the movie signboard are not without significance, a far more dependable sort of testimony was demanded to convince one that this form of accidental advertising was really getting over with the class of people who count. Just such testimony, however, came very rapidly to my attention, once I started to uncover it, and a number of the most illuminative instances in point I will set down in brief outline.

The engineer in charge of one of the greatest engineering projects of modern times is scarcely a man one would expect to be finding material help from a photo play, yet such I found to have been the case when I visited the Hindieh barrage on the Euphrates, a few miles north of the site of old Babylon, just previous to the outbreak of the war.

"One of the greatest difficulties we have encountered," said Mr. X as we stood looking down into the excavation where several thousand fellahin were working on the foundation of the dam which has since thrown the Euphrates back into its old channel and brought something like a million acres of desert under ditch, "has been to turn out brick fast enough. We started in turning them out by hand, and—I must admit—by a method that marked no great advance over that which Nebuchadnezzar employed when he built the walls of Babylon. Short of labor from the first, it was not long before I realized that unless the brick output was greatly increased the three years inside of which we had planned to complete the dam might easily be stretched to twice or thrice that length of time."

The Brickmaker's Romance

"We had never paid much attention to brick machines in England, and though I had heard in a general sort of way that they had been used with some success in America I had no idea whether or not they were of a character that could be handled by the labor we had here, even if we were able to get the delivery of them. It was while I was in the midst of this quandary that I made a hurried trip to Bombay. To help while away the half day of enforced delay at Karachi on the return voyage I went with a friend to the pictures. Within half an hour I had seen something which gave me good reason to hope that our difficulties over the brick output at the Hindieh barrage might soon be in the way of solution.

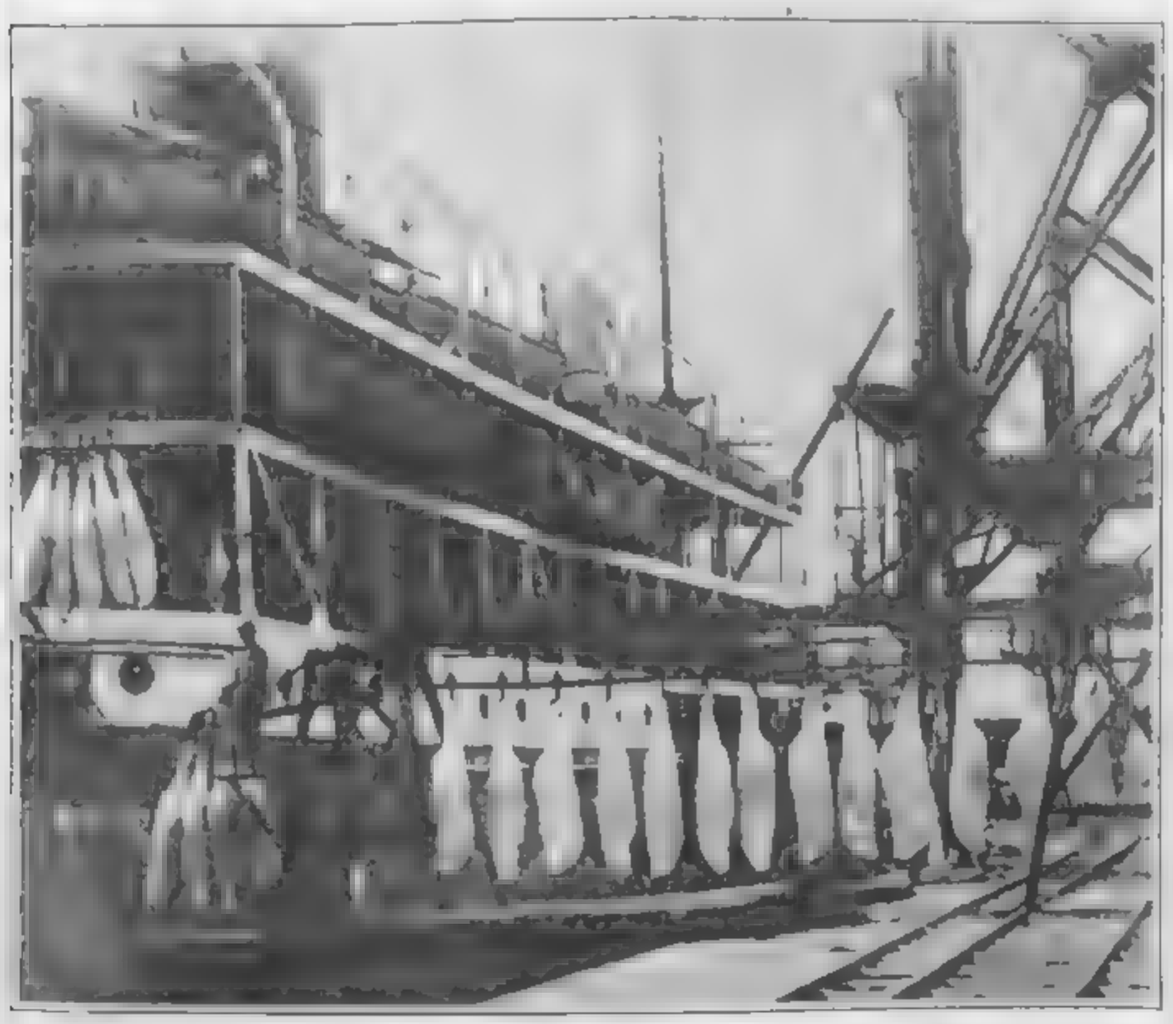
"I haven't the least recollection what the drama was about, except that the honest hard-working hero was employed—by way of variety, I suppose—in a brickyard. From a mere puddler of mud this energetic youth went through successive promotions until at last he invented a brick-making machine which revolutionized the industry and—according to my very hazy recollection—opened the way for him to marry his employer's daughter. The invention I saw at once was a well-tried-out machine which only needed to be fed with mud at one end to turn out a continuous string of bricks at the other. Doubtless because it was the kind of mechanical operation calculated to interest the average crowd, its working was shown in considerable detail—quite fully enough to convince me that both on the score of simplicity and efficiency it was most thoroughly adapted to just the work we had in hand at Hindieh."

Old Euphrates Conquered

"A wire to Bombay brought word that the film had been sent to India from a distributing agency in London, which had secured the rights of foreign exhibition from the American producers. Cabling this information to our head office in London and adding that the installation of a number of these machines at the Hindieh works ought to put us in the way of solving our problem of brick manufacture, I continued my voyage to Basra and Bagdad.

"Being fully advised of the trouble we were having in turning out brick fast enough, London lost no time in following up the clew I had uncovered. It must have cost them a good deal of money to rush things as they did. At any rate the first machine was delivered inside of three months and the others you have seen this morning came on shortly afterward. More than fulfilling my expectations of them, they increased our brick output until it finally became a question of finding sufficient labor to handle it. This we have managed to do, so that now it seems likely that the barrage will be completed well within the time Sir William Willcocks originally set for it."

As an interesting commentary on this statement, I may add that the Hindieh barrage was finished in January, 1914, when such of its waters as there was use for were turned into the channel of the old Euphrates and subsequently diverted to the land which had not been irrigated since



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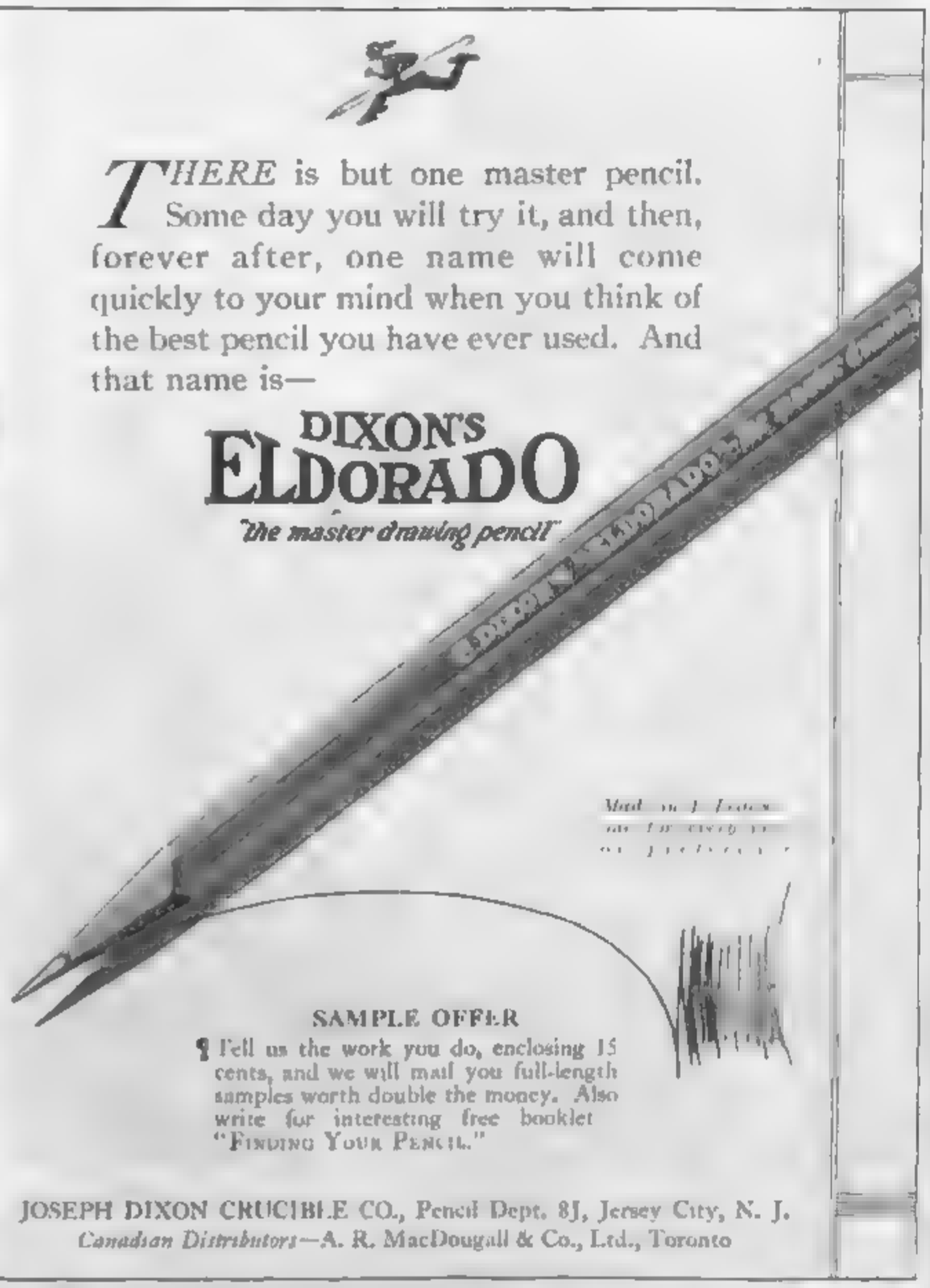


THERE is but one master pencil. Some day you will try it, and then, forever after, one name will come quickly to your mind when you think of the best pencil you have ever used. And that name is—

DIXON'S ELDORADO

The master drawing pencil

SAMPLE OFFER

¶ Tell us the work you do, enclosing 15 cents, and we will mail you full-length samples worth double the money. Also write for interesting free booklet "FINDING YOUR PENCIL."

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Pencil Dept. 8J, Jersey City, N. J.

Canadian Distributors—A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

the time of Harun-al-Rashid. Had not the brick production been accelerated by the introduction of the American machines there is no doubt that the project would have been far from completion at the outbreak of the war. Since this region was in the hands of the Turks for most of the period of the war, there is no possibility that anything could have been done toward completing it during that time, while the present scarcity of capital, labor and materials—to say nothing of the uncertainty as to what country will be given the mandate for Turkey in Asia—might well have conspired to prevent work being started again for many years. As it was, however, the land put under ditch proved an important factor in feeding Maude's and Marshall's armies of occupation. No insignificant contribution, this, especially considering it was made possible by a movie signboard.

Ideas in Railway Equipment

Railway men of all the remoter parts of the world have repeatedly told me that they found Yankee moving pictures a source of never-failing interest for the revealing glimpses they so often gave of contemporary transportation practice in the United States. As their roads are mostly financed from Europe—the bulk of them from London—they admitted it was rarely possible to take advantage of anything seen in this way, even though it might have been greatly to their interest to have done so. A South African manager, however, showed me an extremely compact and serviceable folding metal combination washbasin and table which he had tracked down and ordered after having glimpsed it in a sleeper scene from an American movie; and in the Sudan I was shown some water tanks and sand breaks which one of the officials of that famous desert line said had been suggested by things of the kind he had seen on a Yankee film shown at Khartum.

On my remarking to an official of the Calcutta Tramway Corporation that the prevailing type of car in use struck me as being more of an American than an English design he admitted with an amused smile that such was undoubtedly the case.

"We started in here with a very primitive and inconvenient type of car such as was in use in England ten or twelve years ago and which indeed has undergone few improvements down to the present. From the first we had no end of trouble through the pushing of the sheeplike Bengali in the narrow passages and doorways, and as from previous railway experience I knew the futility of trying to break them from crowding I began casting about for a type of car which would multiply the exits and entrances as much as possible without reducing the seating space too greatly. I had designed something pretty near to what I had in mind when a car which I saw in a moving picture one evening came along and discharged its passengers and I had at once just what I wanted. It was what I have since learned is called a summer type of car in America and is used only during the months of mild weather. It was open all the way round, had seats straight across and steps running along both sides from end to end.

"I arranged for a private showing of that part of the picture and the design was so simple that the sketch I made in ten minutes was all my draftsmen needed to go ahead with. We could not, of course, afford to import the cars from America, even if our board would have sanctioned it, but this did not prove necessary, as our shops in Calcutta were quite able to turn out exactly what we wanted. I am always pleased, however, to give the credit for the idea where it belongs—to the American car and the American film which first brought it to my attention."

Effective Comedy Films

Comedy films, even of the most slapbang order, I found to have been surprisingly effective as signboards. Going into a barber shop in Hobart, Tasmania, I had the most agreeable surprise of finding practically all the accessories of unmistakable Yankee origin. Half expecting to find some exiled American who had taken this

(Continued on Page 64)

THE man who wishes to be well groomed at all times will find his taste in footwear at once gratified by the correct lines and simple distinctiveness of these shoes

NUNN BUSH

"Faithful to the Last"

They fit glove-like but with a supple ease. Their design is smart yet refined. They are essentially serviceable.

You will find this shoe on display at the better boot shops.

Nunn Bush Style Book on Request

NUNN, BUSH & WELDON SHOE CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

This Yankee Ax Has Effected a Revolution in the Colorado Quebracho Industry of Paraguay. It Was "Discovered" in a Lumber-Camp Movie in Asunción

If you ask at the store for a Kodak camera, or Kodak film, or other Kodak goods and are handed something not of our manufacture you are not getting what you specified, which is obviously unfair both to you and to us.

"Kodak" is our registered and common law trademark* and cannot be rightly applied except to goods of our manufacture.

*TRADEMARK: Any symbol, mark, name or other characteristic or arbitrary indication secured to the user by legal registration, adopted and used, as by a manufacturer or merchant to designate the goods he manufactures or sells and to distinguish them from the goods of competitors. STANDARD DICTIONARY.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 62)

way of providing himself with a home atmosphere, I asked for the proprietor, only to be confronted with a lankily typical antipodean, who far from having come from the States had never even been across the strait to Melbourne. He told me the story of how he had been impelled to the extravagance of importing American fittings while he removed the grime of the Mount Wellington trail from my face with a Yankee hot towel and followed it with an Australian ninepenny haircut and a one-and-six New York shampoo.

It appeared that his introduction to American barber-shop fittings had eventuated about a year previously in the course of the exhibition of a typical Yankee knockabout film at one of the local picture palaces. The principal victim, it seems, had been some sort of a hobo—called a sundowner by my tonsorial friend—who had stumbled into a city barber shop to have his ancient growth of hair and beard removed. The mixing of plaster of Paris with the powdered shaving soap produced an all-too-solid lather, which rapidly solidifying left the "bally sundowner stiffen'd up like a bloomin' marble stachoo." The chipping of the unlucky victim out of his cast by a carpenter and a plumber, each with his full complement of tools, furnished—according to the barber—no end of a show.

Delighted as he had been with the comedy, however, it was less these refined Yankee "barberaties" that had awakened his interest than the operation of the chair in which the victim had been tortured. The manner in which it was raised, lowered, tilted and spun to bring the head of its occupant into any desired position stirred in the Australian a passion for possession which would not abate until it was satisfied. With the aid of a sympathetic American consul and a live wire of an importer in Sydney a chair practically identical in type with the one shown in the picture was bought and delivered. Its appearance and action had produced so favorable an impression on the buyer that he forthwith sent an order for a hot-towel cooker, a compressed-air hair duster, an electric massage attachment and a number of other modern tonsorial refinements which were turned out by the same company. Though the importation of these articles almost one at a time had proved rather expensive, the venture had been justified many times over by increased business. His principal worry at the moment was over the fact that two or three of his chief rivals had announced that they had already ordered and expected shortly to install the latest American fittings. Yankee barbers, he opined, would soon be as common and as popular in all parts of Australia as Yankee dentists and Yankee bars.

The Sidehill Plow

Another film proved highly helpful to the British manager of one of the largest rubber plantations of the Malay Peninsula.

"It was a lucky occasion for me when I went to the Kuala Lumpur picture palace one night about eighteen months ago," he said as I rode his morning round with him, "for by the merest chance I got track of two things which have been of the greatest use to me ever since. As you know, one of the most difficult problems we have to face in starting a rubber plantation is that of clearing the native jungle. Not only have the great forest trees to be felled and burned, but ways have to be devised of getting rid of the undergrowth as well. The practice has been to cut down the latter with cutlasses and then to keep it from interfering with the growing rubber trees by repeating the operation every few weeks as the new sprouts became large enough to interfere with them.

"Some time ago I began working on a plan for getting rid of the network of undergrowth roots by plowing, a scheme which—now that I have finally succeeded with it—leaves only an easily cut grass to be kept down. I found that turning over the soil a foot deep put an end to the root growth quite effectually wherever this could be done thoroughly. The operation, however, was proving a very difficult one, principally because of the way in which the matted roots threw out the points of the only plows available at the time—ordinary walking affairs drawn by bullocks.

"Then I got hold of a number of double-disked American plows, which sufficiently weighted down and with enough animals to pull them did the work all right so long as the ground was fairly level. On sidehills and nullahs"—ravines or gulches—"however, this implement was quite useless, because it was constructed so as to throw a furrow in only one direction. What I wanted was a sidehill disk plow—one so contrived as always to throw a down-hill furrow in whichever direction it was driven—but up to the time I saw the picture I have mentioned I had no idea that such an implement was in existence or even that it was practical to build one. In short—to use one of your Americanisms—I thought that I was up against it so far as plowing sharply sloping ground was concerned.

"In the picture I have spoken of the comedian was being chased up hill and down dale by a constantly augmenting mob and in an endeavor to give them the slip changed clothes with a country bumpkin he encountered quietly plowing a grassy slope and started to drive the team himself. Of course the team ran away with him and, of course, he plowed up hay stacks, flower beds, chicken houses, lawns and a line of washing before finally coming to grief in a duck pond. It wasn't exactly what you would call refined comedy, you know, but a man who hasn't been home in four years doesn't need that kind of a thing to make him laugh. I was guffawing uproariously and in my enjoyment of the show failed to notice except at the very last that the plow was a disk affair, not greatly differing from those I already had in use. It had two disks, I seemed to recall, but I couldn't remember having noted that it turned more than one furrow. But the thing that stirred my interest more than anything, as soon as I began to ponder its significance in the interval that followed, was that no matter how it serpentined, laid down, rolled over, jumped through and doubled back upon itself at least one of the disks was always busily engaged in cutting loose and folding back a broad deep furrow.

"'That's my plow,' I said to myself. 'I only hope it isn't just a property machine rigged up for the occasion.'

"Fortunately there was another running of the film that evening, following which closely I quickly made up my mind that the plow was a real working implement and, moreover, just the one I was looking for. The next morning they cut me out several bits of film from which to have enlargements made and from these I framed a cabled description to a San Francisco exporting house which enabled them to recognize at once the very implement I desired. The following day I received a reply stating that half a dozen of the plows had been found in stock in San Francisco and were being consigned to me by the next boat to Hong-Kong. These arrived in due time and after proper adjustment and a few days' use to accustom our bullocks to the reversible swing at the end of a furrow proved all that I had hoped them to be. You see, both on the level and on the slopes, how there is nothing but light grass to be cut where before it was a constant hacking of young wood."

Type of Old Water-Driven Sawmill of Southern Chile, Now Largely Supplanted by Modern Mills Using American Machinery

I reminded him that he had mentioned there were two suggestions of value he had received from the film in question.

"To be sure," he laughed. "There is the result of the other suggestion over there—those buckets for bringing in the latex."

Looking where he pointed, I saw a line of dusky East Indian Klings threading a path between the trees, each with a large galvanized-iron bucket balanced on the top of his half-shaved head.

"Yankee garbage cans, by all that's fresh and fragrant!" I ejaculated, contracting my nostrils and sniffing suspiciously from long force of habit. "How did you ever come to hit upon them for carrying round your embryo motor tires in?"

"I'm afraid you're right," he admitted with a grin. "As you doubtless gathered, the man who wrote the scenario of that photo comedy with the plow in it did not have exactly what you would describe as a delicate and refined sense of humor. Well, earlier in that reel the comedian in fighting his way out of a cul-de-sac at the end of a blind alley used the cover snatched from a can similar to these as a shield while he fought a duel—armed with a poker—with one of his pursuers. Driven to his knees and all but taken, as a last desperate resort he seized the can of garbage itself and clapped it down over the head of his antagonist, thus saving himself for further merry adventure.

"At the first running of the film, as blind from laughter as the victim was from the drooling rotten eggs and tomatoes which the text took great care to state were in the can, I failed to note what my quickened perceptions instantly recorded at the second showing—namely, what a fine piece of pressed-sheet-iron work that receptacle was; how strongly and easily cleaned its rounded unseamed bottom would be; how that close-fitting cover would both keep out dirt and leaves and prevent slopping of its contents in transit. I have bought several thousand of those buckets. Indeed it would be hard to say whether they or the reversible sidehill disk plows have rendered me the more valuable service. In any case you will understand why I am rather more interested in picture shows than the artistic merit of the Yankee films they send us out here would seem to warrant. I never know what I am going to find in even the most atrocious of them."

A Sawmill Drama

It was a typical blood-and-thunder thriller shown in the ramshackle old frame Biografo at Valdivia, Chile, which was responsible for the fact that new and thoroughly up-to-date American sawmill outfits came to be installed in the mills at the head of Lake Panguipulli, where the picturesque Paso de San Martin begins to pierce the lofty wall of the cordillera of the Andes on its way through to the open stretches of the Argentine pampas. The heavy growth of timber resulting from the excessive rainfalls of this region has been drawn on for years to use for building purposes in the scattered towns of the southern Chilean littoral. In the early days it was roughly worked with axes and used for cabins and stockades. Later the whipsaw was introduced, by which crude boards were worried out of the green logs by the labor of two men, and then three or four decades ago came the primitive steam mill, with its engine and circular saws. The latter greatly increased the output of lumber, while at the same time decreasing its cost, the principal objection to it being on the score of its wastefulness in reducing so great a part of the log to sawdust.

This was a more serious trouble in Southern Chile than in North America, the comparatively small diameter of the logs of the former region making the percentage of loss in sawdust and slabs two or three times as high as in the latter. Inasmuch, however, as there had never been an attempt to bring anything more modern to the attention of the local sawmill owners, they were for the time being content with what they had. How the change was finally effected was amusingly related to me by the American mining man who had been assistant to our vice consul—or it may have been commercial agent—in Valdivia at the time.

"One day a couple of years ago," he said, "just as I was about to close up shop for the afternoon three men, talking and gesticulating excitedly, came to the consulate. One was a Frenchman, the head of a company building a narrow-gauge railway from a junction with the state line at Collilelfu through the San Martin Pass; another was his contractor, a German and the holder of extensive cattle and timbering concessions from the government; the third was a Chileño, who operated a number of sawmills both on the Valdivia River and along the chain of lakes which it drains. They were an unscrupulous trio of rascals, but clever as the devil and real hustlers when it came to getting things done.

"They asked me to come with them to view a picture on exhibition in front of the Biografo—something which had to do with a film *Yanqui* billed for the coming week. Stepping round the corner to the movie shack, we found the sidewalk blocked by a crowd made up mostly of Chilean cowboys and lumberjacks. When my companions had elbowed a way clear for me

(Concluded on Page 67)

The Raisin Juice
Makes It Luscious

THERE'S a pie waiting for you at your grocery or bake shop that makes one of the finest desserts you have ever tasted.

Made of the plump, tender, meaty, juicy raisins—one of the best forms of fruit-food.

The flavory juice makes a luscious sauce that a connoisseur might have created especially for pie.

No other pie that we know makes its own sauce so delicious. You are missing a treat, you who haven't tried it.

Ask for CALIFORNIA Raisin Pie

Ask your dealer for *California* Raisin Pie. It will delight the entire family. It is ready-baked—you don't have to bake at home. So it has the additional attraction of convenience.

Your finest modern local bakeries are making it according to a special recipe. Try it for dessert tonight.

SUN-MAID Raisins

California Raisin Bread

BAKERS everywhere are making delicious raisin bread with luscious Sun-Maid Raisins. It is called *California* Raisin Bread. It is *real* raisin bread—full of raisins. Ask for a loaf today.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," suggesting 100 delicious ways to serve raisins.

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 9000 Growers
Fresno, California

THIS luscious pie is made with Sun-Maid Raisins, tender, thin-skinned, succulent, sweet California grapes that have been dried in the sun. These raisins are best not only for pie but for all home cooking uses.

They are 75% pure fruit-sugar—rich, concentrated nutriment in practically pre-digested form. They add both flavor and food value to every food with which they are served. They occupy an important place in every dietitian's list of foods.

Don't go without them. Serve with boiled rice, in bread puddings, in oatmeal and other breakfast foods. Mark the "luxury flavors" that they bring to these and scores of other so-called plain foods.

Three varieties: SUN-MAID SEEDED *(seeds removed)*; SUN-MAID SEEDLESS *(grown without seeds)*; SUN-MAID CLUSTERS *(on the stem)*.

Ask for Raisin Candy at Candy Shops—Delicious, Healthful and Nutritious

Ancient women asked their seers, and they said, "palm and olive oils"

Modern scientists give the same advice to women who consult them

Tell Me the Truth

About Beautiful Skins

THIS is the plea of millions. And it has been so for ages. Ancient women put the plea to seers. Their answer has been dug up lately, carved in hieroglyphics. It was, "Use Palm and Olive oils." And we know that ancient beauties followed their advice.

Go to a modern scientist and he will tell you this: Cultivate good health. Get plenty of exercise, fresh air and sleep. Use light massage to foster circulation. In cases of large pores, after washing, chill the skin with ice.

"But what soap," you ask, "what emollient shall I employ?"

He will say, "Cleanliness is all-important. Not surface cleanliness, but clean pores."

He will advise a gentle, penetrating soap. A perfect soap, made by scientific men. A soap whose basis is Palm and Olive oils.

Thus he will echo the advice which seers gave Cleopatra.

There's nothing new

There is almost nothing new today in ways to good complexions. There is nothing new in rain or sunshine either.

Keep the skin clean. Remove the dirt, dust, waste and oil. Clean out the pores. Do this with a soothing, penetrating soap. Do it with Palm and Olive oils combined.

Some of the finest soap chemists in the world supply the method in Palmolive Soap. And the best opinion is that science can never improve that method.

How popularity reduces price

Palmolive, if made in small quantities, would be a very expensive soap. The Palm Oil comes from Africa, the Olive Oil from Spain.

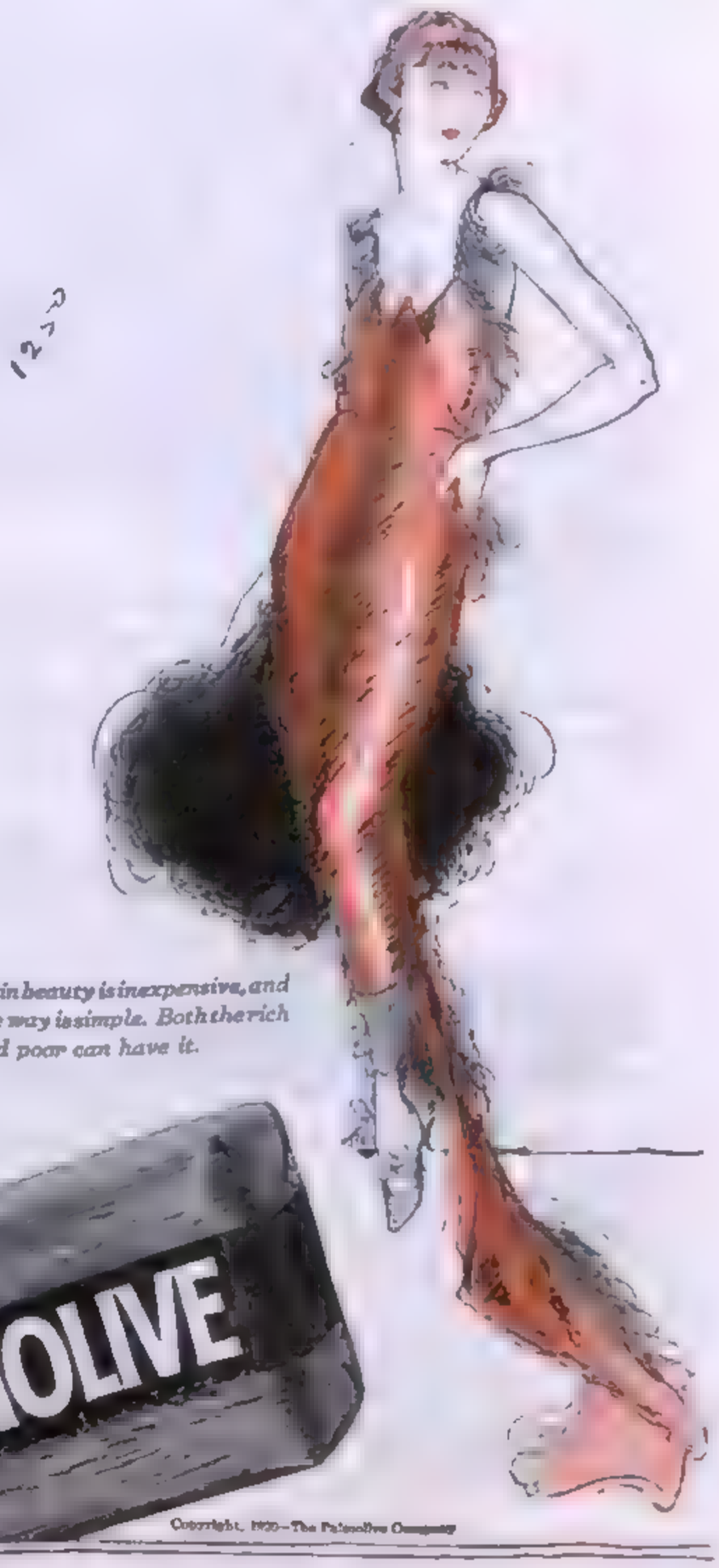
But this is a soap that every woman needs. Not merely to remedy a faulty skin, but to prevent it. Women of every age should use it every day. It forms the simple, natural way to healthy, radiant skin.

As a result, there are millions of women who daily enjoy its benefits. There is not another facial soap in the world which compares in popularity.

So the Palmolive factories work 24 hours a day to supply the demand. Ingredients are ordered in enormous quantities. This gigantic volume reduces cost.

Thus we are able to supply Palmolive at a very moderate price. It costs no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

Palmolive is sold by dealers everywhere.



Skin beauty is inexpensive, and the way is simple. Both the rich and poor can have it.

It is made by

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PALMOLIVE

Copyright, 1920—The Palmolive Company

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I saw that the picture was just an ordinary movie lithograph in colors depicting a wild-eyed girl lashed to a big pine log and apparently just about to share its fate of being sawed down the middle.

"The first thing my friends wanted to know was whether it was an established North American custom to cut up *muchachas* in this manner, and when I assured them it was not—that the saturnine villain glowering at left was undoubtedly going to be foiled by the golden-haired hero rushing to rescue on right—they seemed much cast down. Then that beautiful saw with its long, thin, shining blade must also be falsely represented, they said; *quien sabe* what the *yanqui* would try to put over on them next.

"Then I noticed that the saw, instead of being the usual rip-tearing buzz variety, was apparently an endless belt of steel such as I later learned was called a band saw. Though I had never seen one in action, I recalled having heard that something of the kind was coming into use and so felt sure that the lithograph was a crude representation of the real thing.

"My three friends had been quick-minded enough to see at once in the type something that was not calculated to dissipate and waste anything like the amount of good lumber a buzz saw would; indeed that is the very purpose for which the band was perfected.

"Now that their suspicions were roused, however, they were hard to reassure. The *Yanquis* were quite capable of making a thing of that kind out of rope and scrap iron just to use in the picture, they said; they would not delude themselves with any more high hopes until they saw the film itself. Luckily when the showing came it was found that the producers—to heighten realism and show the fate which waited the heroine—had had a couple of logs reduced to slabs and boards by the saw—which was in a real lumber mill—before the one on which the girl was bound nosed onto the screen. The perfect efficiency of the beautiful machine was evident to the most skeptical. G—— & Co. of Valparaiso were not long in locating the manufacturer by cable and the installation of the first outfit to arrive was soon followed by orders for similar ones for most of the larger mills of Southern Chile."

The Ax for the Job

Another lumber-camp drama of the American Northwest, exhibited on the film at a moving-picture theater in Asunción, Paraguay, is credited with the responsibility of working very important changes in the colorado quebracho industry of that country. This valuable wood is the main source of a certain kind of tannin much in demand in Europe and North America. Up to a decade and a half ago it was logged in a hit-or-miss sort of way by small groups of Paraguayans working wherever the trees could be located and by methods so crude as to make the price all but prohibitive. Then a couple of enterprising Yankee porteños—native-born sons of North American parents—began operating in the industry, and before long had it sufficiently organized to make them able greatly to reduce the price of colorado quebracho in the world markets and at the same time put by liberal profits for themselves.

This was brought about largely through their discovery that the logs, which were a good deal heavier than water, could be safely moved down the river if their outer rings and barks were first removed by squaring and the raft containing them given increased buoyancy by combining logs of lighter floating woods with it. This made it possible to tap the great forests of the Pilcomayo River, where the best growth of this rare and valuable wood is found.

"The almost unbelievable slowness in squaring the logs with the crude adzes always used by the natives almost defeated the success of this plan," one of the brothers told me when I visited his main camp some years ago. "The wood is terribly tough, so that a man was sometimes two or three days cutting down a single log. This didn't amount to much on the score of wages, but it did keep our output down to a point where we saw we could never meet our contracts unless there was a great improvement. We experimented with every kind of ax we could find in Buenos Aires, but with little better success. What we needed was a special tool, but as neither my brother nor myself knew much about working wood just what design of one was more than we could determine. Then one day—I was in camp at the time—I had a letter from Gus in which he said that he thought he was on the track of what we wanted, and would I hurry back to Asunción as quickly as I could? No sooner had I arrived—about ten days later—than he announced that he was going to drive me over to the picture palace to see a special run of a film he said he had bought. As that was all the explanation I could get out of him at the moment I began to think the boy's worries over our business had driven him off his nut. My doubts on this score became a certainty when I found that we were the only people besides the operator in the darkened hall and that Gus was ordering him to start the second reel about halfway through, just as he'd been doing right along.

"The method in his madness appeared at once, however, for no sooner had the machine begun to click than there jumped into life on the screen a big bearded lumberjack swinging a lump of a long-handled double-bitted ax on a hulking pine log he was squaring. I never dreamed a man could make chips fly like that. Inside of two minutes, in spite of the diversion of a plump little squaw who came pushing up on snowshoes, he had skinned one side of the log and turned it over to start another. Indeed the fact that he never stopped to rest was the one thing we had against him.

"'I've been trying to get a line on that ax three or four hours a day every day for the last week,' Gus said finally as the chopping scene gave place to one of a log jam, 'and I'm half blind without getting any nearer it than the first time I saw it. I've about made up my mind, though, that the slashing way it cuts is due to its comparative thinness and the fact that it is flat on one side. Anyhow, the best thing for us to do is to try to find who makes them and have a few cases rushed down here to try. Quebracho is two or three times as hard as pine and that lumberjack is twice as good an axman as the best of our Paraguayan peons, but even allowing for that it looks like a better tool than any we've ever tried.'

"Our New York agent did the sensible thing in sending us samples of every ax he could lay hands on that seemed to come anywhere near our description, and among them was a thin, flat-sided, double-bitted tool which seemed to match that flying piece of steel in the picture. The men we gave it to doubled their rate of work inside a week and doubled that again in a month. With a slight modification of this ax, made especially for us from a design we sent the manufacturers a year ago, the rate at which we are now squaring quebracho is from six to eight times as fast as it was with the old native tool.

"We wore all five rolls of that film to a frazzle looking for any other lumbering hints which might be of use to us, but the only one that impressed us was a steam logging engine. We bought one of these as soon as we could afford it and now have three in use and four more on order. They also have been of much help in meeting the greatly increased demand for quebracho."

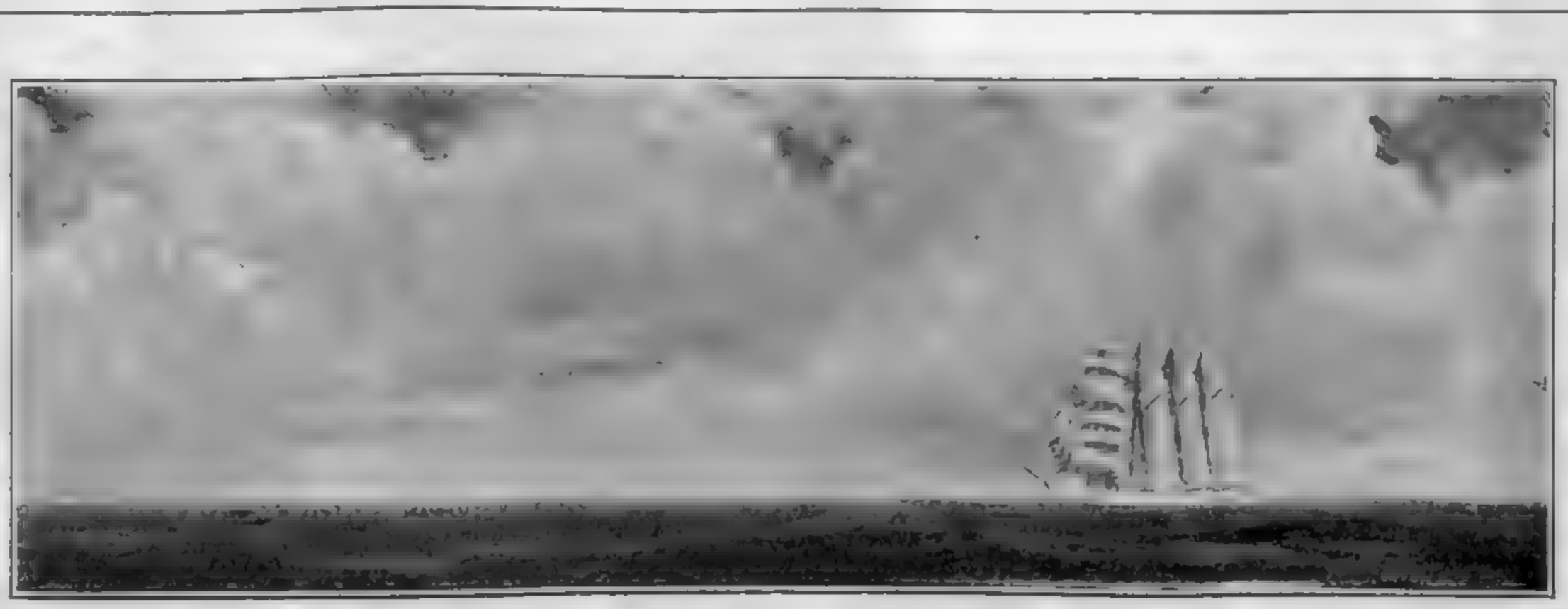
An Engineering Tip

How a glimpse of the pressure pipe and power plant of a California hydroelectric installation in a moving picture shown in La Paz saved a Bolivian mining concern from the useless expenditure of a huge sum of money and the loss of two or three years of time in an important development project was related to me several years ago by the head of an American exporting house of Lima, Peru. The Bolivian concern in question, in opening up one of its extensive tin-mining concessions, had discovered what it believed to be a very favorable site for the erection of a hydroelectric plant capable of generating sufficient power to run its dredges and a railway to its works.

As practically all of the considerable hydroelectric development going on in Chile up to this time, as well as what little had been done in Bolivia, was being handled by an aggressive German company, one of the engineers of the latter was called upon to draw the plans and make the preliminary estimates for the construction of this plant. Now it chanced that the mountain torrent to be harnessed, though of small volume, had a very considerable fall, the ideal conditions precedent for the installation of the undershot-water-wheel type of plant, which was first used and brought to its highest state of development in the California Sierras. As the German concern had had little if any experience in this type of construction, all of its work having been done where low heads and ample water made the turbine the proper installation, it was not able to furnish machinery for an undershot-wheel plant in anything like the time the Bolivians desired it. Rather than lose the contract, however, the German engineer promptly recommended and drew up plans for a turbine plant similar to one his company was then building near Valparaiso. The Bolivians, knowing nothing of the technical side of the project, were about to sign the contract when one of them chanced to see in the local biografo a Western mining-camp drama in the course of which some strikers in order to cripple the mines tried to blow up the power plant.

No sooner had this part of the picture appeared than the Bolivian was struck by the similarity of the physical conditions under which this plant had been built and those which obtained on his own company's property. He arranged for a private showing of this part of the film and took his board of directors along to see it. Even to their unpracticed eyes it was quickly apparent that the type of plant shown on the picture—and plainly the kind called for at their mines—was by no means similar to the one shown on the drawings of the German engineer. Saying nothing to the latter, they called in a local American mining engineer to advise them. Though by no means a hydroelectric expert, he knew enough to be able to assure them that they did not have water sufficient to run a turbine more than half of the year without further expensive development, which—he suggested—the German might be interested in forcing them to do. He advised getting in touch with an American house in Lima, which he knew to have furnished machinery for a hydroelectric plant in the high cordillera of the Cerro de Pasco district. This was done, with the ultimate result that the first important hydroelectric plant to be erected in Bolivia was furnished by America instead of Germany.

It will hardly be necessary for me further to multiply instances to prove the incalculable help—direct and indirect—American foreign trade has derived from the fact that well over nine-tenths of the goods shown on the movie signboards of the world are of Yankee manufacture. The question that now rises as we stand at the threshold of an epoch in which international competition of a bitterness never before known will be restored in foreign trade is: Can the movie signboard be made even more helpful in the future than it has been in the past? Such advertising as has been done in this way up to now has been absolutely accidental—incidental to the photo play itself. In not one of the instances which I have cited, nor in many similar ones, have I been able to find evidence that the machine or implement which filled so great a need for someone was originally brought into the picture to give it publicity. The intriguing speculation is—can this be done? Can the moving picture we send abroad, like every newspaper and magazine, be made to help our trade? How I have heard exporters and importers, consuls and moving-picture directors and distributors express themselves in this connection I will set down in another article.



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Ball Bearings, wherever used, eliminate friction evils that waste both power and life of machine parts.

The New Departure Manufacturing Co.

Detroit Bristol, Conn. Chicago

VIEWS OF A LAYMAN ON BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 21)

Russian yards are filled with cars and engines out of repair. The fire boxes are burned out; the boiler tubes were allowed to crust up until they split; the journals are without bearings. In March, 1919, only one-third of the total rolling stock was able to run. Of the 20,000 locomotives in hand not more than 2500 were in working order in the summer of 1919.

Maintenance has been a problem of repair. With such efficiency in repair as must have been possible the equipment could have been largely restored. The head of locomotive repairs reported that in 1919 he should have been able to repair 800 engines, but the actual restorations were scarcely more than 10 per cent of that figure. The extenuation is pleaded that the materials for repair were not at hand. This is incorrect, in the sense that it contains a huge exaggeration. Normal supplies of materials have not been available. Where has that been the case in Europe?

The materials needed in repairs of cars and engines are iron, copper, zinc, lead, tin, lumber, rubber and cotton. Russia produced all these except rubber and tin. Fair stocks of rubber, cotton and tin were on hand when the Bolshevists took control, but during the first year of Bolshevism they were not conserved for the essential needs. Rubber was used in the manufacture of all kinds of civilian commodities. During 1919 conservation of these materials was undertaken, but then it was too late.

It is absurd to suggest that with labor freely available the railways could not have been supplied with indigenous lumber, iron, copper, zinc and lead. Inefficient organization has been the cause of deterioration of transport during the last two years; the problem was more one of quality than of quantity. Entirely apart from indigenous production and stored materials it should have been possible to comb copper, tin, rubber and cotton from the population. A fraction of the ingenuity exhibited by the Germans in combing these materials out of Poland, Rumania and Serbia would have yielded in Russia large amounts of these materials. Materials were not plentiful, but with adequate organization there were enough.

Germany obtained as the result of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk not only gold but also materials. And up to the time of the armistice Germany maintained in Russia an organization for the obtaining of raw materials, the successor to the one the representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers tried to oppose during the régime of Kerensky. And they have obtained them!

Bolshevist Incompetence

A great deal of the transportation of grain was done by boat. The water transport has collapsed as badly as the railways—and for the same reason. In the prewar days Great Russia used to import by water more than 100,000,000 bushels of grain. This has fallen to almost nothing. The breakdown of shipment of grain has had a direct effect on the acreage, since facilities of shipment stimulated planting. Production of petroleum went badly in Bolshevist hands. Each winter it was the custom to build up a stock of petroleum for the summer boats on the Volga. In April, 1917, the stock was 60,000 tons; in April, 1918, the stock was 1200 tons! During 1918 the number of boat trips on the Volga fell to below ten per cent of 1917.

Replacements have been very expensive, the cost of a new locomotive built out of materials in stock being 600,000 rubles. Results with new work were so unsatisfactory that latterly nothing but repairing has been attempted. Malleable iron that cost in 1916 one ruble a pound now costs sixty rubles.

The operation sheets of the railways show large deficits. In 1917 the Southeastern Railway showed a profit of 20,000,000 rubles; in 1918, a deficit of nearly 100,000,000. In 1916 the roads of Bolshevik Russia had a surplus of some 140,000,000 rubles; in 1918, a deficit of some 8,000,000,000 rubles.

Russia has wood, peat, coal and petroleum in large amounts. Before the war the consumption of coal was not more than 30,000,000 tons per annum—less than five per cent of that of the United States—the consumption of wood and peat more than ten times that amount. More than 400,000,000 acres of forest belonged to the state or were in lands of the crown. Timber stands more or less in all portions of the country, and no nation in the world was—and is—so prepared to face scarcity of coal and petroleum as Russia. The coal was located largely in three basins—the Donetz, the Moscow district and the Urals. The metals and minerals are largely in South Russia and in the Urals and Siberia. There was a problem of fuel during the years when Russia was in the war, but it was not marked.

In a tabulation made by the Russian National Manufacturers' Association in November, 1917, lack of fuel was given as the cause of closure of only 45 out of 565 industries closed up to July, 1917. Up to the close of 1916 the coal production had fallen off only ten per cent. During the Kerensky régime the production of coal fell rapidly.

When the Bolshevists assumed control all the coal-bearing districts were in their hands. In South Russia the Mensheviki were very strong; in the Urals and Siberia the social revolutionists. These two parties were opposed to the program of the Bolshevists. The Bolshevists sent military forces into these sections of Russia to overcome opposition and set up their communistic program.

Do-Nothing Policies

From these Bolshevist invasions date the splitting off of the ten parts of European Russia that desire independence and are anti-Bolshevik. These have resisted conquest by the forces of Trotzky. As the result of these military situations the Donetz and Ural areas of coal have been lost to Bolshevist Russia. This has left them with but one basin, that of the Moscow area, which with the lesser areas cannot supply enough coal—not more than a quarter—for the railways and industries. Strikes have hampered the full operation of this field.

It is necessary that this sequence of affairs should be recognized, since we are being constantly told that the blockade is responsible for the failure of transport and manufacturing. Lack of coal is one of the causes of breakdown in transport and manufacture, but lack of coal is the fault of the Bolshevistic political and industrial program. They tried to seize the portions of Russia containing great coal mines and run those mines in a manner abhorrent to the Russians of those sections. They have lost their coal because the coal-bearing parts of Russia declined to be Bolshevized. The petroleum was lost in the same way. When the Caucasus revolted against Bolshevistic rule Trotzky sent military supplies to Turkey to be used against the Caucasus!

Having lost their coal, what did the Bolshevists do? Cut wood and dig peat and adapt the locomotives and furnaces to use these fuels? They did nothing—that is, nothing but erect elaborate paper schemes for increase in cutting of wood, digging of peat and transportation to the consumers, schemes that brought in less fuel in 1918 than they had possessed in 1917 and with no better result during the past year. The wood cutting for household consumption has not been maintained. The cutting for timber has fallen. Labor was more than abundant—it was a positive embarrassment. With even nominal efficiency in organization, wood and peat could have been procured in amounts sufficient to have compensated in large part for the loss of coal. Even the coal in possession was not allocated for essentials in a competent manner.

When the coal supply of Italy was reduced sixty per cent during the last two years of the war, what did she do? She controlled the use of what she had and came through with her war program. Switzerland has managed to weather critical scarcity of coal, as has the Argentine Republic and to a certain extent every country in Europe. But none of them had the labor, forests and peat bogs that were available in Russia. The scarcity of fuel in

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Raymond Starr
$100 a week

Mr. Raymond Starr established a permanent business that was waiting for him, with $100 a week profits, on his discharge from the Navy.

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Mr. C. R. Morris has used two spare hours every evening to establish a permanent source of profit that pays him as high as $270 in 1 month.

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"Could I support myself if necessary?" is the question that prompted Miss Helen Barnes to write us. She found Curtis work an affirmative answer.

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Russia is a direct reflection upon Bolshevist powers of organization and is explained by this alone. There were also elaborate plans for electric power installations in rivers that will come to nought for the present, because Russia possesses no plants capable of constructing such electrical units.

All finance in Russia is on paper and in paper. The fiscal estimates read like astronomical tables. The outlays are staggering.

During the first half of last year the outlay was more than 50,000,000,000 rubles—twelve to the army—the intake 20,000,000,000. The total projected budget for this year is 150,000,000,000 rubles. The strictly governmental budget is 30,000,000,000 rubles—the deficit 17,000,000,000.

In the accounts of Russian councils and banks it is common to find entries of large figures without specification; there is no system in the bookkeeping of the banks, the councils, the centers or the requisition committees. When the banks were seized many of the rich were able to get possession of their bank deposits.

Industries necessarily become competitive, even in communism, if each material, commodity or stage is required to pay its own way, and some would be controlled by others. We would have again exploitation of one class by another. If in communism each stage were supposed to pay its own way, as in capitalism, this would lead to financial priorities that are distasteful to the spirit of communism. If each stage does not pay its way, then deficits rise and accumulate. These must be paid out of taxation or earnings of stages that are profitable if the fiscal system is to remain sound.

In Russia the deficits are paid by loans from the Peoples Bank—with paper money printed for that purpose. These issues of paper money, either against the state or against resources that were once the possession of individuals or corporations, introduce not merely unlimited inflation but complication, since the relations of industries to each other pass into utter confusion. Loans by the Peoples Bank are not determined by the solvency of the industries, but by the program, just as when Germany during the war loaned money to Austria.

Four Kinds of Rubles

The banking system in communism is defined as a system of bookkeeping, and with the confusion existing among industries, state and banking, it is now not even that. The issue of paper money has at times attained the dimensions of 200,000,000 rubles daily, which would cover half of the provisional budget for the new year given above.

Four kinds of rubles are in circulation—Romanoff, Kerensky, Bolshevist and German counterfeit. The best value is retained by the old Romanoff rubles, because the present government has not been able to issue counterfeits of them and in addition they stand the least chance of repudiation when a permanent form of government is established. The people have hoarded the currency of the old régime.

The issue of paper money is a sword that cuts both ways. Every depreciation of the currency, every disruption of the banking system, every repudiation of obligations, every insolvency of institutions and industries that occurred during the first year of Bolshevistic regime was welcomed, because it proved that capitalism was being destroyed. In the second year, when the implements and functions of capital had to be resumed by the communistic régime, it became clear that the communistic state had amputated its own limbs. First the industries are to be destroyed, then they are to be taken over and run for the people! It was against the repetition of this folly that Lenine warned Bela Kun, but the temptation was too strong and the same destruction of values and functions occurred in Budapest.

The régime of the Czar included a mass of civil servants, since the government believed in show in administration and was in addition inefficient. Directly after the accession of Bolshevism the civil servants struck. The strike was labeled sabotage by Trotzky, who repressed it with methods of terror.

Since then the old class of civil servants has gradually dissolved. In its place has grown the new bureaucracy of Bolshevism. This bureaucracy is much larger than under the Czar and is composed of a different kind of people, consisting in large part of workers and peasants who had no training in administration. The new civil servants and the army have first call on commodities, and as it is attractive to have a hand in the making of the regulations that one is to live under the recruiting of the bureaucracy has not been difficult, so far as quantity was concerned.

The inefficiency of the new civil servants has been so crass that recently the leaders have realized the necessity of placing trained men in the affairs of state. They are now hunting out the submerged old civil servants of all grades and by means of offers of large salaries and promises of security in the administration of their offices are striving to induce them to return to public service. To a certain extent they are returning. But so long as the commissaries are selected on qualifications of political convictions rather than on qualifications of training little improvement can be expected through the efforts of underlings whose experiences have not made them anxious to display independence.

High Death Rate, Low Birth Rate

With breakdown in transport, reduction in production and depreciation of currency, distribution cannot function. The people of Russia are rationed in practically all commodities. When there is little to allocate a large organization is required to do it. The army, the bureaucracy and the workers stand highest. Men and women out of work receive unemployment stipends and a reduced ration. In theory the members of the army receive two to three pounds of bread a day, the heavy workers one to two pounds, the middle class one-quarter to one-eighth of a pound and the classes of ex-means nothing.

A common ration is 200 grams of bread and three herrings a day. A bushel of wheat costs in illicit trading 1500 rubles. The food trains are often plundered and no attempt is made to check contents of shipments against bills of lading.

The bourgeois receive practically nothing from the state. Children more than 12 are suppose to be fed and clothed by the state. Few of the rations are fulfilled except to the army, because the supplies are not available—often for weeks at a time. In the country the peasant and his family subsist as they choose, but are rationed in all the manufactured things they need.

Control of food is the chief power in the hands of the government. When it is recalled that work is allocated, as well as food, clothing and commodities, it is realized that the inhabitants have abundant precautionary motives for fidelity to Bolshevism. The plane of living descends continuously and it was not high to start with in Russia. The birth rate is reduced; morbidity and mortality are both very high. It is when contemplating himself as a consumer that the Russian appreciates the remark of Steffens: "They have destroyed all this, and having destroyed it they are lost—strangers in their own land."

With agricultural and industrial production on a low plane, feeling like strangers in their own land, they are being regaled with innumerable movements for the development of culture. If materialism is to be combated by the withdrawal of materials the Russians are on the right road.

The reduction in the population of the large cities of Russia that has taken place during the last two years stands unparalleled in history. The Bolshevists have discovered a new back-to-the-land movement. Petrograd had a population of some 2,000,000; Moscow about 1,500,000. In the capital city were many foreigners—Germans, Poles, Finns especially. Moscow had fewer non-Russians. The migration from the cities began early in 1918 and has been continuous.

To-day Petrograd is stated to have not more than 600,000 and Moscow not more than 900,000 inhabitants. The foreigners have left. What has become of the Russian population?

Petrograd had a heavy preponderance of males, due to workers in the mills, on the wharfs and in governmental service. These workers are to a large extent in the army. The civil servants have scattered, since the Bolshevistic government has its own bureaucracy. In the prewar period in the capital city was the bureaucracy of the nation; now there is bureaucracy all over the nation and the capital city has a smaller body. The death rate has been very high. The deaths in rioting and from execution have contributed to the exodus. Finally starvation and unemployment have driven many to country districts. As the army demobilized the stream of refugees flowed in the direction of the cities; with the realization of conditions there the stream reversed and poured toward the country. We may be certain that thousands dropped by the wayside, as did the soldiers of Bonaparte.

One important political meaning of the depopulation of the cities must not be overlooked. The smaller the cities the easier the problem of military control by the Bolshevists and the less the liability of counter-revolution.

Government of the people by the people has two kinds of faults—those that spring from inexperience, and those that come from overexperience. In the early days of the provisional government the Bolshevists worked with the other groups of socialists. With the advent of Lenine and Trotzky this ceased and the Bolshevists divided Russia into two classes—those who believed in their methods and those opposed to them.

Included in the opposition were several previously prominent groups of socialists, notably the social revolutionists—internationalists—and the Mensheviki.

The antagonism between the Bolshevists and the Menshevists dates back to the London conference in 1903, where the Russian delegation split into two factions—the Bolshevists, majority — the Menshevists, minority. In order to carry out the system of control by councils it was necessary to organize a political machine large enough to include and control this bureaucracy, otherwise the soviet system would have meant a despotism of countless small committees. Never was such an opportunity offered for the tactics and practices of the ward heeler, never a mass of people so uncritical and so easily manipulated. Nevertheless, the control of this political machine has encountered great difficulties. Frequently peasants would send delegations that had ideas of their own and would not take the program. These had to be sent back and suppressed.

With the rising consciousness of the petty bourgeoisie in the peasants these conflicts between country and city soviet have become frequent and distracting. It was found impossible to carry on the workings of the political machine except through the aid of a nationalized press—that is, all anti-Bolshevistic press is prohibited in Russia. American apologists for or sympathizers with Russian radicalism are prone to hedge in discussions of this subject, but there has been no shame for the policy in Russia.

In one of his brochures Bucharin explains in detail why it is impossible to concede to the opponents of Bolshevism any freedom of the press or speech, any right of association or meeting. Bolshevism is good, opposition to good is evil and evil cannot be tolerated! But when repression of propaganda to destroy the American Government is suggested, that is violation of freedom of speech!

Democracy and Socialism Dead

Of democracy, no matter how defined, of socialism in the classical sense, there is no trace in the Russia of to-day. Aided by this control over expression of opinion, the political machine of Bolshevism has ridden roughshod over all opposition within the ranks and without. The tactics have been as autocratic and arbitrary as the programs have been extreme. If the Germans had possessed in their censorship a fraction of the control over public opinion exhibited by the Bolshevists they would have got still more work out of their overworked people during the war. Such power in a political organization lends itself not only to autocracy but also to corruption. And this corruption will not be exterminated by executions for graft now so frequently reported in Russia. It is integral in the system and will persist, because each thief believes he can avoid detection.

Five years ago it would have been impossible to have judged the workings of communism in industry by the facts of human experience. We should have been compelled to reason from theory and analogy. War control of industry has, however, provided us with abundant experience in kind. The nations of Europe on both sides of the fighting line, and to a certain extent the United States, have established in the state a veritable communism that differs from Bolshevism only in the ends sought.

England and Germany developed war collectivism to a far greater extent than did France or Italy; England because of her dependence upon imports, Germany because of her being under blockade, besides which the Latin temperament lends itself little to such organization. There were eighty-five war boards in England. In 1915 sixty per cent of German civilians were directly under governmental supervision. With the passage of the Universal Service Law all civilians were under compulsion in work, wage and standard of living.

Germany, that had the maximum of war collectivism, is most weary of external control of economic processes. The machinery of war control of industry is the same in kind as that of Bolshevism and the reactions observed in the former may be employed to elucidate the results in the latter. Wartime control is a test of the administrative side of production, distribution and consumption under communism, not of the receiver side, as the profits did not go to the state. As a matter of fact, the same may be said of communism in Russia and Hungary, as there have been no profits to go to the state.

In war collectivism and in communism all citizens yield rights possessed by them under the previous system in order to attain solidarity of purpose, concentration of effort and efficiency in the pursuit of a denominated end. In the case of communism the end is the destruction of capital and the obliteration of the wage system. In the case of war collectivism the end is maximum coördination of civilian forces in order that the military forces shall be accorded support to the uttermost.

Spiritual Motive Power

The motive power of communism is altruism. The motive power of war collectivism is patriotism. Neither can rely upon the usual relations of production, distribution, transportation and consumption. Both must install a bureaucracy that shall develop programs designed to meet the new objectives and carry them into effect. The particular objectives will not be the same in a communistic program in time of peace and in a collectivistic program in time of war. But the attainments aimed at in the general operations of industry must be the same. In each case there must be a striving for maximum production of materials and commodities in accordance with an order of priority of essentials; elimination of waste, avoidance of luxury, conservation of resources, limitation of consumption in certain directions; equity in distribution as between classes, zones and individuals; maintenance of health and nutrition; control and elaboration of transportation; and development of new methods and increased efficiencies. In each system there must be a departure from the financial basis of normal operations.

In war collectivism as in communism each individual must yield many things previously termed rights of private action. The elemental producers upon the land and in the mines must adapt their programs to the program of the nation. Raw materials must be withdrawn from the open market wholly or partly and allocated for different uses in harmony with the purposes of national control. There must be a ration directly or indirectly of all commodities for civilian consumption.

There must be a ration directly or indirectly of all foodstuffs. The law of supply and demand is suspended and prices are fixed for raw materials and manufactured commodities covering the entire population directly or indirectly.

With each system there will be the basal separation into foodstuffs and feeding stuffs, finance, raw materials, transportation, fuel and shipping. Within the food administration will be subdivisions for grains, flour, packing-house products, dairy products, canned fruits and vegetables, vegetable oils, sugar, and so on. In the administration for raw materials there will be departments having in charge leather, rubber, iron, the precious metals, copper, tin, the subordinate nonferrous metals, tanning materials, chemicals, dyes, and so on. The administration of fuel will control production and allocation to military and civilian industries, manufacture of foodstuffs, railways, household consumption, and so on.

The various nations at war had all of these organizations and they exist to-day in kind in Bolshevist Russia. The human

(Continued on Page 73)

Six cars stalled! Not a one could budge. This is what happened at the Toledo Yacht Club on Maumee Bay last winter when the thermometer dropped suddenly. The oil in the engine base congealed—every car had to be towed home.

Two dangers every motorist faces

when the thermometer drops to 20° above zero

NO matter where you live—in California, Texas, or in the northern states—when the thermometer drops a little below freezing, you face *winter lubrication dangers.*

Anti-freeze mixtures may protect the radiator—but the oil in the engine base must flow in the coldest weather. Failure to make sure of proper lubrication in cold weather causes thousands of motorists great repair costs each year.

What happens when ordinary oil fails to flow

The illustration above shows what happened to six automobiles at the Toledo Yacht Club last winter when the thermometer dropped suddenly. *Not a car could budge.*

If you do not have to be towed home—even if your engine *will start* when ordinary oil is congealed, instant destruction may occur. You are almost sure to run the risk of injuring the bearings, or scoring the cylinders or pistons and permanently damage your engine, because the *oil does not flow,* and severe friction results.

What cold weather precautions have *you* taken?

To help motorists solve these problems the manufacturers of Veedol studied cold weather lubrication. For all cars listed at the left, an oil has been produced that flows freely in the coldest weather. Every Veedol dealer has a chart which shows the correct grade of Veedol for winter use in all automobiles.

Veedol Zero Light keeps a free-flowing oil film on the bearings and other parts subject to friction. It maintains the piston seal. It prevents the rapid formation of carbon.

Make this simple test today

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with one quart Veedol. Turn engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of oil and kerosene and refill to the proper level with the correct grade of Veedol.

A run on familiar roads will show you that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of both oil and gasoline.

Buy Veedol today

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Ordinary oil after use — *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

Under the terrific heat of the engine ordinary oil breaks down, forming large quantities of sediment which has no lubrication value. Friction and wear follow immediately. Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat, is made by the famous Faulkner Process. It reduces by 86% the sediment formed in ordinary oil.

Cars in which Zero Light should be used in cold weather

Abbott, 6 Cyl	Hollier, 8 Cyl
Allen	Hudson
American Six	Isotta-Fraschini
Anderson	Jordan
Auburn	King, 8 Cyl
Biddle Model, C, D and H	Lexington
Bour Davis	Liberty
Briscoe, 4 Cyl	Locomobile
Buick	Madison, 6 Cyl
Cadillac, 8 Cyl	Madison, 8 Cyl
Case	Maxwell
Chalmers	Mitchell
Chandler	Moon, 6 Cyl
Chevrolet, 4 Cyl	Nash 6 Cyl
Cleveland	Overland
Columbia, 6 Cyl	Paige 6 Cyl
Daniels, 8 Cyl	Paterson
Dile	Phianna
Dixie	Pilot
Dodge	Regal, 4 Cyl
Dort	Regal, 6 Cyl
[illegible]	Reo
Elgin, 6 Cyl	Roamer
Enger, 12 Cyl	Saxon
[illegible]	Scripps-Booth
Ford	Standard, 8 Cyl
Franklin	Studebaker
Glide	Velie
Grant	Westcott
Haynes, 6 Cyl	

Veedol Medium can be used in cold weather in place of Zero Light, without injuring the moving parts. However, there will be greater difficulty in starting.

When a car stands for a time in cold weather, oil of any kind congeals. However, since all grades of Veedol have a paraffine base, there is always a thin coating of paraffine on all wearing parts, no matter how low the temperature. This paraffine film is sufficient to lubricate the moving parts properly until the engine is heated up and oil is flowing freely.

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IT'S *natural* for teeth to be white—pearly white. The teeth of little children have that true pearl whiteness.

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Get a tube today at the nearest Rexall store. No other druggist has it. Every tube is sold with this distinct understanding: Your money back if Klenzo fails to improve your teeth.

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BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

(Continued from Page 70)

machinery by which this control is implemented must be practically the same in communism and war collectivism. But the method by which the implements are selected are entirely different.

The difference lies in the selection of men to fill these positions of control. In war collectivism the leading experts in each business are called to governmental positions. They are impressed into public service with the imperative command that they subordinate all private interests, both in their personal lives and in the affairs of their corporations, and enter upon the management of the particular activities in which they are specialists without concern for personal emolument. These men give their entire attention to the governmental undertakings, shaping the private affairs of all men to the purposes of the carrying on of the war, endowed with final authority and corresponding responsibility.

The war control of the nation at war represents the collectivism of the best ability in the nation. Labor and capital formally sign a truce and everything is suspended except the work of the moment in the execution of the several programs. Personal morale and the spirit of the craft are raised to a high plane of enthusiasm that results in a singleness of purpose and an intensification of effort not possible in time of peace. The arrangement is understood to be temporary and represents a suspension of the operations of the capitalistic system of society. The selection of leaders is on the basis of proved ability in their specialized lines in times of peace. Advancement in the war bureaucracy is upon the basis of competition, revealing talents brought out in the impulse of martial development.

In the establishment of communism the installation of the new system represents not a temporary suspension of capitalism but a permanent establishment of a different order. All men not in harmony with the innovation at once withdraw their activities. Since the purpose of the innovation is to remove capitalistic control and replace it with control by the workers, the management naturally falls to the workers and to intellectuals whose convictions and experiences are theoretical. The workers and the believers in the new system proceed to construct the bureaucracy that is to control and operate the forces of industry in the new state. They are for the larger part compelled to accept individuals devoid of training.

Round Pegs, Square Holes

These heads of departments and subdepartments must construct programs for industries and functions of which they know little. Technical staffs must be composed of men who are not technical, financial directorates of men who are not financiers, transport committees of men who know nothing of the problems of railroads, shipping committees of men who do not know a ton gross from a ton dead weight, distribution councils of men who understand nothing of the mechanics of trade, and food committees of men who know nothing of foodstuffs or of the laws of nutrition.

The handicap is terrific and it is a wonder that anyone ever has the temerity to undertake as functions of the state the organization of things and operations of which they know nothing in the sense of training. Selection for place cannot be on merit or ability, promotion cannot be by competition. Both are based upon ulterior considerations, as in the case of officeholders whose qualifications are represented largely by fidelity to the ward heeler. If the councils have dictatorial powers we have dictatorship of incompetence; if not given such powers we have the indecision of committee action.

The basis of appeal to the people is totally different. In war each citizen is appealed to in the name of common interest to subordinate all personal reactions. Each man and woman is taught that in the state of war it is the duty of each to work hard, to subordinate selfish interest and to accept what may be forthcoming with resignation and without opposition and if possible with enthusiasm.

In the case of communism each citizen has nothing to fall back upon but a nameless faith in an unknown program, a blind trust in a Utopian hypothesis and the feeble conviction of a worker under strange leaders. When anything is lacking under war control everyone recognizes that it is a temporary privation. When anything goes wrong it is a temporary inconvenience. When mistakes are made these are recognized as involving only temporary results. But when in communism anything goes wrong it cannot be held to be temporary. Inconveniences that rise suggest themselves as inherent in the system. Mistakes are recognized as having not temporary but continued results.

Under war control the citizen is full of impulse and empty of criticism; in communism he is full of criticism and the positive impulses are prone to subside. To be successful in popular estimation a wartime control need only be moderately successful in fact, but to be successful in popular estimation communism must achieve a distinct success in fact. Wartime control has everything in its favor; communism little in its favor, despite vociferous proclamation in favor of the new system by the masses, whose altruism will be dissipated by the first disappointments.

Individualism's Reactions

When certain reaction of various sections of the population have now been observed in war collectivism we may be sure that these same reactions will be observed in communism. These reactions of men as individuals to external control over the work of their lives have been clear-cut and unequivocal in every nation involved in the war and in the neutral nations compelled to endure war restrictions; and they have been equally clear-cut in Russia and Hungary and in the mildly socialistic states of Europe. These reactions hold for men who work with the hand as much as for men who work with the head. They represent the elemental reactions of individualism.

The vast majority of men work, plan and live under the impulse of self-interest. They will not work hard, plan wisely or strive effectively if self-interest is lacking. They wish to acquire possessions for themselves and families and bequeath them to their children. Progress in the production of the necessaries of life is to be attained only through intensification, humanization and idealization of the impulse of self-interest, not through the abolition of it. Only a small minority of men can innervate the mind or muscle with altruism. The vast majority of men will work from the motive of patriotism, work hard to attain a national ideal in offense or defense. A very small minority of men are international in ideals; these, with conscientious objectors, pacifists and weaklings, comprise the small group that resist the impulse of nationalism.

War experience has taught us that control of a commodity is much more effective with imported than with indigenous products, not because the domestic producer is less willing than the importer but because the procedures are in the one instance scattered, in the other concentrated. Forcing production by stabilization or fixation of price will succeed if labor be available. The difficulties have been greatest with distribution, because we know least of the mechanics of distribution.

Control of distribution succeeds only when the schooled traders get their shoulders behind the wheel; it will not go by being pulled by committees.

Trade is in the final analysis a complex of more or less intangible factors and slight breaks will lead to ever widening disorganization. Governmental control of distribution, unless operated through the trade itself, everywhere lacks punch, due partly to the fact that an outsider does not know where to aim the punch. Control of consumption has also revealed unsuspected weaknesses. We have learned that the technic of production is far more advanced and understood than the technic of consumption.

Let one take a basic product, say copper, and trace it out into the various ramifications of ultimate uses, and the increasing complexity of the progression from producer through distributor to consumer will become graphically apparent. The relations between the three are not rigid; they shift with success or failure in management. Distribution should not cover over a certain volume of the cost of commodities—let us say, for a certain product fifteen per cent—but an external control may greatly increase this fraction. Flexibility in control is essential and this is not to be attained unless the programs are in the hands of men of training. Government operation of individual industries is child's play compared to collectivistic administration of war control or of communism.

Leaving the general side of the proposition and coming now to particulars, every single breakdown in the development of communism in Russia and Hungary was to have been predicted from our experience in war collectivism. The reactions of the farmer are identical in both. The difficulties in the allocation of raw materials; the need of establishment of priorities in transportation; the problem of equity in the division of supplies of fuel; the tendency to inequality in the distribution of commodities; the breakdown in the correlation between different groups; the failures in coöperation between industries and between men in industries; the impossibility of harmonizing enlarged needs; the hiatus between heavy work and restrictions in necessaries—all these experiences have been made to greater or lesser degree in every country that has practiced war control.

The hardest things to attain in war collectivism were competent organization, up-to-the-minute administration, correct evaluation of production costs and the avoidance of competition between groups for materials or workers. These have also been the hardest things to attain in Russia and Hungary. They were not attained and that has been the principal reason for the breakdown. It has been breakdown all along the line, but the worst failures have been at the top.

The bureaucratic control of industries was not applied early in the Bolshevistic régime in Russia. It was apparently assumed that things would go on more or less by themselves, despite the formulation of external control as expounded in the program of Bucharin. But it was soon realized that the control of the operations of the law of supply and demand made a large organization necessary and that this bureaucracy would become larger and more intricate the more production diminished.

The bureaucracy of communistic control is supposed to resemble a cylinder. In truth it follows the lines of a pyramid, and in Russia an inverted pyramid. With an ignorant people the minutiæ of control is greatly multiplied; and on paper the country has been under allocation, rationing and price fixing to an all-embracing extent. That this bureaucracy has been riddled with corruption as well as vitiated by incompetence is only what was to have been expected. If there is to be a governmental socialism of universal type, a communism; if to each group in the population are to be distributed obligations, work and commodities in proportion to their needs and deserts, this could on the basis of historical experience be best procured under an absolute monarchy.

Conciliating the Extremists

Bolshevism is an oligarchy in fact and in operation, but an oligarchy from the outside, not from the inside. An absolute government would operate a system of communism in industry better than a democracy, because single administration procures in the selection of men better results than multiple administration. It seems clear that communism cannot be attempted by the masses, it could conceivably succeed only under guidance of engineers and technicians in production and economics.

But times are changing rapidly. Lenine is now extending the olive branch to the other groups of socialists and to the middle class. What does this mean? Merely that the leaders have decided to hedge, and conciliation of opposing groups of radicals is one of the steps in the new program. And the hedge has the earmarks of a retreat from communism to a kind of state socialism. But this retreat in the program of industry carries with it no change in the idea of government. The leaders are convinced that since the soviet represents to the mind of the peasant the only tradition of government he possesses as his own, no change of government is required except to induce the other radicals and the middle class to participate—or rather to allow them to participate. It is a mixture of bluff governmentally and hedge industrially, but it does not mean that Bolshevism is any less inimical to other countries.

The Russians have made the discovery that high wages and low prices are as impossible in society as low wages and high prices—each kill production. Therefore they are compelled regretfully—as a temporary expedient—to return to some of the functions and practices of capitalism, to use the machinery of the system they have tried to destroy. It is realized that the forces of altruism in Russia have not been strong enough to attain the production needed in the state. It is realized that the bureaucracy erected to replace the failing structure of altruism has also failed to procure production. It is realized that organization has been inadequate, distribution fragmentary, transportation deficient and consumption unfulfilled as the result largely of internal factors. It is realized that Russia is lacking in administrative talent or the bureaucracy has failed to discover it. It is realized that society has failed to make those savings demanded by the growth of the population and the maintenance of the plant. Therefore this is the open season for hedging.

The hedging is in four directions—toward the peasants, the workers, the representatives of capital and the bureaucracy.

The surrender to the peasant has been described. The peasant life has passed from feudalism to petty bourgeoisie. When middle-class consciousness becomes associated with middle-class property interests the peasant class will rule Russia.

The industrial workers have forfeited the confidence of the leaders and it is recognized that a return must be made to forced employment—forced in one way or another. The workers have been classified on a standardized basis of output; and this established ouput must be maintained or the worker will be accorded a lower classification with whatever goes with the lower rating. The Taylor system of efficiency is to be introduced; wages—over the minimum—by the piece (the "premium wage system") and bonuses for overtime and overproduction restored; and the system of exploitation reapplied in order that the surplus value of the worker may go to the state.

A Rose by Another Name

If the wage worker resisted this treatment under capitalism, why should he submit to it under communism? He has merely exchanged an individual master for a collective master, and the former is the easier one to approach and deal with.

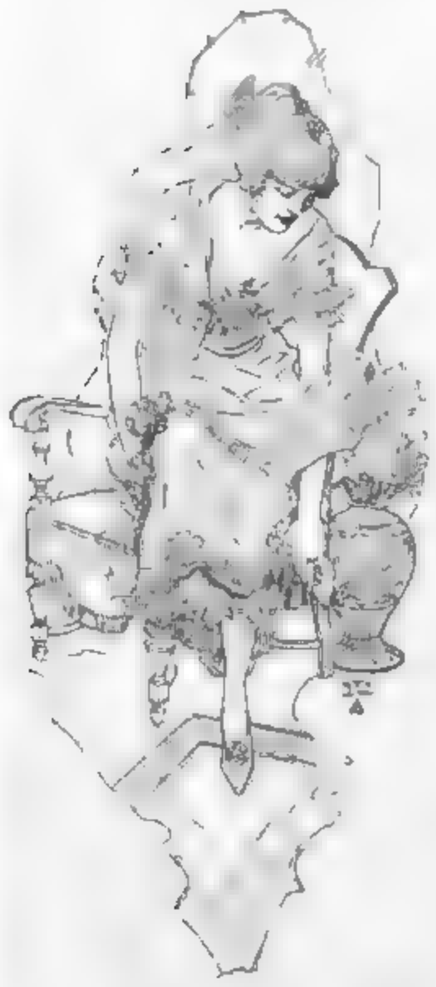
Toward the representatives of capitalism the hedge is direct and clothed in alluring language. Lenine knows that they cannot import without credits—blockade or no blockade; that credits cannot be procured without granting extraordinary concessions for exploitation of the resources of Russia; and that foreign capital will be wary in dealing with those who have plotted destruction of capital. The announced repudiation of the foreign debt is to be retracted with the proviso that parts of Russia that have separated—Finland, Poland, Bessarabia—shall bear a proportion of the debt, which they are willing to do for the prewar debt but not for the war debt. Foreign capitalists are invited to select the resources and regions of Russia in which they desire to operate. Preparatory to all this, the foreign nations are to recognize the Bolshevist régime as the de facto government. And the Bolshevists finally solemnly pledge themselves to respect the internal affairs of all other nations and not to intrigue against foreign capital in its home while using foreign capital to destroy Russian capital!

It is especially desired that the United States should get in on the ground floor of this proposition. "The Russian Soviet Government has expressed a readiness to offer the United States great economic advantages in preference to all other countries," is the language of a self-proclaimed "Representative in the United States of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic."

All those who desire to walk on pitch, step forward! In plain words, foreign capitalists are invited to furnish the tools and to participate in the exploitation of the Russian people.

The hedge toward the bureaucracy represents a return to the customary definition of work as activity of hand or head. It has now been discovered that Marx taught that activities should be compensated for in proportion to their influence on the results. Experts, managers, engineers and organizers are now to be paid very large compensations and the word salary reappears in the communistic vocabulary. The middle classes are invited to participate in communism as preferred workers—just as in capitalistic society! The hedging does not include a promise for a free election of a constituent all-Russian assembly.

Why That Corn?



It is utterly unnecessary. Corns are out-of-date.

Millions of corns are nowadays ended the moment they appear, and every corn can be.

It is done in a jiffy.

Simply attach a Blue-jay plaster, then forget it.

The ache stops instantly. Within two days the whole corn disappears. Hardly one corn in ten needs a second plaster—and there are six in a package.

The New-Day Way

This is the modern, scientific way. The old, harsh, inefficient ways are obsolete today.

Soreness is unnecessary. The Blue-jay way is gentle.

Paring is dangerous, and it never ends a corn.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn how easy it is, how certain and how quick. Then never again will you let a corn disturb you.

Try it tonight.

B&B Blue-jay the scientific corn ender

Stops pain instantly
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Mr. A. C. Bayless, of Ohio, who earns $25.00 extra each month for his spare-time work alone, says "any man who keeps up with the times is a good prospect." There are many such in *your* neighborhood.

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Mr. F. S. Attwood, of Minnesota, is seriously handicapped in his work, yet in a single day he has earned $7.00, and his spare-time Curtis work has been a constant source of liberal profit to him.

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Right in your community we need more capable, energetic men and women who have even a few hours each week to spare to help us satisfy the unprecedented demand for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. If you have the spare time *you* can fill the job!

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The hedging of the Russian leaders was forecast in Germany a year ago and the recent developments have had a depressing effect upon the Spartacists, in addition to which Russian gold no longer flows freely in Germany.

These hedges represent not merely retreats of a tactical nature; with some they indicate moderation of views. A Hungarian writer, Palyi, published a year ago a modified program of communism. The results of the production of society were to be divided as follows:

1. Each person receives the minimum requirements of existence.
2. Each head and hand worker receives the stated wage or salary.
3. Upkeep, depreciation and new equipment to be paid.
4. Interest—low—on the capital employed in industry.
5. Honorarium for *entrepreneurs*.
6. Taxes to cover expenses of state, schools, and so on. Anything left over to revert to the state, but this is supposed to be *nil* because the items under 2 are supposed to be calculated to that end.

Palyi draws a distinction between individual and private possession—the former cannot be passed on to heirs and only individual wealth is permitted. No person is to be permitted to employ his net savings, the difference between income and cost of living, in any way that involves employment of labor and the paying of a wage. He may spend his income as he pleases; he may loan to the state, which for a specific rate of interest will invest in industries under communistic control, but he may not himself invest it and employ labor. The incentive to saving is to be destroyed thereby.

One of the socialists attending the International Conference in Berne last February put the situation succinctly from the socialist position as follows: The communists of Russia will have to back water to about that position in socialization of institutions as had been attained in Germany and New Zealand—all the rest carried through amounts to destruction of lives and values.

Similar hedges were in evidence in Hungary before the collapse of Bela Kun. These hedges, or temporary compromises, are not made in good faith, since they involve repudiation of programs that according to every evidence have not been given up. There is evidence that the political position of Lenine has been somewhat compromised by these hedges, just as it was when he advocated the ratification of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. But he weathered that storm and will probably emerge undispossessed from this.

Syndicalism Ogles Bolshevism

There is evidence that a large section of the Bolshevists would like to shelve communism for good and all and return to the system of capitalistic industry under a soviet government. It is at the same time clear that another group is much more radical than Lenine and opposes the hedging, arguing for extension of direct action throughout the world. Syndicalism has also taken a hold on many Bolshevists. But the divisions among themselves mean little. The moderation of program is a maneuver in tactics; it does not mean abandonment of communistic agitation elsewhere in the world.

A new radicalism has appeared in the world. Marx once said that the "sun of socialism would not have risen until the crowing of the Gallic cock."

Is syndicalism the Gallic cock? It appeared as an offshoot of union labor in France late in the nineties. Syndicalists organized in this country in 1905. The Bolshevists talk more and more in its terms. The old-line socialists of Germany and Central Europe have become reconstructionists; the Spartacists, direct action socialists and communists have become syndicalists. The movement is growing in the land of its birth, in Italy and in Switzerland, Holland and Sweden. The number of adherents is not large, but they are all radical and are tireless in agitation.

The I. W. W. is syndicalism.

Syndicalism is opposed to labor unions of the usual type. It is opposed to strikes. It disdains all political action. It teaches that the workers should operate and control the industries. In a certain sense the method is the reverse of that of the direct-action communist. Instead of the proletariat seizing the reins of government and employing governmental control to operate the machinery of industry, syndicalism would have the proletariat seize the reins of industry in order to operate the government. The tactics of the syndicalist are revealed especially in two things—employment of sabotage and restriction of operations to key industries, a Teutonic imperialistic program taken over into a French labor program.

There is sabotage in strike and sabotage in work. Under sabotage in work is meant everything that will reduce production, increase costs, restrict profits, retard distribution or impair consumption. It means a systematic effort to reduce the standing and efficiency of industrial operations. It is based upon the proposition that the class war is always on and sabotage is the guerrilla warfare. It is defended on the ground that the relations between employer and employee being a *modus vivendi* the worker owes no moral obligation to the employer to do a day's work merely because he has agreed to do so.

"*If* the workers consider that sabotage is necessary, that in itself makes sabotage moral."—Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

Sabotage de Luxe

Innumerable and ingenious are the devices of sabotage, such as inserting high-grade materials into low-grade patterns, shifting the temperature of the hardening bath so that ball bearings will break under load, annealing glassware so that it will be overbrittle, introducing sophistications into foodstuffs in order to blacken the repute of the goods, and so on.

Sabotage need not be physical; it may lie in mere rumor. Anything that affects the quality, quantity or service that an industry offers the public lies within the domain of sabotage. The ultimate idea is to make industry so unprofitable that the owners will resign it to the workers, aided by a final strike when necessary.

Syndicalism does not bother about plumbers and carpenters. It aims at key industries—mining, transport, textiles—the attack varying with the country. It is everywhere bitterly opposed to labor unions, aiming first to subordinate them, or failing in that to ingratiate agitators into the unions for the purpose of disrupting them. Labor unions make agreements with employers—the cardinal sin for syndicalism.

There are three groups of syndicalists in Europe. One group strives for syndicalism of key industries in order to bind all workers into one big union. This is the tendency in England. The second group hopes through syndicalization of key industries to enter upon communism. This is the tendency in Germany and east of there. The third group strives to obtain control of industries directly for the benefit of the workers concerned, without any reference to workers in other lines, expressed or implied.

The Zeiss Optical Works in Jena is an illustration in point. It belongs to the workers and is operated for themselves exclusively and not in the interest of other workers. This is the tendency in this country apparently. And this corresponds to the criticism of the evolutionary school of socialists, that syndicalism is in the group sense individualistic and not constructive, even from the standpoint of the class war.

Are the Plumb bill and the Townley bills syndicalistic in the sense that they aim to turn industries over to workers? The Plumb bill provides that the railways are to be turned over to a tripartite board for operation. The board is to represent three groups—the classified workers, the officials and the Government. Rates are to be fixed under supervision and control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Wages are to be fixed by officials and workers. Excess profits, after upkeep, replacements and new investments, are to be divided between workers and Government. In theory rates would be so laid as to cover costs of operation, upkeep and replacements, new investments and interest on the bonds, leaving no profits. Values are to be appraised and the confiscated properties paid for in government bonds.

The bill may propose a collectivistic operation or a syndicalization—it depends upon the classification of the officials. If we call them workers then the roads would be managed and operated by the workers—that would be syndicalism. If the officials

(Concluded on Page 77)

Here You May Dine Well

ISN'T this a cheerful, hospitable dining-room? The novel, artistic floor sets off the green walls and light-colored draperies, harmonizes with the brown furniture, and goes exceptionally well with the fabric rug. It is Carpet Inlaid Linoleum (No. 750), with the pattern running clear through to the burlap back.

Armstrong's Linoleum makes a practical floor for any room. The wide variety of colors and patterns is in the best of taste, and offers a range of opportunity for artistic interior arrangement far beyond the natural restrictions of other flooring materials. Have your merchant show them to you.

If you prefer any of the Armstrong patterns shown below to the one used in the illustration, order by number from your linoleum merchant.

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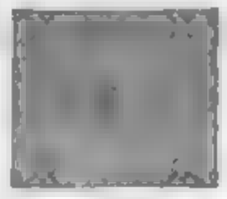

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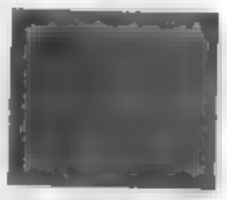

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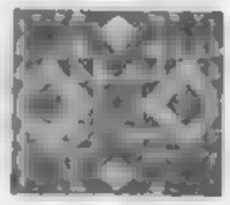

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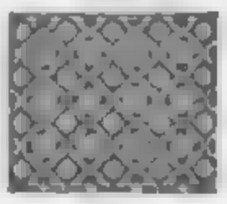

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590

Armstrong's Linoleum—when well laid and rubbed with a good floor wax—makes a beautifully polished floor—durable, comfortable, and easy to keep clean. The ideal way to lay Inlaid, Jaspé, or Plain Linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of heavy felt paper. This insures a permanent floor, the extra wear value of which more than makes good the cost.

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Write this Bureau for advice as to patterns to match any scheme of interior decoration. A thoroughly trained decorator in charge. No fees.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

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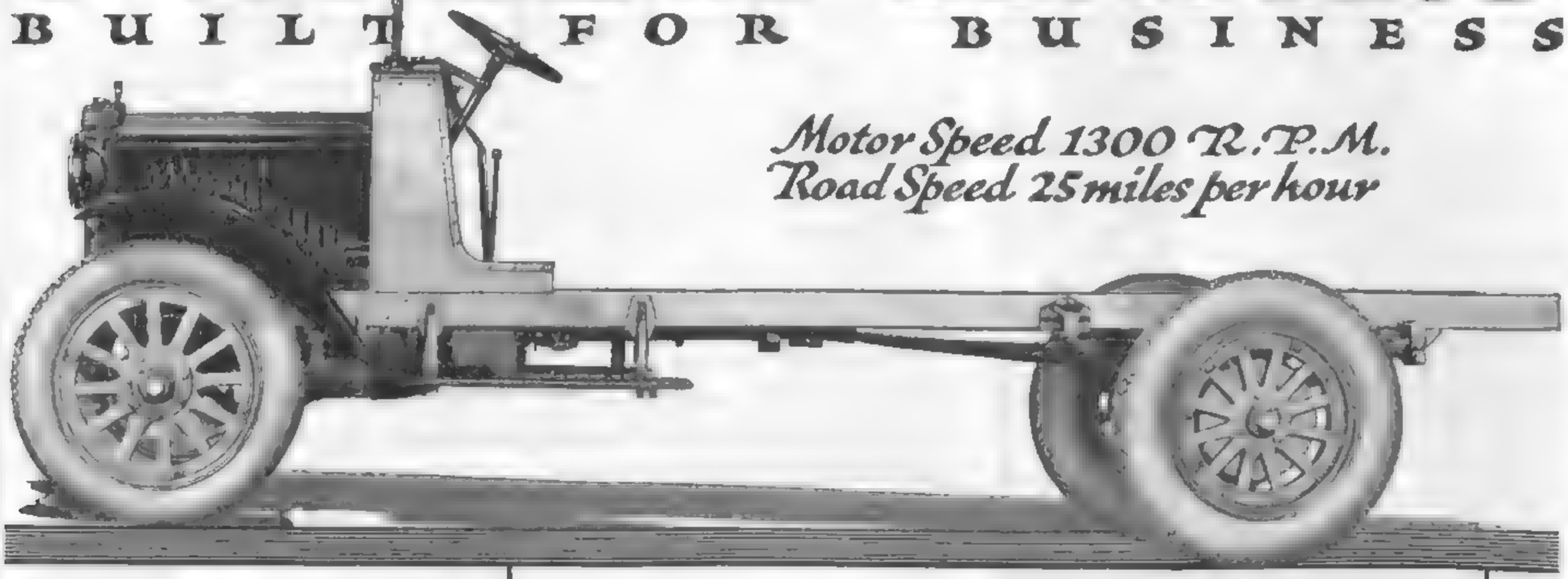

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Tires: Pneumatic Cords 35 x 5 front; 38 x 7 rear.
Wheelbase: 145 inches.
Equipment: Windshield; Electric Starting and Lighting; Ammeter; Boyce Motometer; Speedometer; Electric Horn; Tools; Jack; Rim Wrench. Front Fenders; Grease Gun; Driver's Seat without extra charge. (Power Tire Pump at extra charge.)

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3½ Ton Capacity—$4,000 f. o. b. Lansing

DUPLEX BUILT FOR BUSINESS

Here is the Duplex Limited—Medium Capacity—Two-Wheel Drive—Built in Response to Demand from Dealers and Users of the Famous Duplex Four-Wheel Drive

WHATEVER a man may claim for his product, the attitude of the buying public really fixes the standing and the degree of business success for any Institution. Men are *buying* what they want today.

Nothing else but a great, *confident* public Good-Will for the name Duplex can account for the increasing success of the Duplex Truck Company.

It is this confidence and assurance of real value in any truck that bears the name Duplex, that make the Duplex Truck Company one of the oldest and most successful truck companies in America today.

It is this confidence and respect that resulted in an insistent demand for a medium capacity Duplex.

Now it is plain, of course, that it takes *merit in the trucks* to give the Duplex Truck so high a standing as that which it enjoys today.

Facts have a way of speaking for themselves. More and more there is a very definite tendency among *experienced* truck owners *to limit their selection to the Duplex.*

To all users of medium capacity trucks we can say, definitely, that this Duplex *Limited* is a Duplex through and through.

Strong, durable, well-built (and by an Organization that knows how to build well) the Duplex Limited is an unusually high standard investment for any man who wants value for his money.

Talk to the Duplex Dealer. He is a practical truck man. Ninety per cent of all the Duplex Dealers have been distributing Duplex Trucks ever since the Organization of the Company.

They are *established business men*—Their business is more and more successful. Their responsibility is unquestioned. They will be in business when you want them—*able* and *ready* to give *service* to Duplex users.

Truck users who are interested in getting full details about the Duplex Limited are invited to write for booklets.

Naturally, the Duplex output this year is going to be allotted first to our present dealers. New Duplex Agencies are being more and more sought after and will be established as fast as the right men can be found.

Duplex Truck Company
Lansing • Michigan

One of the Oldest and Most Successful Truck Companies in America

(Concluded from Page 74)

are classified as representatives of the Government, that would be government operation.

The proponents of the bill believe it would result in more efficient service to the people and in the elimination of stock watering and financial manipulation. The opponents contend that it would mean confiscation of property in the case of good roads and giving money away in the case of poor roads and would lead to deterioration of service.

The North Dakota legislation is state socialism pure and simple. The farmers cannot be classified as workers; they are capitalists. The new legislation provides for state operation of farm banks, elevators and flour mills, with provisions for hail insurance. The bills are stated to have been badly drawn and the interests of the state inadequately safeguarded, in which event losses are inevitable. But the bills propose nothing more than has been done in many parts of the world. It would have been more in harmony with the spirit of our institutions to have done these things through coöperative association rather than through state ownership. The need for elevators is alleged to rest upon cleaning and grading practices that result in more wheat being shipped out of the elevators than enters them. The Fruit Growers Exchange does for the orange grower of California, apart from the banking, more than is contemplated in this legislation.

Because the farmers have formed a nonpartisan league and cut loose from traditional legislative practice should not blind us to the fact that this is nothing revolutionary. The sole purpose of the legislation is to increase the profits of the farmers, to make wheat raising more remunerative; if it means anything out of the way it means merely a gouge of the public by one group of capitalists. When the farmers hold control of all their grain and there is no competition among hundreds of grain dealers we may find them trying to corner hard spring wheat and then we will have no doubt that it is a purely capitalistic proposition.

Considered philosophically, the remote causes of Bolshevism in Europe lay in the forms of government that denied to the common man the effective expression of his convictions and in the crystallization of society into rigid classes that denied opportunity to individual talent. Considered psychologically, the immediate causes of Bolshevism in Europe lay in the degradation of war and in the poverty, suffering and starvation entailed by the failure of industrial and economic institutions to endure an overfought war.

Mental, Not Social Unrest

None of these causes of social unrest exists in the United States. High prices cause dissatisfaction; but so long as with high prices we have an orgy of spending, no serious social unrest can be founded on them. There is no more internal reason for social unrest in our country than there was five years ago—probably less. Agitation in this country springs from mental unrest, from a false concept of internationalism and from direct instigation at the hands of foreign agents. We have lost our viewpoint, lost objectivity. A strike that five years ago would have been regarded as a strike for higher wages is to-day regarded as an eruption of nation-wide unrest. Apprehension has taken the place of analysis.

This loss of direct grasp on their problems is noted with employers as much as with employees. Men who have worked together for decades now begin to distrust each other. The basis of mutual reasoning remains, but the basis of mutual confidence is felt to have become insecure. Both employer and employee seem to have mild cases of delusions of persecution; the relations have changed more as the result of nerves than of facts. This state of apprehension is being utilized by professional agitators, who must be combated and suppressed. Radical agitation need hold for us no terrors after we have returned to ourselves.

The signs of restoration of the normal viewpoint are already in sight. The public is getting tired of controversies between organized employers and organized employees. The organized workers forget for the moment that the interests of the public are a factor in every program of wages and hours. The organized employers forget for the moment that they operate in large part with the capital of the people, loaned to them for the purpose of production of commodities and development of society.

The failure of communism and the horrors of Bolshevism should inspire to greater efforts all those who believe that there is need for betterment in our society and that the present is the appointed time. It does not lie within the scope of this writing to discuss constructive social and industrial programs in the United States. The fiasco of the recent industrial conference in Washington suggests that investigation is more needed than discussion, investigation as to the transition of society from the hand-age to the machine-age. But it may be permissible to state briefly the indispensables that a review of developments and conditions abroad predicates as necessary for the stabilization of the social system:

Such a plane of production of materials, commodities and services must be assured as will annually raise the standard of living available to all classes materially and culturally.

Such a plane of production of materials, commodities and services must be assured as will provide, through savings, for that annual expansion in our national plant necessitated by increase in population and requirements.

Americanization Imperative

The relations between employer and worker must be humanized through the development of fellowship and fused through the intensification of craft sense. Increase in wages, division of profits, participation in ownership, bonuses for efficiency, shop committees—these all are elements of material justice in the division of the results of labor, but they will not succeed fully in the absence of the psychological attitude of mutuality.

The relations in society, industry and government must conserve to every American the full opportunity for advancement as the expression of individual initiative, talent and leadership. Class consciousness is a menace to the future of the Republic.

Americanization of immigrants is an imperative duty. If they are not Americanized Americans will be foreignized.

Governmental control of corporate activites must be extended in accordance with correct definitions of economic functions.

Strikes and lockouts must be eliminated from key industries—industries upon which the elemental needs of the public depend, such as mining of coal and transportation.

The officer in the Navy may not resign, the policeman may not strike, physicians and nurses may not quit. The miner and railroader are as essential as these. Relinquishment of the right to strike must not be exacted; it must be paid for in tenure, elevation of occupation, wages and pensions—the price the public has to pay for stability in essential institutions.

A method must be established whereby wages are tied to prices—that is, the curve of wage index must be attached to the curve of price index. This is the problem of constructive industrialism, an enlightened meliorism.

The country is again being flooded with appeals for the recognition of the Bolshevist government in Russia. It is intimated that orders for hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of American materials and goods will be placed at once, to be paid for in gold! It cannot be too strongly emphasized that Bolshevistic promises to respect our institutions cannot be trusted. The Bolshevist leaders have often and explicitly pledged themselves to the program of destruction in all countries of all institutions opposed to communism. Bolshevists have repeatedly stated that communism could not succeed in Russia unless it existed in the United Kingdom, Germany and in the United States. Bolshevism has stated that it cannot compromise with our social order; we cannot compromise with it.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and final article in Professor Taylor's series entitled The Views of a Layman on Bolshevism.

Liberty Tape and Liberty Tape Moistener

Your cases can all be travelling advertisements, too. The cost of printed Liberty Tape is only slightly higher than for plain tape. Makes identification at terminals quicker. Cases lost in transit are easier to trace. Petty thieves hesitate to break these unreplaceable private seals. The nation's biggest manufacturers and shippers use *printed* Liberty Tape. Why not you?

We manufacture sealing tape in practically any color, width or weight desired—in rolls that fit any machine. *Liberty Tape* guaranteed to meet railroad requirements for strength—in plain colors or printed with your trademark in one or two colors. The narrower, lighter tape—*Tiedy Tape*—for small or light packages—250 ft. rolls—width ½" to 2"—12c. up—at stationers.

The *Liberty Tape Moistener* is strong, compact, simple, all metal. Easy to operate, it speeds packing. Handles tape to 4" wide. Shipped on approval. Price $5.

Write for free tape samples, full information and estimate. Design for your tape in one or two colors furnished without charge or obligation.

The *Liberty Junior Tape Moistener* efficiently moistens Tiedy Tape [illegible] porcelain and nickeled brass. Right size for counter, office and home use. $1.50 at stationers. Or shipped direct with 2 rolls of Tiedy Tape on receipt of $1.74.

The *Liberty Sealer* is a semi-automatic machine for moistening and [illegible] the moistening roller and sufficiently dampened—whether you use six inches or a [illegible] stores and factories. Price $15.

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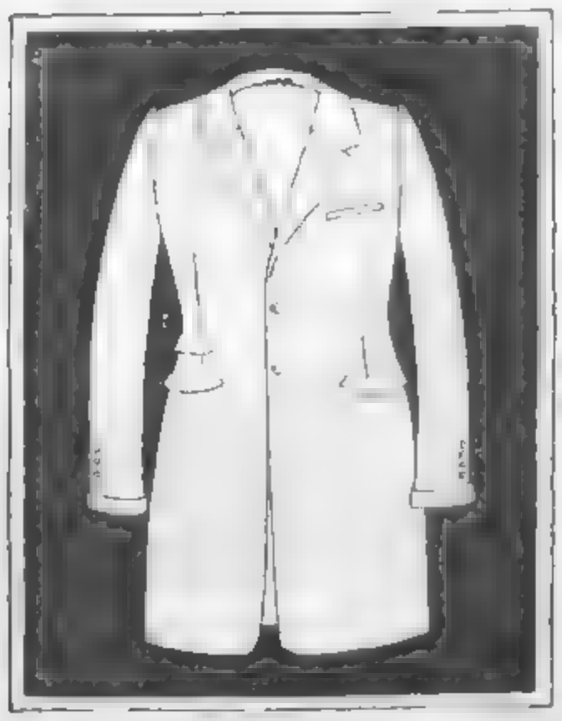
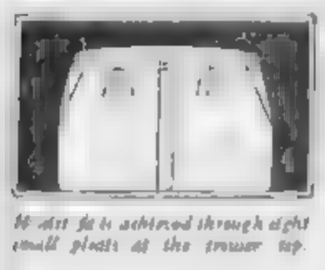


A New Shoulder Idea for Young Men

NOTHING I have seen along Fifth Avenue this season contributes so strikingly to the young man's contour as this square English Shoulder.

It's a suggestion from London where so many pleasant things in the way of young men's wear originate.

Clean, youthful and smart-looking, this new shoulder line gives an air of muscular alertness—of military assurance. The effect is increased by the broad, flat-lying lapel which sets close to the shoulder and is draped down in a soft roll to the second button. This gives fuller display to shirtings, and is a welcome change from other seasons.



Waist fit is achieved through eight small pleats at the trouser top.

The new shoulder idea tops off a brisk, well-moulded silhouette throughout, one in which full attention has been given at such points as chest, waist, hips, thigh, and calf. I find this shoulder everywhere the predominating feature in suits to which nicely thought-out styling has been applied. And it goes fittingly with several other new features that will be seen this spring and early summer—features that I notice in pre-season showings of all the better class young men's wear here in New York.

For instance in trousers the trend is further toward slenderness. To design a slender trouser which does not constrain in any way requires skill. But it has been done successfully by a few of the tailors here.

I can report, too, a welcome device for assuring snug trouser fit and smoothness at the waist and over the hips. Four small pleats tapering down from the belt band on either side in front produce an all 'round trimness that former trousering has never quite been equal to. It is a feature that young men will like as it makes the belt itself merely an ornament and helps to secure the slender waist line.

A brisk, well moulded silhouette — the keynote of spring styling.

Side trouser pockets are set slightly aslant—another spring idea. Vests are cut with a lower V and favor is shown to six buttons only.

Quite a number of designers working under different banners have succeeded in including several of these new features in the favorite models of their various makes. A few have approached the ideal. But in none but Cortley Clothes have I seen carried out the complete blending of all the best ideas that the season calls for. It seems to me that Cortley reaches the mark with the most admirable harmony, completeness and finesse.—*H. L.*

A Half Hour in New York

"'Round About New York" is the title of an illustrated booklet of authoritative styles for Spring and Summer, just prepared for your use by Cohen & Lang designers and makers of Cortley Clothes. It tells you what young men are wearing in New York—what you would see at the fashion centers of the city. It gives you a half-hour trip to New York's hotels, theatres and interesting spots where well-dressed men congregate. A post card with your name and the name of your tailor will bring you a copy.

Cortley Clothes

by

COHEN & LANG

Style Authors
In the City of New York

TOUJOURS DE L'AUDACE

(Continued from Page 23)

Perry was surprised and he looked it.

"The cashier?" he asked. "What for?"

"He didn't say," the man told him, and turned toward the Commons, next door. Perry looked after him in some perplexity, then he went into the bank. Inside he looked round him curiously and then the cashier beckoned to him from his desk at one end of the room and Perry crossed over.

The cashier said: "Sit down."

Perry asked: "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes—wait just a minute. I'll be through here."

He was reading a letter, open on the desk before him, and Perry waited, but he did not sit down. He was vaguely uneasy. The window beside him was open. It looked out toward the street. He saw a countryman drive up to the bank in a shiny new automobile, alight and come toward the bank steps. Perry marked that the man had left his engine running, and he smiled a little.

"Saves cranking," he told himself.

Just then someone touched his arm and said: "Hello, Parker."

Perry turned round in some surprise and looked at the newcomer. He saw a man of middle-age with a grizzled mustache and a heavy chin. He looked this man up and down and smiled good-naturedly.

"Guess you've made a mistake," he said cheerfully. "My name's not Parker."

The man looked to the cashier and asked: "This him?"

The cashier nodded.

"That's him," he said.

"I'm Martin, Bankers' Protective," said the man to Perry. "What's the matter with you? Did you think you could get away with it twice in the same place?"

Perry's thoughts were racing.

The cashier said, with a certain pride in his voice: "I knew him the minute I saw him. He got over five hundred dollars from us the thirteenth and fourteenth of March. As pretty a set of forgeries as you ever saw."

"He won't do it again," said the detective. "He's tried it too often."

One of the most marvelous things in the world is the speed with which a man can think when he has to. Perry had suddenly seen a blinding light. They were charging him with forgery—fourteenth of March. He had not been in Hanover for more than a year. Someone who looked like him—and P. D. Q. had proved that he was skilled with a pen—and P. D. Q. had reached Boston on the fifteenth of March. They thought he was P. D. Q. Perry wanted to laugh. The situation appealed to him. His first reaction was one of protest. It was cut short by an abrupt and paralyzing inspiration. They took him for P. D. Q. That is to say, he looked as much like P. D. Q. as P. D. Q. looked like him. This axiomatic fact had never occurred to him before. Yet it was so ridiculously obvious. If P. D. Q. looked like him he must look like P. D. Q. The key to his problem! The flaw in P. D. Q.'s armor! The sure weapon with which the faker might be overthrown! He had only to get back to Boston, make some brief arrangements, do a little stage managing—he laughed aloud at the supreme simplicity of the thing.

Then Martin touched his arm.

"Might as well come along," he suggested. "We'll catch the afternoon train."

That gave Perry a measurable shock. If he were in jail it was quite obvious that he could not do what he meant to do. He could take no advantage of this discovery of his—this palpably simple fact that he looked like P. D. Q. Incidentally, if he were in jail he would probably stay there. It was quite impossible for him to prove that he was not P. D. Q. so long as he was in jail. *Ergo*, he must not go to jail.

He looked toward the teller's windows. The countryman was involved in some discussion there.

Perry cried sharply: "That man's reaching for the money!"

The cashier whirled to look. Martin turned like a cat to see—and Perry leaped through and past them, flung himself toward the window that was open, slid and scrambled across the sill, dropped to the turf outside on his hands and knees and jumped into the countryman's automobile. Off with the brake, on with the gas, in with the clutch! The car jumped ahead, shifted from low to high, took the corner by the Commons on two wheels, dropped like a plummet down the long hill toward the station. His engine roared so that he could hear nothing of the tumult behind him, but Perry was under no illusions. He knew there would be tumult. He did not wish to become involved in this tumult. He gave the car all she would take and bent all his energies to the task of getting away from there. His eyes were dancing, he was chuckling exultantly. He had the answer to his puzzle—let him once reach Boston.

"Look out for yourself, P. D. Q.," he shouted, and took a hill on high like a squirrel going up a tree.

XIV

NOW, that particular automobile which Perry had commandeered for his immediate use in this impromptu flight of his had many merits. Among other things it has added vastly to the store of American humor. From a somewhat more practical point of view it is equally important. It will do many things that no other automobile may safely attempt, but in at least one feature it is deficient. You cannot push one of the things up to any really break-neck speed, and Perry wanted speed. If he could have reached Boston in thirty seconds he would have done so. He was in a hurry to reach Boston; he was also in a tearing hurry to leave behind him the pursuit that he knew must be already under way.

Hanover was full of automobiles. Martin would pick a fast one and pick it quickly, and scores of others would follow for the sake of the sport to be had. In a straightaway race he would be overhauled before he could snap his fingers. But he had perhaps a mile of start; he could take any road that offered, while his pursuers must stop at every intersection to pick up his trail and this was by no means a straightaway. It was an uphill, downhill and round the corner sort of game. Too steep a hill would ruin him, otherwise the chances were somewhat in his favor. Perry thought he could keep ahead of the pursuit for a few minutes, perhaps half an hour.

"That means I've got half an hour to think of something else," he told himself, grinning with excitement. "Half an hour ought to be about sixty times too much. Perry, my son, what shall it be?"

His front wheels struck a stone, jerked sidewise. He yanked the light car back into the road and gave the throttle another notch or two.

"'Toujours de l'Audace,' Perry," he told himself. "Figure out something! Cross the sons of guns!"

He did not for so much as a minute consider the possibility of a surrender. In the first place, Perry was not of the stuff that surrenders; and in the second place, he dare not. Free, he could destroy P. D. Q. He had found the formula. But if he were jailed the law would effectively destroy him. Therefore, he must be free.

He swore at himself good-naturedly for not having seen the weakness in P. D. Q.'s position before this.

"You've been asleep, Perry," he told himself accusingly. "Asleep at the switch. Deserve to get left. But it's not too late, by gad! If I can get away from this bunch ——"

He looked back from the top of a hill and caught a glimpse of the road half a mile behind him. There were scurrying cars along that road, a pillar of dust rising over each one. Perry went down that hill more swiftly than was safe.

"I've got to strike something faster than this flying machine," he told himself cheerfully. "Change horses in midstream. If another horse would only come along!"

He swung to the right abruptly along a narrow wood road and followed it at a dangerous speed, bouncing from root to bowlder and from bowlder to root.

"Don't know where I'm going," he chuckled, "but they'll step on my heels if I don't get off that road."

The way he had taken came out into an open meadow—skirted the edge of this meadow. After half a mile of it he struck another road. He was not quite sure where he was, but he knew he wanted to go somewhere else, so he went. Up one hill and down another and up a third. From the top of the third he saw the river below him, and a town and some railroad yards.

"The junction," he told himself, and had an idea and looked at his watch. A train

(Continued on Page 80)

Photo © by Jessie Tarbox Beals, N. Y.

Where "85% Magnesia" Saves Coal

THOSE brilliant lights of The Plaza Hotel, gleaming aloft over Central Park, tell nightly a story of *coal saving* by "85% Magnesia". Heating, Lighting and Power depend upon "85% Magnesia" pipe and boiler coverings.

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Write us for new Treatise, "Defend Your Steam", which describes the triumphs, the forms and uses of "85% Magnesia".

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The Mellon Institute of Industrial Research at Pittsburgh University, after three years spent in developing the principles of Coal Saving by Insulation, has compiled a Standard *Specification* for the scientific use of "85% Magnesia" pipe and boiler coverings.

Write to the Secretary of the Association for a copy.

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The Franklin Mfg. Co., Franklin, Penna.

This is a steam pipe covered with "85% Magnesia"

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(Continued from Page 78)

for Boston would pull out in nine minutes—if it was on time. Perry prayed that it would be on time.

He had no idea where the pursuers were—not far behind, he felt sure. With his engine wide open he dropped down that hill and came to the outlying houses and bounced and rocketed through the uneven streets into the junction. When he looked back he saw the pursuing machines coming headlong down the hill. They'd be here before the train departed.

He swung to the right, doubling on his tracks, started out of town again and thought he heard a shout from the nearest car.

"View halloo!" he laughed, and swung to the left and then to the right again. Dogs got out of his way and barked behind him, children dodged from his road. He climbed the sidewalk to avoid a team and turned in a letter S between two trees to get back to the road again. He turned back at last toward the station; a minute more before the train should start.

"Darned thing's sure to be late starting," he told himself.

When he came in sight of the station he saw two trains there standing on diverging tracks and he remembered what he had forgotten—one would depart for Boston, the other for Greenfield. Perry could think quickly when he must. He knew instantly what he meant to do.

Luck now turned his way. The Boston train began to move slowly as he came in sight. It was picking up speed when he jammed on his brakes and stopped in a skirl of dust by the station platform. The pursuing automobiles were more than a block away—the foremost of them. Some of the loungers looked at him curiously.

He laughed and shouted: "Darned near missed the thing!"

People are used to seeing men and women run for trains in this day and generation. No one had noticed the approach of the other cars. They cheered him on. He swung aboard the front end of the last car of the Boston train as it pulled out, and a brakeman gave him a helping hand. The train slid out across the bridge. It was still moving rather slowly.

The brakeman said cheerfully: "Close call."

Perry nodded. He patted this pocket and that as though to be sure he had forgotten nothing, and his face went blank.

"Good Lord," he cried, "lost my pocketbook!"

Before the brakeman could stop him Perry swung down the steps. He was out of sight of the station by this time. He swung easily off the lower step, slid down the cinder bank beside the track, gathered himself together. The train pulled out of sight round a curve and disappeared. Perry looked round him. There was no one in sight. He climbed cautiously up the track till he could look across the embankment, and ducked again.

The string of automobiles which had pursued him was racing across the traffic bridge fifty yards beyond the railroad and roaring after the train. Perry laughed.

"Figuring they'll get me at the next station," he told himself. "Son, you're in luck."

He risked everything on his next move. He walked back across the railroad bridge and thanked his stars that the Greenfield train, about to start, hid him from view of those about the station. He swung aboard that train without ostentation, slipped into a seat in the rear car. After a moment the train began to move. No one seemed to have marked his coming. Perry made himself as inconspicuous as possible. The conductor and the brakeman presently came through together. And the conductor said: "Who was he? Did you hear?"

"Burglar," said the brakeman. "Broke into the president's house up at Hanover last night."

"Wish I'd seen him."

"Me too," the brakeman agreed. "I didn't know anything about it till he was gone though."

"They'll get him down at Leb."

"Oh, sure!"

The conductor looked at Perry sternly and said: "Tickets!"

Perry paid a cash fare to Greenfield, took his change and his fare slip as meekly as a lamb and submerged himself under his hat brim. Just before the train reached Greenfield he heard two passengers discussing the episode. They agreed that the fleeing man had shot the president of the college and escaped badly wounded. Perry grinned, got off at Greenfield, waited impatiently for an hour and a half and took the Boston train. No one molested him.

At a quarter past twelve that night he knocked on the door of the room which he and Daly shared and Daly called sleepily: "Hello! Come in!"

Perry told him the door was locked and bade him make haste. Daly got up and let him in.

"Where'd you drop from?" he demanded. "Thought you were in Hanover."

Perry grabbed his hand.

"Got it, Daly!" he cried. "I've got the idea!"

Daly said: "What're you talking about this time o' night? What idea?"

"I know how we can show up P. D. Q.," Perry told him.

"That's what you said before."

"I ought to have thought of this before. It's so darned simple it's a crime."

"What is this big hunch?" Daly asked.

Perry cried: "It's sure fire!"

Daly lighted a cigarette, sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I'm listening," he said.

"I'll tell you," Perry promised, and he did.

XV

PERRY got back to Boston in the small hours of Sunday morning. Monday evening at a quarter before eight o'clock Katie answered the doorbell at Camilla's home and saw Slim Attucks, alias Perry Danton, alias P. D. Q., standing in the doorway. She looked quickly back over her shoulder, then smiled at him and said: "Hello, Slim."

"She's not here?" the man asked.

"Went out right after you telephoned," Katie told him. "What's up? What do you want?"

The man beckoned with a movement of his head.

"Switch out this porch light and come out here," he said. "I want to talk to you a minute."

Katie pressed the button within reach of her hand, then joined him on the porch and shut the door behind her. There was a faint moon that enabled them to see each other. They stepped to the end of the veranda.

"I'm getting a little leery," the man said. "Has Danton been round here again?"

Katie shook her head.

"Not a sign of him—not since that day he turned up here with the beard all over his face. I see that eye he gave you is still looking bad."

The man nodded.

"I'll even that up when the time comes. You know what happened to him? He went up to his college commencement—the very town I worked last March—and they spotted him in the bank and wired for a flatty. He got away, but that's what's coming to him sooner or later. He'll get pulled for some of my work, and then—curtains!"

The girl laughed softly.

"You've got plenty of the old nerve, Slim," she told him approvingly. "If it was me I'd want to make a clean-up and get out. I'm nervous."

The man chuckled.

"What's the use? I'm settled for life where I can take care of all of you at the same time. There's plenty for us all."

"Still got Ammidown fooled?"

"Absolutely."

"You're a wiz."

"I tell you, the only one that worries me is this girl here. Has she shown any sign that she's wise?"

"Not a bit."

"Watch her, Katie."

"Sure, that's what I'm here for."

"If you see her acting queer, thinking too much—why, let me know."

"What'll you do? Grab everything in sight and beat it?"

He nodded.

"Unless there's some way I can see to fix it with her."

"Get her married to you," the girl suggested. "I think she'd fall for you now."

"I'm not ready for that yet," he said, and shook his head.

"Wait till things settle down. I'd feel better if Danton was in jail."

"Frame him then."

The man laughed.

"You've got good ideas, Kate," he agreed. "I've thought of that. Maybe I will. The only thing is—you keep me posted."

She nodded: "Sure!"

"All right," he said. "I'll move on." He laughed. "You may tell Miss Hoyt I called."

The girl said gayly: "Like fun I will! This one was on me."

The man moved down the steps and she watched him take the drive toward the street. After a little she went indoors.

Tuesday morning the telephone rang in Perry's home on Beacon Street and old Arklay answered. He said, "Hello," and "This is Arklay," and "Very well, sir," and then stepped to the foot of the stairs and called Hasket. "Mr. Danton wishes to speak to you," he told the valet.

Hasket might have answered on the extension on the second floor, but chose to descend to the booth in the hall. He lifted the receiver from the shelf and said quietly: "This is Hasket."

The man at the other end asked: "Where are you? Where's Arklay?"

Hasket replied: "In the booth. Arklay's in the dining room."

"No one listening?"

"No. What's up, Slim?"

"Has Danton been up there?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"I met him downtown here. Something he said gave me the idea he was going up to try to see Arklay again. Don't let them get together. Old Arklay might see the light."

Hasket replied: "I'll look out. He won't get the chance. Don't worry about Arklay. I've got him fooled—or you have."

"I'm going to get rid of the old codger pretty soon."

"No hurry. Let him stay. He's the best proof you've got. He'd swear on a stack of Bibles you were Danton."

"That's all right. I hope he won't have to. Watch out though."

"Sure!"

"We won't be on Easy Street till Danton's out of the way."

"That's what I told you. If you'd done a good job in the first place he wouldn't have come back."

"I'm not for rough stuff. May have to though."

"I'd have done it first thing."

"Well—watch out for Arklay."

"Sure!"

The other man hung up the receiver and Hasket left the booth and went back upstairs.

Fifteen minutes after this telephone conversation Miss Judy Hatton, who was in charge of the telephone switchboard in the reception hall of Ammidown's suite of offices, looked up from the book she was reading between calls and saw who it was that had just come in and said with a smile: "Why, you've changed your suit, Mr. Danton."

He nodded.

"Car splashed me from a puddle on Devonshire Street," he explained, "so I ran out home and changed."

"It's a new one, isn't it?"

He had stopped by her desk.

"Yes." He looked round, made sure the doors into the various offices were closed and asked softly: "Everything all right?"

She said: "Sure!"

"I'm nervous," he told her.

"Come out of it, Slim," she urged. "You never had a nerve in your life."

"This is a risky game though."

"You're getting away with it."

"Danton hasn't been round again, has he?"

"No."

Mr Ammidown's door opened and Ammidown himself came out into the reception hall. He said: "Hello, Perry! I've been waiting for you. Take these papers up to Flood's office, will you? I'd rather not trust them to a messenger."

He handed the other the papers. The girl at the switchboard winked behind Ammidown's back and her lips soundlessly formed the words: "Brace up, Slim."

As he went to the door Ammidown accompanied him, giving some final instructions. He looked back from the doorway and the girl blew him a kiss, but Ammidown was watching him and he had no chance to return it.

When he was gone Ammidown returned to his office and Judy returned to her book. An occasional man came or went. She was beginning to wonder why Slim did not come back.

Some forty minutes after his departure a man whom Judy did not know came in and asked to see Mr. Ammidown. She asked his name.

He said: "I'm David Lloyd."

She communicated this name to Mr. Ammidown and Mr. Ammidown bade her send Mr. Lloyd in.

XVI

FOR a few minutes after Judy Hatton sent Mr. David Lloyd in to see Mr. Ammidown nothing happened at all. That is to say, nothing happened in the reception hall of Mr. Ammidown's suite of offices beyond the occasional passage of some member of the firm from one office to another and the clatter of typewriters behind closed doors here and there. Judy herself sat at her switchboard, answered a call or two, tucked up the lock of hair above her ears three or four times and read industriously.

It would be more accurate perhaps to say that she tried to read industriously, for there was slowly falling upon Judy a restlessness for which she could not account. Her thoughts wandered from the printed page. She found them centering for no particular reason on Mr David Lloyd. She had never seen him before—she was sure of that—and he had not the appearance of an officer of the law. He was, she guessed, an attorney of the old school, a man almost as old as Mr. Ammidown. Obviously he was on friendly terms with Mr. Ammidown, for she had heard Ammidown greet the newcomer as "Dave" before the door closed behind him. There was nothing in all this to make Judy restless, yet she was, and could not throw off the feeling.

It seemed to her that she had forgotten something or failed to do something or overlooked something. She had that hollow, vacuous sensation which accompanies the act of groping for an elusive memory. She tried to put it away from her and return to her book, but she could not. And the arrival of Daly, the reporter, made Judy more nervous and ill at ease than ever.

Daly came in from the outer hall of the office building and smiled at her good naturedly and took off his hat and said: "Good morning."

She remembered him as having come here with the real Perry on the day of Perry's attempt to overthrow Slim, so she asked Daly in a frosty tone what he wished.

"Mr. Ammidown in?" Daly asked.

Judy said: "Busy now. Have you an appointment?"

"I'll wait," he told her.

"I don't think he'll see you. He's very busy to-day."

"I'll wait, anyhow," Daly insisted. "You won't mind my sitting here, will you?" His tone was sardonic, and she felt it and was more nervous than ever.

She said: "Why should I mind?"

So Daly sat down on the bench that was placed just across the hall from her switchboard, and she tried to pretend to be deeply engrossed in her book, while all the time her thoughts were racing desperately and she could feel his eyes upon her and could feel the amusement that dwelt in them.

The telephone took a little spurt of business and kept her occupied for a few minutes. People passed to and fro in the farther end of the hall from office to office. When she had a little lull she thought of trying to get hold of Slim. She had a feeling that he was somehow in danger. But she did not know where he was—probably at lunch somewhere.

"Up to you to hold the fort, Judy," she told herself grimly. "Stick tight, kid, they've got nothing on you."

She was immensely relieved when she looked up at the sound of the opening door and saw Slim coming in from the hall. Her heart pounded with relief. She had the highest faith in him and the mere sight of him allayed those shadowy fears that had begun to distil in her mind. She caught Slim's eye and smiled and he smiled at her. Then he saw Daly and laughed and said cheerfully: "Ah, the power of the press is with us again, eh, old man?"

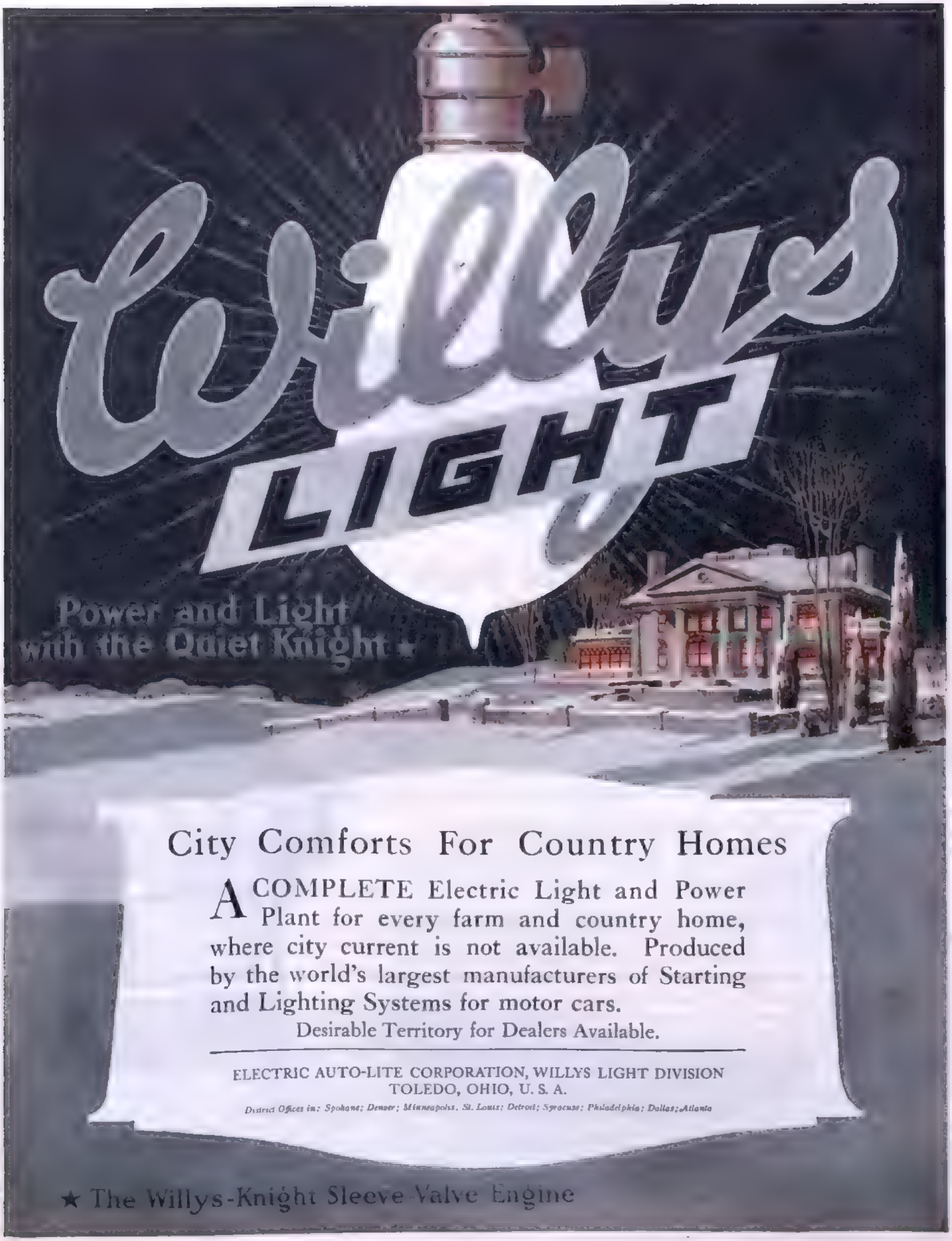
Daly grinned and said, "Yes, I've got to see Mr. Ammidown. Something else to-day?"

"Nothing I can do?" Slim suggested, and Daly said humbly: "No, Mr. Danton."

That reassured Judy immensely—to see that even the reporter recognized Slim as Perry Danton. It meant, she judged, that things were quieting down, that the worst of the danger was past. She was glad of that. It had been a good deal of a strain.

Slim stopped by her switchboard and asked casually: "Any message for me, Miss Hatton?"

(Continued on Page 83)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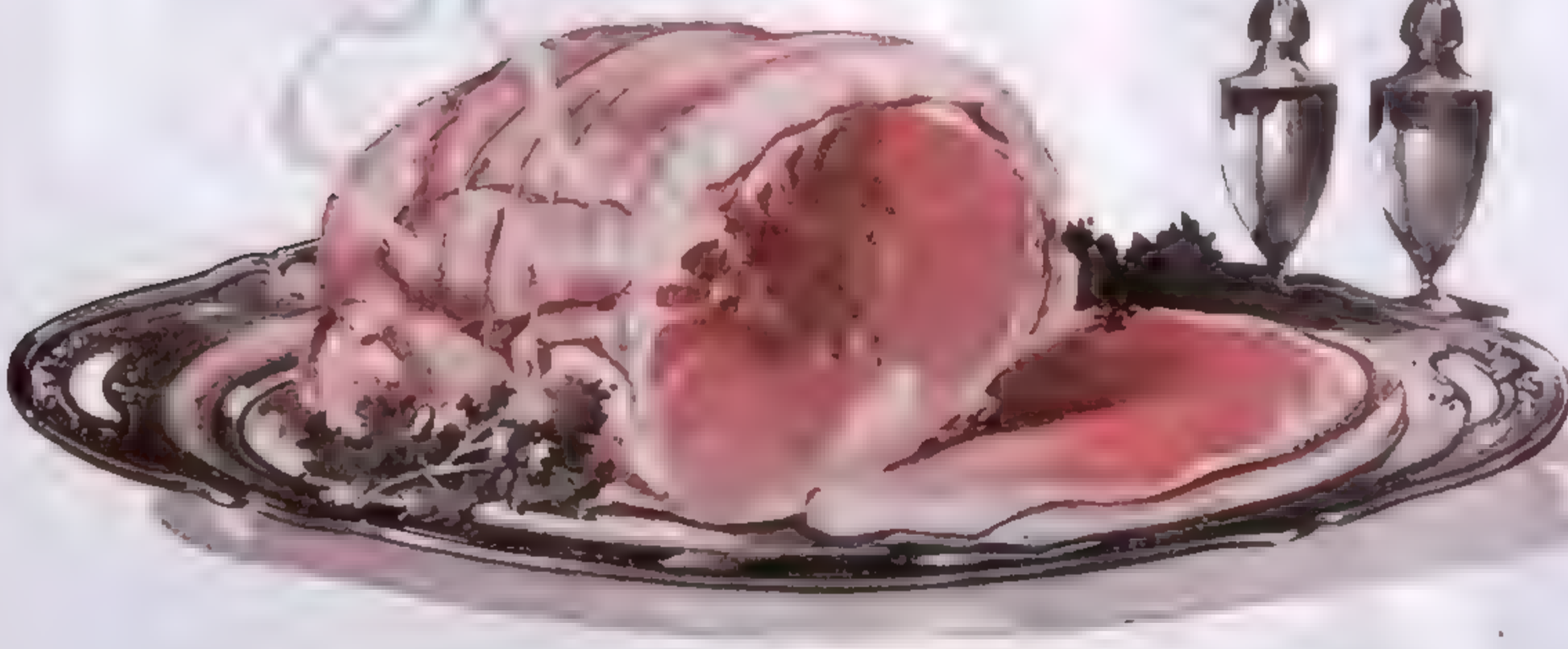

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(Continued from Page 30)

She shook her head, smiled up at him.

"No, sir," she said, and because he was in such a position that he hid her from Daly's eyes she ventured to wink at him. Slim returned the wink. Then he went past her and turned into his own office. She noticed that he left the door open behind him and she heard him raise the window that faced the street.

At that sound Judy's eyes hardened again and her cheeks went a little white. She shot a quick glance at Daly, but he was reading a newspaper. She waited for the window to be closed again—waited in an almost breathless anxiety, for Slim Attucks, as Judy well knew, had one peculiarity. He did not care for open windows, for air currents blowing through a room in which he was sitting. Judy had been with him in the hottest days of summer and had suffered from this peculiarity of his. She had reason to remember it; she had sweltered in discomfort more than once on his account. Furthermore, though this day was late in June there was an east wind blowing and the window which Slim had opened faced the east. Judy could already feel the current of cool air upon her back. Her restlessness crystallized into suspicion; her suspicion hardened into a certainty; and this certainty threw her into something almost like a panic.

Her face as white as death, she began to work the plugs on her switchboard in a feverish effort to locate Slim, for this man who had spoken to her and gone into Perry Danton's office and opened that window was not Slim Attucks. Slim would never have opened the window. The man must be Perry Danton himself.

She had to reach Slim, give him warning. She tried his house—he was not there. Arklay answered, and Judy dared not take time to summon Hasket to the telephone and warn him. She tried a hotel, a restaurant or two on the chance of catching him at lunch. She tried the office to which Ammidown had sent him and grimaced at herself for that, since it was not Slim whom Ammidown had sent on that mission but Danton himself posing as Slim—this man in the room behind her.

Judy was not a person of great initiative. She adored Slim Attucks and served him passionately and devotedly and well. But there was little fighting blood in her. She was the sort you would expect to break under the strain of a sudden crisis. She was feeling very close to tears now. And as she realized this and was groping about in a desperate scurry to find her tiny handkerchief the outer door of the suite of offices opened again. She looked that way and saw Camilla Hoyt and saw—immediately behind Camilla and ushering her in—Slim Attucks. He was looking toward Camilla, speaking to her, laughing. Judy prayed fiercely that he would look toward her so that she might give him warning while there was still time for him to get away.

But Slim's attention was all for Camilla till he reached the switchboard itself. Then he looked down at Judy with Camilla watching him, and at sight of her white face his eyes hardened.

But he asked in the cheerful tones of Perry Danton: "Any message for me, Miss Hatton?"

She nodded.

"Telephone call from Mr. Rakes in New York. Wants you to catch the first train and run over there for a conference to-night on that—that—that bond matter." Her voice was shaking.

Just then Perry himself stepped out of the office—out of the office Slim had occupied—and said casually: "Hello, Milla!"

Camilla whirled in some astonishment to look at him, and Judy whispered desperately to Slim: "Beat it! They're on!"

Slim touched her shoulder reassuringly.

"They can't prove a thing. I'll bluff them out," he told her in a low voice. Then he, too, turned to face Perry. Daly, the reporter, had risen and stepped to the outer door of the offices, but no one of them marked this.

Camilla looked from Perry to Slim and back to Perry again and she laughed.

"Why, which is which?" she asked gayly.

Judy hated her. As if there could be any doubt! It seemed to Judy that when you saw these two side by side they hardly even resembled each other. Seen thus together, they were differentiated by a dozen things—by the lighter shade of Slim's eyes, by the darker hue of Perry's cheek and the greater fullness of his face. Slim's hair was crisper. Judy knew that if he allowed it to grow a little longer it would curl. Seen separately it might be hard to tell one from the other—together there could be no doubt.

Slim looked at Perry and said slowly, a little threat in his voice: "Hello, you've turned up again, have you? Your obsession seems to persist, young man."

Camilla looked at Slim.

"Is this the man who claims to be you?" she asked him, and smiled. "Isn't it all funny?"

"It's passing the funny stage," said Slim severely.

"Not at all," Perry told him. "The trouble is, things have come to the point where you can no longer see the joke."

"You've both even got traces of black eyes," Camilla exclaimed, laughing, and she said to Perry: "Why, if I met you on the street I think I should believe you actually were Perry!"

She dropped her hand confidingly on Slim's arm as she said this, and Slim shot a glance at Judy as though bidding her watch how the scales were turning in his direction.

Perry nodded at Camilla's words and his eyes were dancing.

"A natural mistake," he said. "No one could blame you."

Then he looked toward Daly, who had gone to the outer door, opened it, stuck his head out, drawn it back in, shut the door and joined the little group by the switchboard again.

"Daly," said Perry, "see if Mr. Lloyd is ready for us!"

Daly stepped toward the door of Mr. Ammidown's office and knocked. After a moment Mr. Ammidown's voice called to him to come in and he opened the door and asked: "Are you ready for us?"

There was a moment's hesitation, then Mr. Lloyd asked: "Are they both there?"

Daly said they were and Lloyd bade him usher them in. Daly turned to face them; Perry bowed to Slim.

"After you, sir," he said.

Slim laughed.

"What's this? Some new play of yours?"

"I will explain—if you ——"

Slim looked at Camilla and smiled.

"Come in with me," he suggested. "You'll be interested in seeing the end of this young man. I'm going to ask his commitment to an institution."

Camilla's eyes were shining. She went before Slim into Mr. Ammidown's office and Slim followed her and Perry followed Slim. Daly came in last, shut the door and leaned his back against it.

They all saw at once that old Mr. Ammidown had been powerfully disturbed by his talk with Mr. Lloyd. His white hair was rumpled, his cheeks were flushed and his eyes were uncertain and angry. He swung round at his desk and looked at Slim and at Perry. He seemed not to see Camilla, and she slipped to one side and sat down by the window. Perry remained standing, Slim sat down. Lloyd was sitting beside Mr. Ammidown's desk when they entered, and he rose till Camilla was seated, then sat down again.

Ammidown stared for a considerable time at Perry. He stared just as long at Slim. Then he asked harshly: "Which one of you young gentlemen is the impostor?"

Perry looked at Slim; Slim looked at Perry. Neither spoke, but Slim laughed.

"I thought we had settled that, sir," he said respectfully.

Ammidown looked at him bleakly, then at Perry again. He marked the garments Perry wore and caught at them as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"You're the man who's been in my office here this past month," he said.

Perry shook his head.

"No, sir. Only once or twice."

"Damn it," Ammidown exploded, "stop lying! You were here this morning! I sent you out with some papers! Don't you suppose I remember that suit of clothes?"

Perry laughed.

"I was here this morning—yes—for a few minutes. And I was here a few days ago with Mr. Daly and a day or two before that while I was still unshaved. Those were the only times."

Slim said pleasantly: "In other words, sir, he's the crazy man we let off once. I don't think we'd best let him off again."

Ammidown swung in his chair to face Slim, and his brows contracted. He grunted something that might have been assent, might have been noncommittal.

"You're the one that's been studying here this month past?"

"Naturally. I should imagine that you could tell us apart when we're together, at least. The whole thing's damned nonsense. Amusing though, in a way."

"Young man," said Ammidown angrily, "I've been given reason to believe that you're a clever crook; in other words, an impostor. What have you to say to that?"

Slim looked round sharply.

He said with a trace of anger in his voice: "I've this to say, that I'm tired of this tomfoolishness. It's ridiculous, but it's also damned provoking."

Ammidown cut in.

"That's twice you've sworn in one minute without apologizing to Miss Hoyt. Profanity in the presence of ladies is the privilege of my years, but not of yours—I don't care who you are."

Slim laughed. He glanced toward Camilla.

"I beg your pardon. I'm angry—naturally, I think. I didn't expect they would succeed in befuddling you, Mr. Ammidown."

Ammidown snorted. He turned to his desk and lifted some loose typewritten sheets that lay there.

"I've affidavits here," he said. "They record three conversations, one held last night and two this morning."

Slim looked at those sheets of paper with some faint trace of apprehension in his eyes.

"I assume they're the proofs these—this impostor has brought forward."

"They tend to show that you are the impostor."

"Then let's hear them. Let me read them. I can answer them readily enough, but hardly without knowing what they are."

He got up as though he would have reached for the affidavits, but Ammidown held up a severe hand.

"One minute," he said. "I'll read them. They are not long. Please listen without interrupting."

Slim smiled and sat down again.

"Fire away, sir," he said.

Ammidown's eyes ran down the sheet before him.

"I'll condense somewhat," he explained, "get the meat of this. All sworn to by the same men—three of them. Substance of this first is that a man appearing to be Perry Danton went to Miss Hoyt's house last night and rang the bell. The maid, apparently known as Katie, answered the bell. They talked together on the porch, turning out the light. Here are some of the things they said:

"KATIE: Hello, Slim, what's up?

"MAN: I'm getting a little leery. Has Danton been round here again?

"KATIE: Not since that day he turned up here with the beard. You've got plenty of the old nerve, Slim. If it was me I'd want to make a clean-up and get out. Still got Ammidown fooled?

"MAN: Absolutely. I'd feel better if Danton was in jail.

"KATIE: Frame him then.

"So much for that one. There's more along the same lines."

Slim exclaimed, "See here, I ——"

"Wait!" Ammidown interrupted. "Let's get the evidence all in. Here's the record of a telephone call to Perry's house up on Beacon Street. The man calling asked for Hasket and when Hasket came to the telephone they had some talk. Here you are:

"HASKET: What's up, Slim?

"MAN: Has Danton been up there?

"A little farther on Hasket says: 'Don't worry about Arklay. I've got him fooled.' And he also says, 'He'—meaning Arklay—'would swear on a stack of Bibles you were Danton.'

"Then we have this:

"MAN: We won't be on Easy Street till Danton's out of the way.

"HASKET: That's what I told you. If you'd done a good job in the first place he wouldn't have come back.

"That will do for them. Here's the last one. A man appearing to be Perry Danton came into my reception room this morning and talked with Miss Hatton, my telephone girl. She told him he had changed his suit and he explained that a car had splashed mud on it. Then we have this:

"MAN: Everything all right?

"MISS HATTON: Sure. Come out of it, Slim. You never had a nerve in your life.

"MAN: Danton hasn't been round again, has he?

"Girl said 'No,' and then they were interrupted."

He laid the papers aside.

"Well, what have you got to say to that, whoever you are?"

Slim laughed and it was quite obvious that the man was immensely relieved.

(Concluded on Page 85)

Q·R·S PLAYER ROLLS are BETTER

(Concluded from Page 83)

"Why, I simply say the whole thing is a lie—a tissue of lies. I didn't go to Camilla's house last night; I didn't telephone Hasket this morning; and I didn't have any such talk with Miss Hatton."

"Prepared to prove that?"

"Of course—if it's necessary. I dined with friends last evening and was with them from six o'clock till midnight or after. What time did these interviews take place this morning?"

Ammidown consulted the affidavits and gave the hour. Slim smiled.

"I've been with Miss Hoyt constantly during the time they cover," he told them. "She'll corroborate me on that."

Camilla from the window said cheerfully: "Yes, that's right. I met him on Tremont Street and made him go shopping with me."

"In short," Slim added, "the whole thing, as I said, is a piece of perjury—something else to lay to this young idiot's door."

He looked toward Perry. Ammidown also looked at Perry and his brow was thunderous.

"Young man," he exclaimed, "is this another joke on your part? Have I been made a butt? For I tell you I'm not to be tampered with. Someone is going from this office to jail."

Perry got up. He was smiling a little.

"It's only fair to say," he explained, "that my friend P. D. Q. tells the truth this once. He did not talk with Katie last night; he did not talk with Hasket to-day; nor did he talk with Miss Hatton."

"By heaven!" thundered Ammidown—but Perry held up his hand.

"One moment!" he urged. "It was this way—a simple thing. I went up to Hanover for my reunion and was arrested there as a forger. I understood at once that they took me for—our friend here. Which suggested to me the great and sterling truth that if he looked enough like me to impersonate me I looked enough like him to impersonate him, so I did it."

"You what?"

"Came back here," said Perry, "laid my traps, impersonated this crook and led his three confederates into betraying themselves—and him. So ——"

Ammidown was slow to understand, but Slim was not. Even before Perry had finished the forger was out of his chair; he had leaped to the door and flung it wide. In another moment he would have been gone.

But unfortunately for P. D. Q. there were two policemen waiting just outside the door.

XVII

PERRY and Camilla had lunch together, but not immediately. Certain matters kept them at Mr. Ammidown's office for a little while. They saw Slim depart between two officers. He was as well poised, as debonair as ever, and he grinned at them audaciously as he disappeared.

Perry said to Camilla: "I'm almost sorry for him. The man has nerve."

"I'm more sorry for the little telephone girl and for Katie."

"They won't be arrested," Perry told her. "We gave them a chance to get away."

"Hasket too?" Camilla asked, and Perry shook his head.

"No. Hasket will have to share pot luck with P. D. Q."

Daly came to where they stood then and told Perry that he wanted to get some sort of an interview from him and from Camilla. Perry laughed and told Daly to write anything he chose.

"You know what we ought to say," he explained. "And tell the boss I'm going to take the afternoon off. I'll report in the morning."

After Daly had gone they sat in Ammidown's office and had some talk with the attorney. Ammidown was still more than a little indignant at the befuddlement to which he had been subjected.

"If this thing ever happens again it will be too much for my gray hairs," he told them, half joking, half in earnest.

"Not going to happen again," Perry declared. "P. D. Q. won't be able to try it on for a while. I understand they've a long list of forgeries to lay at his door."

Camilla, smiling a little, said: "I don't see how he fooled you so, anyway. I knew Perry the minute I saw him."

Perry looked at her quickly.

"You did?"

"Yes, when you came up the drive that day looking like a tramp."

Perry chuckled.

"But you hadn't seen through him in the month before that," he reminded her; "so you're not so terribly wise."

She flushed faintly, protested: "W-e-ell!"

Ammidown snorted.

"Huh! If you knew him, why didn't you say so in the beginning and save all this muss?"

Camilla smiled toward Perry.

"I wanted to see what he would do," she said. "I thought it might be good for him to have to—have to fight a little for a while."

The lawyer coughed loudly and hid a broad smile behind his hand and he got up and waved them away from him.

"Get out of here, you two!" he commanded. "You'll be the death of me!"

They went to lunch at the Parker House and over their viands Perry talked and talked to Camilla. He had so many things to tell her, and she seemed well content to listen and to watch and study him. He was the old Perry, yet not the old Perry. There was a new fiber of strength in him, it seemed to her—something that made her tremble a little; something she liked to see.

Perry had become in even so short an experience an enthusiastic newspaper man. He told her so.

"I'm going to stick to it," he said. "It's the greatest game; like being on the inside, behind the scenes in everything that happens—fascinating. And you're digging into things all the time, trying to outguess people, trying to make them do what you want—talk when they don't want to."

And a little later he added: "After a while, when I've learned enough about the business, I've a mind to buy a paper myself—here or somewhere—and try to run it. I'd have some fun anyway and I can't think of anything I'd rather do. There's always a chance to accomplish something too."

"I thought you were going to be a lawyer," she suggested. But he shook his head.

"Not enough action. In this game there's something doing all the time."

After a little, while he still poured out his plans and his dreams before her, he noticed that she was not listening. She was watching him, but he could see by her eyes that her thoughts were not on his words and he demanded quickly, "What's the matter? What are you thinking about?"

She turned her head away, would not look at him. "I was just wondering if a reporter works very hard."

"Why, they invented work!" Perry told her laughingly. "Hardest work in the world—for nerves and mind and muscles. But good fun too. The best of fun. Why were you wondering?"

"Well, you see," said Camilla, "I've always said I wanted to—to marry a working man."

Perry stared at her; he looked quickly round the crowded restaurant and he leaned across the table.

"Milla," he whispered, "you don't dare say that to me when there's no one round!"

Camilla's eyes were sparkling.

"You know, Perry," she told him, "I never take a dare."

Perry got up; the waiter scurried to his side.

"Check," said Perry abruptly.

The waiter looked in some consternation at the scarcely touched food upon the table.

"Is anything wrong, sir?" he asked solicitously.

Perry laughed.

"Everything's eternally right," he said. "But hurry with that check, man."

A moment later he had paid, and having paid he turned to Camilla. He looked down at her for a moment without speaking, then he said: "Milla, let's get out of here."

And Camilla, rising, answered readily: "Yes, let's, Perry."

(THE END)

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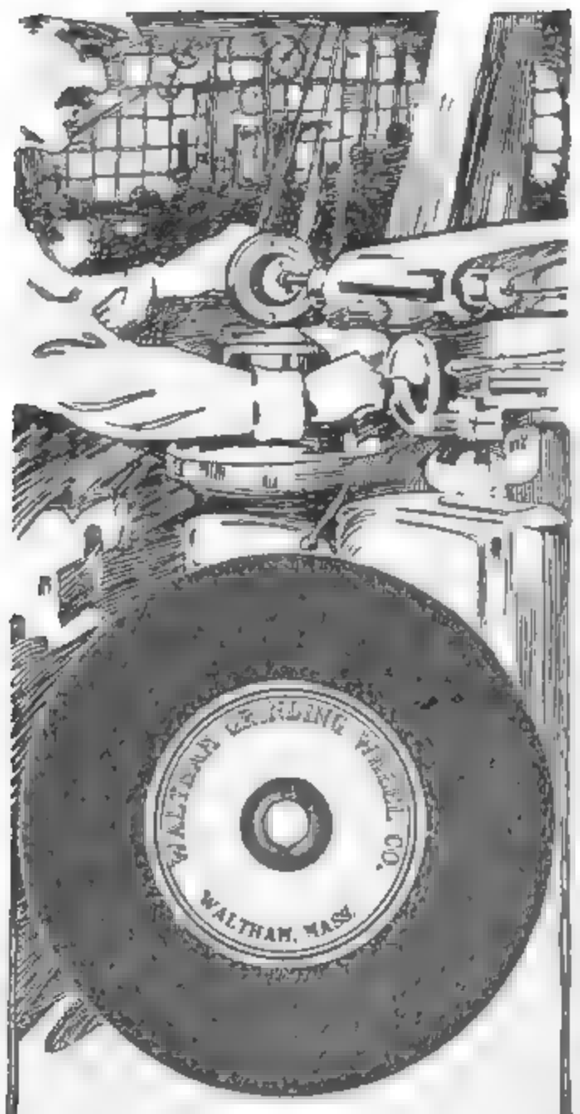

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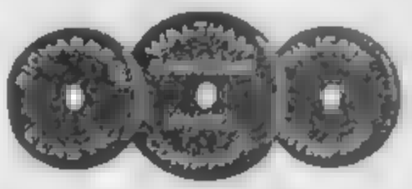

Waltham Grinding Wheel Co.
Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

MISTER LADY LUCK

(Continued from Page 15)

The Wildcat's passenger leaped from the surging shoulders beneath him.

At dawn, with his tongue hanging out a mile, the Wildcat eased his pace and when a familiar stretch of the river lay before him he paused long enough to roll a log down the bank. He swam to the log, and early in the afternoon the houses of the African coast town lay before him. He drifted into the bay and thirty minutes later he was being hauled over the side of a cutter which had swung away from the United States Destroyer Graykill. Aboard the destroyer the Wildcat heard English spoken by white men for the first time in many days. It sounded good to his ears.

"Boy, you say dis boat's boun' fo' Bo'deaux?"

"Bordeaux, Le Havre and then across the Channel."

"Me, I unloads at Bo'deaux."

The Wildcat in his gratitude at getting some place where white folks was resolved to accept whatever fate might await him at the hands of the military avengers of Base Section Number 2.

Three days later the Wildcat walked up the stone quay at Bordeaux. He headed for the Allés de Tourny.

"Boun' to meet some boy there—some boy I knows."

An M. P. hailed him:

"Get out of town by twelve o'clock. She's a closed burg in the afternoon."

Again the old fear of the law surged over him. His feet led him down the Rue Ste.-Catherine and presently between the Midi Station and the railway bridge across the Garonne he flipped a run-down rattling little wreck of a freight train. The Wildcat hoped that mebbe he was headed toward Lady Luck. He felt that he was starting out in life with a fresh deal. His capital consisted of a pair of overworked dice, his discharge papers and a handful of the jazz beans.

Softly to a cadence of flat wheels, high centers and low joints, he sang:

I kin ride a freight train,
I don' pay no fare.
I kin ride a freight train
mos' anywhere.
Dat's de reason Ise happy
as a bee—
I don' bother work,
Work don' bother me.

In the outskirts of Paris the Wildcat ate himself a jazz bean and got sassy with an M. P.

"Mebbe I got a mil'tary bearin', boy," he said. "Mebbe dese spiral leggin's is mil'tary. Mebbe I got mil'tary pants, mebbe I looks mil'tary to you, but me an' de Army got a divo'ce a long time ——"

Whang! A quick swing with a loaded club tamed the military Wildcat considerably.

"Yessuh! What you says I does."

"Come on with me and shut up."

The M. P. wandered across the freight yards to the telephone booth. He rang headquarters:

"A. W. O. L. nigger. I'll hold him until you come."

An hour later the Wildcat dragged his remains through the portal of the guardhouse in Paris.

"One thing sure," he reflected, "I eats. An' that's the best news my stummik's heard fo' a week."

Mess call sounded. The Wildcat and a long line of victims of his color formed in the bull pen. Forty feet away was a similar line of white soldiers and beyond them a small and more select aggregation of spur-wearing officers. A unit of this Sam Browne group, looking about him, saw the Wildcat.

"Wildcat," he called, "come here!" He turned to the sergeant of the guard near him. "I want to speak to that nigger a minute."

The Wildcat heard an old familiar voice.

"Cap'n, yessuh!" he replied instinctively.

He looked round him and in an instant his eyes fell upon his former commanding officer. Captain Jack looked considerably run down.

"Sho' is proud to see you, cap'n. Looks like dese triflin' cooks ain't fed yo' much. You's thin. Lemme bring you a mess kit f'm de otheh line. Dey feeds heavy over whah us boys is. Cap'n, how come you here?"

Before Captain Jack could reprimand the Wildcat for his impertinent curiosity a sergeant of the guard stepped up to the Wildcat and addressed him:

"Are you Vitus Marsden?"

"'At's me," the Wildcat said.

"Beat it! We can't hold you. The records show you were discharged from the Army five weeks ago. Get out!"

"Sahgeant, 'at's what I tol' 'at boy, but he sapped me oveh de head an' brought me heah. Me, I looks mil'tary, but ——"

A sudden spark of hope burned in Captain Jack's heart.

"When you get out, Wildcat, hunt up Senator Benton and tell him I am here."

"Cap'n, you means Judge Sam what was in de state house when yo' pappy was gov'neh?"

"I mean Judge Sam. He is in Paris. Find him and tell him I am here."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat left the guardhouse one meal ahead of the game. On his way out he accumulated a pretty fair-looking overseas cap and a blouse that was hanging on the wall.

"I looks all run down. Dese army clo's belongs to some boy 'at kin git more f'm ol' supply sahgeant."

Three blocks from the guardhouse the Wildcat festooned the new blouse about his military bearing. He looked at the chevrons on the sleeve of the blouse.

"I see Ise a sahgeant again. Wish I could git me a coat wid bahs on de shouldehs. Sahgeant beats nuthin'."

In front of one of the cafés on the boulevard the Wildcat forgot that his present object in life was to find the senator. Inside the café on a little stage a pair of languid Jamaica dancers were doing the best they could to agitate the dust under their feet with a soft-shoe performance. At the conclusion of their efforts the Wildcat, still going a million under the surge of the potent jazz bean which he had eaten, gave his itching feet permission to see what they could do. At first his steps synchronized with the cadence of Casey Jones. Presently having exhausted his repertoire of funereal music he kicked into some steps in which the spark of life still flamed.

Halfway through this intermediate movement he crunched his teeth down on one of the jazz beans and then in the resulting tornado of foot work he became conscious of a cyclonic crescendo of applause which swelled about him. He heard the clink of silver coins falling at his feet. He stopped suddenly and accumulated his winnings which lay thick about him.

"Fifty-five, sixty, eighty, a hund'ed! Hund'ed an' seven!" He made his way grandly to a table at which there was a vacant seat. "Easy come, easy go. Is you got any high-toned drinks?"

The waiter, trained to but one reply, answered him: "Voilà, m'sieur."

Presently the waiter returned with a quart of champagne. At the popping of the cork the Wildcat's chest extended another foot. The proprietor of the café hurried toward him.

"M'sieur Nagur, for three dances afternoon and evening two hundred francs a day!"

The suddenness of the transaction left the Wildcat a little in doubt.

"You mean you pays me two hund'ed francs for burnin' mah foot six times?"

The discussion of the contract was interrupted. Senator Benton stood before the Wildcat. The Wildcat jumped to his feet.

"Judge, suh, 'scuse me fo' sittin' down whilst yo' is standin'. How is yo'? I ain't seed yo' since befo' de wah begun, back in ——"

"Come along here." The senator spoke briefly.

"Judge, yessuh."

The Wildcat left his champagne untouched, left his two hundred francs a day, left the bright lights and followed a voice which he had known. For a while the senator questioned him and then in a breath he fixed the Wildcat's immediate future.

"I am here on this Peace Congress business. I want you to take care of me as long as we are in France. I will take you with me when I go back."

"Judge, yessuh. Sho' is gran' to meet up wid yo'. Sho' is proud to take care of yo'. 'Ceptin' when I gits back—Cap'n Jack needs me when I gits back at Memphis."

At the mention of Captain Jack's name the senator exhibited a wide-eyed interest.

"Son, where do you suppose Captain Jack is now?"

"Las' I seed him he was standin' in de mess line oveh at de guardhouse. I 'spect ——"

"What guardhouse? Here in Paris, do you mean?"

"Judge, yessuh. Place whah at de backslid officehs goes when dey ketches 'em—A. W. O. Loose."

The senator stepped into a taxicab.

"Sit on the front seat with the man. Tell him to drive to Paris headquarters, A. E. F."

"Judge, yessuh." The Wildcat turned to the chauffeur. "Boy, ramble. Headquarters, A. E. F."

The chauffeur looked at him.

"Como?"

"Start quick or I'll como you. Me and de judge wants to go where at de mil'tary gin'rals is "

The chauffeur took a long chance and guessed right.

An hour later an order was issued paroling Captain Jack until his case could come up for a rehearing. In brief, as far as his military confinement was concerned, his troubles were over. Leaving headquarters the Wildcat carried the senator's coat. He fell in three paces behind him and thus they marched to the senator's hotel.

The next day in the offices of the American delegates the Wildcat was officially installed as the senator's messenger. In reality he functioned as a continuous vaudeville performance for the senator and his associates in the great rooms where big men and little were adjusting the past, present and future states of little nations and big ones.

After a few days there were moments when the Wildcat found time hanging heavily on his hands. He tried in vain to interest the French servants in the business of toying with the risk cubes.

"Boy, let me show you." He produced the baby gallopers from his watch pocket. "You lays down five francs. You speaks to 'em gentle. Yo' agitates 'em. Yo' lets 'em ramble. Whang! An' they reads seven. Yo' wins five francs."

"Zis is not ze same as roulette." The French messenger shrugged his shoulders. "It is not interesting."

"What's dis roulette?"

"Ze wheel wiz numbers. Ze leetle ball spins. You lay five francs. Voilà! Ze five francs is lost."

"You play de losin' games. Leave me de baby cubes an' Lady Luck—I sho' craves action."

For a period of ten days the Wildcat lived a prosaic life in which gambling had no part and then one day, no longer able to endure a riskless career, he took a piece of chalk and numbered the six blades of the electric fan which whirled above the senator's desk. It was early morning and except for a small group of minor French

(Concluded on Page 91)

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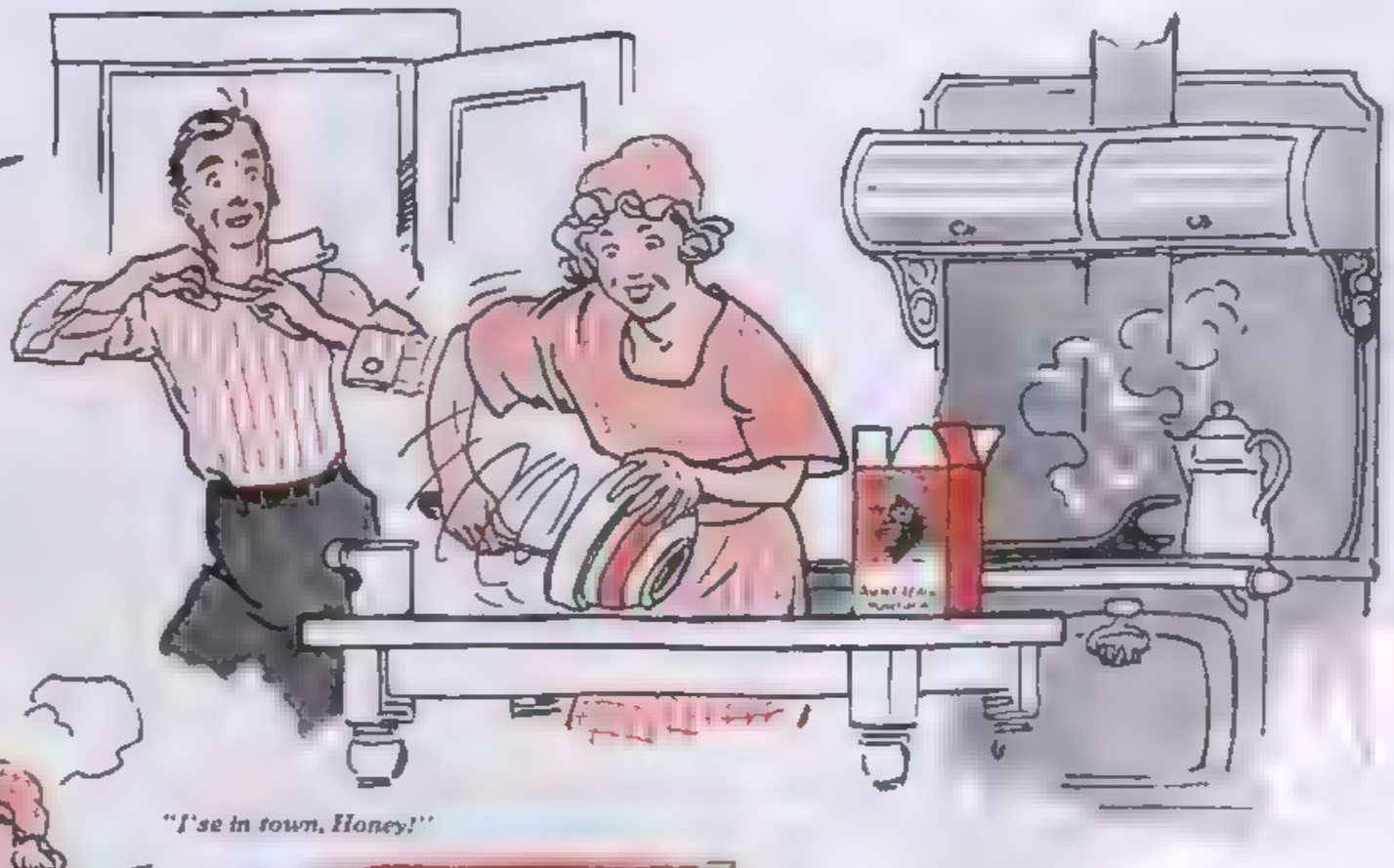
"great guns!"

– you've overslept!

never heard the old clock clang its head off and give up in despair—would have slept till noon if Ole Sol hadn't looked in the window. You paddle off to shave while "the wife" streaks for the kitchen.

a hurry call for breakfast–

can't go without breakfast—what'll be the quickest thing? Aunt Jemima Pancakes, of course. Nary an egg, nary a drop of milk, no baking powder does she have to use! Just a cup of water to an equal cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, and—zzz—they're sizzling on the griddle before you have tied your tie.



"I'se in town, Honey!"

—and she can't help but think, as she watches you off to work—of all those eggs, milk, baking powder and things she saved by using Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

a regular breakfast

piping hot!—right off the griddle—a REGULAR breakfast after all—with time to spare.

the breakfast that saved the day!

(Concluded from Page 86)

employees and himself the offices were deserted. On the back of the number-three blade, opposite the six, the Wildcat—unobserved—stuck a wad of denatured chewing gum.

"I craves to gum up de game a little. It helps de percentage."

He addressed the audience:

"Frogs, rally roun'. You boys claims you knows roulette. I'll roulette you some."

He pointed to the fan.

"Bets five francs on de six."

The bystanders were quick to assimilate this new diversion.

The senator came in at ten o'clock just as the Wildcat was counting his accumulated winnings.

"Run these Frenchmen out of here, son," the senator ordered. "Tell that major out there in charge of those troops I want to see him a minute."

The major came in.

"They will be here any minute now," the senator said. "I want you to do just one thing: Keep the newspaper men away until after this meeting is ended, and keep the crowds back. Tell the newspaper men I will see them at noon."

Prompted by an instinct which he could not define, the major commanding the guard of honor saluted this civilian before he left the senator's office. Twelve minutes later the great men had been greeted by the senator. One of them looked at the senator and nodded toward the Wildcat.

"This man?" he questioned.

"An ignorant nigger—my personal servant."

The Wildcat withdrew to one corner of the room where for a while he watched the two white gentlemen who were speaking in low voices with Senator Sam. Presently the Wildcat's head drooped and he was asleep. He was wakened a few moments later by the senator:

"Son, if you have any dice with you let me have them. I want your dice or a deck of cards."

The senator turned to his two associates:

"We are men of action. Long-winded debates make no hit with me. The quickest way to settle this deadlock is to shake dice for it or cut the cards."

"Agreed."

The diplomat spoke quickly. In the eyes of the other great man there flashed a twinkle of amused consent.

"Impractical," he said. "Especially the dice business. Not, however, that I suspect the senator. Roulette might ——"

The Wildcat handed the senator the baby gallopers.

"Judge, they sevens strong," he whispered. The senator handed them back to him.

"We won't use them. Have you got any cards?"

"Judge, no suh."

The Wildcat got the roulette suggestion made by the great man. "On dull days us boys roulettes wid de 'lectric fan."

"Not bad." The senator pointed to the electric fan above his head. He addressed his two associates: "Six-bladed roulette, if you are agreeable." The diplomat nodded his head. This was a game he understood. The other smiled.

"Quite so," he said. The senator turned to the Wildcat.

"Start this fan when we tell you to. Shut her off and let her whirl when either of these gentlemen give you the word."

The Wildcat reached for the switch and stood ready to function as Fate's assistant engineer.

"We shall each select a number," the great man said. "It is understood that the policies of the winner shall obtain in each debated instance without further argument."

The senator nodded.

"You said it."

"I agree." The diplomat relaxed.

"I play the one spot," the great man interrupted. "Unity of empire."

"Liberty, equality, fraternity," quoted the diplomat. "The great triumvirate. I select number three."

The Wildcat remembered the wad of gum which adhered to one of the blades of the fan.

"Fo' a killin', judge, I advises de six."

"I shall play the six," the senator announced. "Shoot!"

For the space of thirty minutes the fate of nations swayed with the swing of the Wildcat's wrist upon the electric switch. The session ended. The great man staggered to his feet and extended his hand.

"I congratulate you, senator. You can report complete success—except in the detail of Mesopotamia."

The diplomat applied a delicate linen handkerchief to his perspiring brow. He relapsed into his native language.

"*Mon dieu!*" he said. "In thirty minutes we have accomplished those things for which the diplomats of the world have struggled in vain throughout a period of five months. *Diable!* Not once did I win."

The senator escorted his visitors to the door of his office. As they left the building long lines of soldiers executed sudden and violent military honors.

Inside the senator's office the Wildcat said "'Scuse de compliment, judge—I jes' say you cleaned up big whuteveh it wuz."

The senator smiled at the Wildcat.

"Damndest run of luck I've had since that poker game in Vicksburg."

For the Space of Thirty Minutes the Fate of Nations Swayed With the Swing of the Wildcat's Wrist Upon the Electric Switch

"Ol' chewin'-gum percentage sure done noble."

"The what?"

The Wildcat reached up and removed the ball of gum from the blade of the fan. The senator fell back in his chair.

"When did you load that fan?"

"Judge, me an' Lady Luck had to amputate dese frogs loose f'm dey triflin' francs. I fixed de wheel when ——"

Heavily and silently the senator began to laugh.

"Tell the guard at the door that I will see the newspaper gentlemen now," he said. "Give me that gum."

The Wildcat handed the senator the little ball of chewing gum.

"Judge, yessuh."

As the senator and the Wildcat left the office they were confronted by Captain Jack.

"I want to speak with you, sir. Come back to your office with me."

The senator smiled at the impetuous officer.

"Inasmuch as my incapable shoulders are at the moment bowing beneath a load of responsibility greater than old man Atlas ——"

"Regular orating politician—my troubles would make two loads for Atlas. I'll only keep you a minute."

Followed by the Wildcat, the senator and Captain Jack entered the senator's office. The senator looked at Captain Jack.

"Shoot!" he said.

Captain Jack took a deep breath. "Your lady daughter," he began—"your lady daughter has just promised to marry me—at once—here in Paris."

The senator was silent.

"It's up to you to arrange the details—I'm crazy. I'm getting crazier every second."

The senator looked long at Captain Jack. Finally he smiled.

"No more oats, Jackie? Sure there'll be no more wild days?"

"You know the blood, sir," Captain Jack said.

The senator put his arm about the boy's shoulders.

"Happiness be with you! Where do we go from here?" He turned to the Wildcat. "Bring me my coat."

"And after it's over," Captain Jack confided with a smile, "the lady girl and I are going home where the mockin' birds and magnolias are and live forever and ever."

The Wildcat could restrain himself no longer.

"Cap'n Jack, suh," he said, "when does we staht?"

The senator turned to him quickly.

"Who in hell do you think you belong to?" he said.

The Wildcat faced the place of decision. He hesitated only an instant.

"Judge, suh, I 'spect Ise Cap'n Jack's boy." The senator looked at him.

"What do you mean by expectin' round where gentlemen are? I expect I'll kill you to-night."

"Judge, yessuh."

Captain Jack spoke up:

"Let's cut the cards for him. Anyway, he'll be waiting for you when you get back."

The senator tamed down.

"Wildcat, whirl that fan. Pick your number to come up, Jackie," he said. "I take six."

Captain Jack looked at the fan.

"Three for me—directly opposed to you."

The Wildcat reached behind him and picked up the little wad of gum which lay on the senator's desk.

"Lady Luck," he prayed, "stan' by me."

Unobserved he fixed the gum to a blade of the fan.

"You shoot the three," the senator said. "I play the six to win. Wildcat, turn her on." The fan spun for a moment. "Shut her off."

The senator gazed intently at the whirling blades. Finally they stopped.

"Damn!" he said. "The Army has all the luck. The second bet I've lost to-day. Mesopotamia first and now my Wildcat nigger."

Captain Jack smiled.

"When you get back, sir, you can have him."

"I'll go back with you," the senator said. "Let's get this wedding business over with."

Five days later Captain Jack and the lady girl were married in the presence of all the gold braid in Paris. Well in the background in the jungle of palms the Wildcat carrying Captain Jack's motor coat watched the deal.

"Lady Luck," he said, "yo' sho' done noble."

In the open sea off the mouth of the Gironde the lady girl got seasick. Captain Jack and the senator, resting in the lee of the chart room of the Texan, sent the Wildcat after their overcoats.

"Nothin' like keepin' warm," the senator said. "If she had put on her coat when I told her to she never 'd been sick."

"They never do what you tell 'em. I should think a man with your experience would know that."

The senator smiled.

"The years will bring you wisdom—at an enormous expense."

The Wildcat appeared with two overcoats. Captain Jack settled down in his. He thrust his hands deep in the side pockets. The fingers of his right hand encountered a pair of dice which he had borrowed from the Wildcat some weeks before. He fished them out and handed them to the Wildcat.

"Son, here's these gallopers of yours," he said. "They sure told me the truth a while back."

The Wildcat reached eagerly for his old familiar dice.

"Cap'n, yessuh. Babies, come to yo' manager. Cap'n Jack, suh, kin you 'scuse me fo' a few moments?"

The Wildcat went below. He sought out a group of the ship's crew.

"Where at's de boy what craved action?" he questioned loudly. "Ise commandin' twin clickers an' Ise rarin' to go."

One of the sailors looked at him.

"Shove off," he said.

The Wildcat threw a dollar bill to the desk.

"I stahts easy. Shoots a dollah."

The sailor covered the bet.

"Alabam'! Shoots two dollahs. Shower down yo' money. Dice, stay right! Missisip'! Wham! Shoots fo' dollahs. Us craves de navy jack. Shoots fo' dollahs. Any boy. Wham! An' I reads seven. Shoots eight dollahs. Shoots ——"

"Make it a hundred to keep th' pikers out." A sailor fished a thin roll of bills from the pocket of his blouse. "The Navy's goin' to eat you up."

The Wildcat hesitated only for a moment. He explored himself and came to the surface with enough to cover the bet.

"Lady Luck, at yo' feet! Gallopers. Ten-o-see—I reads 'leven! I lets it lay. Shoots two hund'ed. Army craves de Navy's blood."

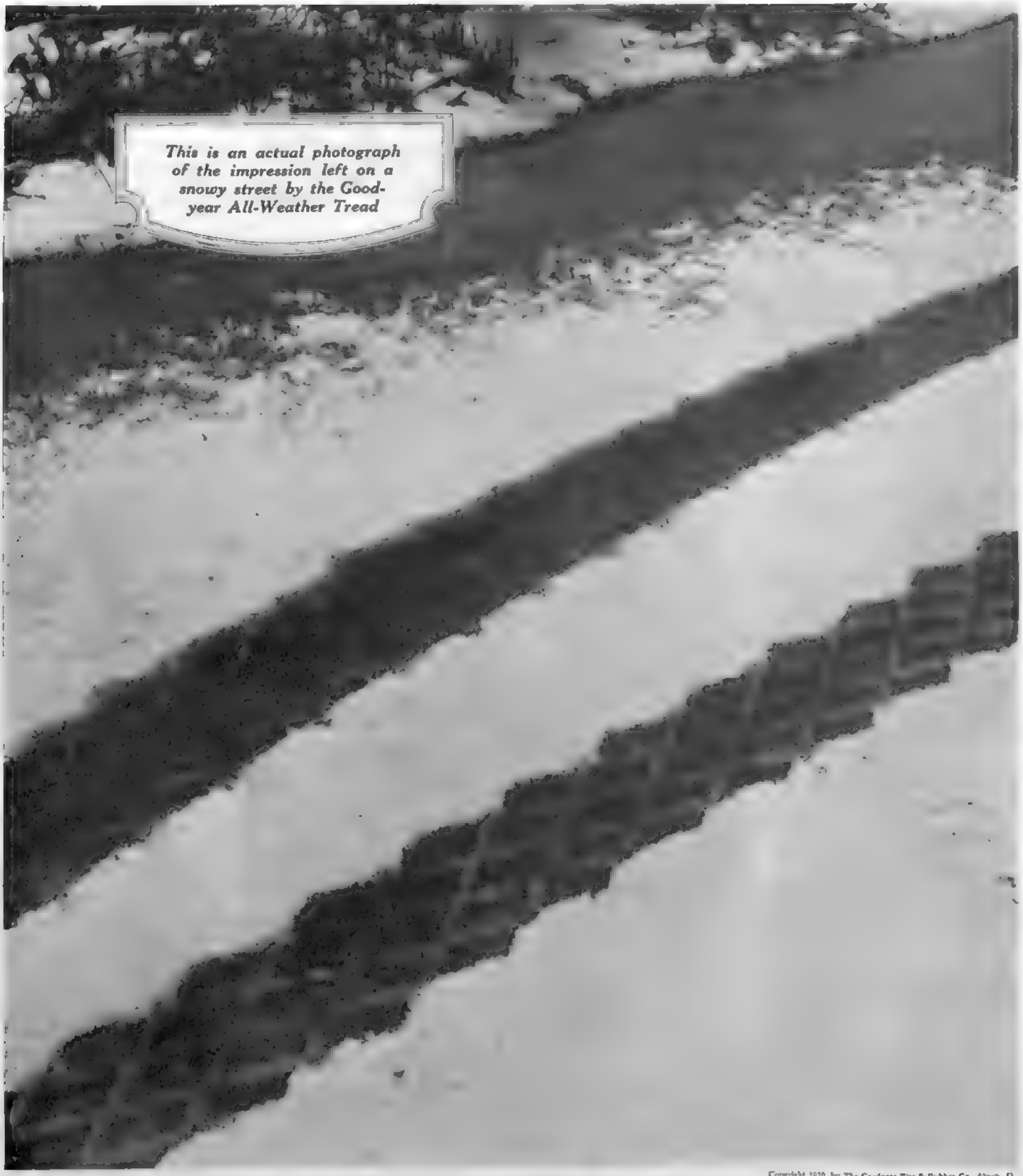
"I've got mine." The sailor who had lost turned away from the group. "I was bankin' heavy on that damn mascot. There's the son of a gun now. Sure a dirty day for me when I fished you out of the drink, you four-legged hoodoo!"

The Wildcat saw the goat, Lily, from whom he had parted in the river weeks before near St.-Sulpice.

"I quits," he said. "Dat goat died a long time back. Lily, is you a ghost or is you born again yo' sho' foun' Lady Luck."

The Wildcat's confidence swung back to the mascot whose official career had so deeply colored the mottled past.

"Lily, yo' devil," he said, "I don' know is you Jonah or ain't yo', but us is Memphis boun'—'at's why Ise as happy as a bumblebee—I don' botheh Lady Luck an' she don' botheh me."



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CORD TIRES

WHY MR. LOBEL HAD APOPLEXY

(Continued from Page 9)

me, Monte, give me footage on that kiss! That's it—hold it! Hold it! Keep on holding it!"

"But, Mr. Lobel, now," protested Colfax, born a Sims but living it down and feeling that never more than at this minute, when rudely the steersman's helm had been snatched from his grasp, was there greater need that he should be a Colfax through and through—"but, Mr. Lobel, it was my idea that up to this point anyway the action should be played with restraint to sort of prepare the way for ——"

"What do you mean restraint?"

"Well, I thought to emphasize what comes later—for a sort of comparative value—that if we were just a little subtle at the beginning ——"

"Sufficient, Colfax! Listen! Don't come talking to me about no subtles! When you're working the supporting members of the cast you maybe could stick in some subtles once in a while to salve them censors, but so far as Monte is concerned you leave 'em out!"

"But—but ——"

"Don't but me any buts! Listen! Ain't I taken my paralyzed oath that this here picture should make all the other vamp pictures which ever were taken look like pikers? I have! Listen! For Monte, the way I feel, I shouldn't care if she don't do a single subtle in the whole damn picture."

He had taken his paralyzed oath and he kept it. It was a wonderful story. The queen of the apaches, ruling the Parisian underworld by her fire, her beauty, her courage, accepts German gold to betray her country, attempts by siren wiles to seduce from the path of duty Capt. Stuyvesant Schuyler of the U. S. A. general staff; almost succeeds because of his blind passion for this glorious, sinful creature. At the crucial moment, when about to surrender to his Delilah secrets which would destroy the entire Allied cause and open the gates of Paris to the conquering foe, he is saved by a vision of his sainted, fade-in-and-fade-out mother's face. Overcome with remorse, he resigns his commission, and fleeing from temptation returns to America, a broken-hearted man; proves heart is broken by constantly pressing clenched hand to left breast as though to prevent pieces from slipping down into the abdominal cavity. Distress of the apache queen on finding her intended victim gone. Suddenly a real love, not the love of the wanton, but a purer, deeper emotion wakens in her breast. Close-up showing muscular reflexes produced upon the human face by wakening processes in the heart.

Quitting the gay life, she follows him to Land of Free. Finds him about to marry his sweetheart of childhood, a New York society girl worth uncounted millions but just middling looking. Prompt bust-up of childhood sweetheart's romance. Abandoning of social position, wealth, everything by Schuyler, who declares he will make the stranger his bride- accompanying subtitle, "What should we care what the world may say? For after all, love is all!" Discovery on day before marriage of papers proving that Lolita that's the lady apache's name is really Schuyler's half sister, due to carrying-on of Schuyler's late father as a young art student in Paris with Lolita's mother, a famous gypsy model. Renunciation by Lolita of Schuyler. Her suicide by imbibing poison from secret receptacle in ring. Schuyler, after registering copious grief, reenters American Army under assumed name as a private in the ranks. Returns to battlefield in time to take part in decisive action of the war. All the officers in his brigade above the rank of corporal having apparently been killed by one devastating blast of high explosive, he assumes command and leads dauntless charge of the heavy artillery through the Hindenburg Line. Is made a colonel on the spot. Rides up Fifth Avenue alongside of Pershing in grand triumphant parade of home-coming First Division, carrying a large flag and occasionally chatting pleasantly with Pershing. On eve of marriage to childhood's sweetheart, who remains faithful, he goes to lonely spot where Lolita lies buried and places upon the silent mound her favorite flower, a single long-stemmed tiger lily Fade out- finish!

Artistically, picturesquely, from the standpoint of timeliness, from the standpoint of vampirishness, from any standpoint at all, it satisfied fully every demand. It was one succession of thrilling, gripping, heart-lifting scenes set amid vividly contrasting surroundings—the lowest dive in all Paris; the citadel at Verdun; grand ballroom of the Schuyler mansion at Newport; the Place Vendôme on a day when it was entirely unoccupied except by moving-picture actors; Fifth Avenue on its most gala occasion—these were but a few samples. The subtitles fairly hissed to the sibilant swishing of such words as traitress, temptress, tigress and sorceress. And the name of it—you'd never guess—the name of it was The She-Demon's Doom! When Mr. Lobel spoke those words inspired he literally took them up in his arms and fondled them and kissed them on the temples. And why not? They were his own brain children.

He had kept his paralyzed word and he could prove it. For because this Vida Monte was one of those mimetic pieces of flesh which, without any special mental coöperation, may alter the body, the face, the muscles, the expression, the very look out of the eyes, to suit the demands of prompters and teachers; because of the plan of direction so powerfully engineered by the master mind of Lobel and, under Lobel, the lesser mind of Colfax, born Sims; because of the very nature of the rôle of Lolita the abandoned, this picture was more daring, more sensual, more filled up with voluptuous suggestion, with coiling, clinging, writhing snakiness, with rampant, naked sexuality—in short and in fine was more vampirishly vampiratious than this, the greatest of all modern mediums for the education, the moral uplift and the entertainment of the masses, had ever known.

And then one week to the day after Mr. Lobel shot the last scene she up and died on him.

That is to say, a woman named Glassman, a Hungarian by birth, in age thirty-two years, widowed and without children or known next of kin, died in a small bungalow in a small town up in the coast range north of Los Angeles. When the picture was done and Vida Monte took off the barbaric trappings and the heavy paste jewels and the clinging reptilian half gowns of the rôle she played, with them she took off and laid aside the animal emotionalism, the theatricalistic fever and fervor, the passion and the lure that professionally made up Vida Monte, movie star. She took off even the very aspect of herself as the show shop and as patrons of the cinemas knew her; and she put on a simple traveling gown and she tucked her black hair up in coils beneath a severely plain hat and she became what really she was and always had been a quiet, self-contained, frugal and except for her splendid eyes, her fine figure and her full mobile mouth a not particularly striking-looking woman, by name Sarah Glassman, which was, in fact, her name; and quite alone she got on a train and she went up into the foothills to a tiny bungalow which she had rented there for a month or so to live alone, to do her own simple housekeeping, to sew and to read and to rest.

It was the day after the taking of the last segment of the picture that she went away. It was four days later that she sickened of the Spanish influenza, so called. It was not Spanish and not influenza, though by any other name it would have been as deadly in its devastating sweep across this country. And it was within forty-eight hours after that, on a November afternoon, that word came to the Lobel plant that she was dead. Down there they had not known even that she was sick.

"The doctor in that there little jay town up there by the name Hamletsburg is the one which just gets me on the long-distance telephone and tells me that she died maybe half an hour ago."

Mr. Lobel in his private office was telling it to Vice President Quinlan and Secretary-Treasurer Geltfin, the only two among his associates that his messenger had been able to find about the executive department at the moment. He continued:

"Coming like a complete shock, you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather, I assure you. For a minute I couldn't believe it. This doctor he has to say it to me twice before I get it into my head. Shocking—huh? Sudden—huh? Awful—what? You bet you! That poor girl, for her my heart is bleeding. Dead and gone like that, with absolutely practically no warning! It don't seem possible! Taken down day before yesterday, the doctor says, and commenced getting from bad to worse right away. And this morning she goes out of her head and at two-forty-five this afternoon all of a sudden her heart gives out on her and she is dead before anybody knows it. Awful, awful!"

Mr. Lobel wagged a mournful poll.

"More than awful—actually it is horrifying!" quoth Mr. Geltfin. Visibly at least his distress seemed greater than the distress of either of the others. "All off alone up there by herself in some little rube town it must come to her! Maybe if she had been down here with specialists and surgeons and nurses and all she would 'a' been saved. Too bad, too bad! People got no business going away from a big town! Me, I get nervous even on a motor trip in the country and ——"

"Everything possible which could be done was done," resumed Mr. Lobel. "So you don't need you should worry there, Geltfin. The doctor tells me he can't get no regular trained nurse on account there is so much sickness from this flu and no regular nurses there anyway, but he tells me he brings in his wife which she understands nursing and he says the wife sticks right there day and night and gives every attention. There ain't nothing we should reproach ourselves about, and besides we didn't know even she was sick—nobody knew.

"Dead and gone, poor girl, and not one week ago—six days, if I got to be exact—she is sitting right there in that same seat where you're sitting now, Geltfin, looking just as natural and healthy as what you look, Geltfin; looking just as if nothing is ever going to happen to her."

Mr. Geltfin had hastily risen and moved nearer the outer door.

"An awful thing—that flu!" he declared. "Lobel, do you think maybe she could 'a' had the germs of it on her then?"

"Don't be a coward, Geltfin!" rebuked his senior severely. "Look at me how I am not frightened, and yet it was me she seen last, not you! Besides, only to-day I am reading where that big doctor in Cincinnati, Ohio—Silverwater—says it is not a disease which you could catch from somebody else until after they have actually got down sick with it. Yes, sir, she sits right there telling me good-by. 'Mr. Lobel,' she says to me—I had just handed her her check—'Mr. Lobel,' she says, 'always to you,' she says, 'I should be grateful. Always to you,' she says, 'I should give thanks that two years ago when I am practically comparatively unknown you should 'a' given me my big chance.' In them very words she says it, and me setting here at this desk listening at her while she said so!

"Well, I ain't lost no time, boys. Before even I sent to find you I already got busy. I've got Appel starting for up there in half an hour in my car to take charge of everything and with orders to spare no expense. The funeral what I am going to give that girl! Well, she deserves it. Always a hard worker, always on the job, always she minds her own business, always she saves her money, always a perfect lady, never throwing any of these here temperamentals, never going off in any of these here hysterics, never making a kick if something goes wrong because it happens I ain't on hand to run things, never ——"

It threatened to become a soliloquy. This time it was Quinlan who interrupted:

"You said it all, Lobel, and it's no need that you should go on saying it any more. The main points, I take it, are that we're all sorry and that we've lost one swell big asset by her dying—only it's lucky for us she didn't take ill before we got through shooting The She-Demon."

"Lucky? Huh! Actually, lucky ain't the right word for it!" said the president. "When I think of the fix we should 'a' been in if she hadn't finished up the picture first, I assure you, boys, it gives me the shivers. Right here and now in the middle of being sorry it gives me the shivers!"

"It does, does it?" There was something so ominous in Mr. Geltfin's sadly ironic remark something in tone and accent so lugubriously foreboding that his hearers swung about to stare at him. "It does, does it? Well, all what I've got to say is, Lobel, you've got some shivers coming to you! We've all got some shivers coming to us! Having this girl die on us is bad business!"

"Sure it is," agreed the head, "but it might be worse. There's one awful big salary cut off the pay roll and if we can't have her with us no longer there's nobody else can have her. And the profits from that last picture should ought to be something positively enormous—stupendous—sensational. Listen! I bet you that from the hour we release ——"

"You ain't going to release!" broke in Geltfin, his wizen features sharpening into a peaky mask of grief.

"Don't talk foolishness!" snapped Mr. Lobel. "For why shouldn't we be going to release?"

"That's it—why?" Mr. Quinlan seconded the demand.

"Because you wouldn't dare do it!" In his desire to make clear his point Mr. Geltfin fairly shoveled the words out of himself, bringing them forth overlapping one another like shingles on a roof. "Because the public wouldn't stand for it! Always you brag, Lobel, that you know what the public want! Well then, would the public stand for a picture where a good, decent, straight girl that's dead and will soon be in her grave is for six reels doing all them suggestive vampire stunts like what you yourself, Lobel, made her do? Would the public stand for calling a dead woman names like she-demon? They would not—not in a thousand years—and you should both know it without I should have to tell you! With some pretty rough things we could get by, but with that thing we could never get by! The public, I tell you, would not stand for it. No, sir; when that girl died the picture died with her. You just think it over once!"

Out of popped eyes he glared at them. They glared at him, then they looked at each other. Slowly Mr. Lobel's head drooped forward as though an unseen hand pressed against the back of his neck. Quinlan casting his eyes downward traced with one toe the pattern of the rug under his feet.

On top of one sudden blow, heavy and hard to bear, another now had followed. Since Lobel had become one of the top-notchers with a reputation to maintain, expenses had been climbing by high jumps, but receipts had not kept pace with expenses. There were the vast salaries which even the lesser drawing cards among the stars now demanded—and got. There were war taxes, excess profit taxes, amusement taxes. There was to be included in the reckoning the untimely fate of Let Freedom Ring, a vastly costly thing and quickly laughed to death, yet a smarting memory still. Its failure had put a crimp in the edge of the exchequer. This stroke would run a wide fluting of deficit right through the middle of it.

The pall of silence lasted no longer than it has here taken to describe how it fell and enveloped them. Mr. Geltfin broke the silence without lifting the prevalent gloom. Indeed his words but depressingly served to darken it to a very hue of midnight.

"Besides," he added, "there is anyhow another reason. We know what a nice clean girl she was in private life. We know that all them wild romance stories about her was cooked up in the press department to make the suckers believe that both on and off the screen she was the same. But she wasn't, and so I for one should be afraid that if we put that fillum out she'd come back from the dead to stop it!"

He sank his voice, glancing apprehensively over his shoulder.

"Lobel, you wouldn't dare do it!"

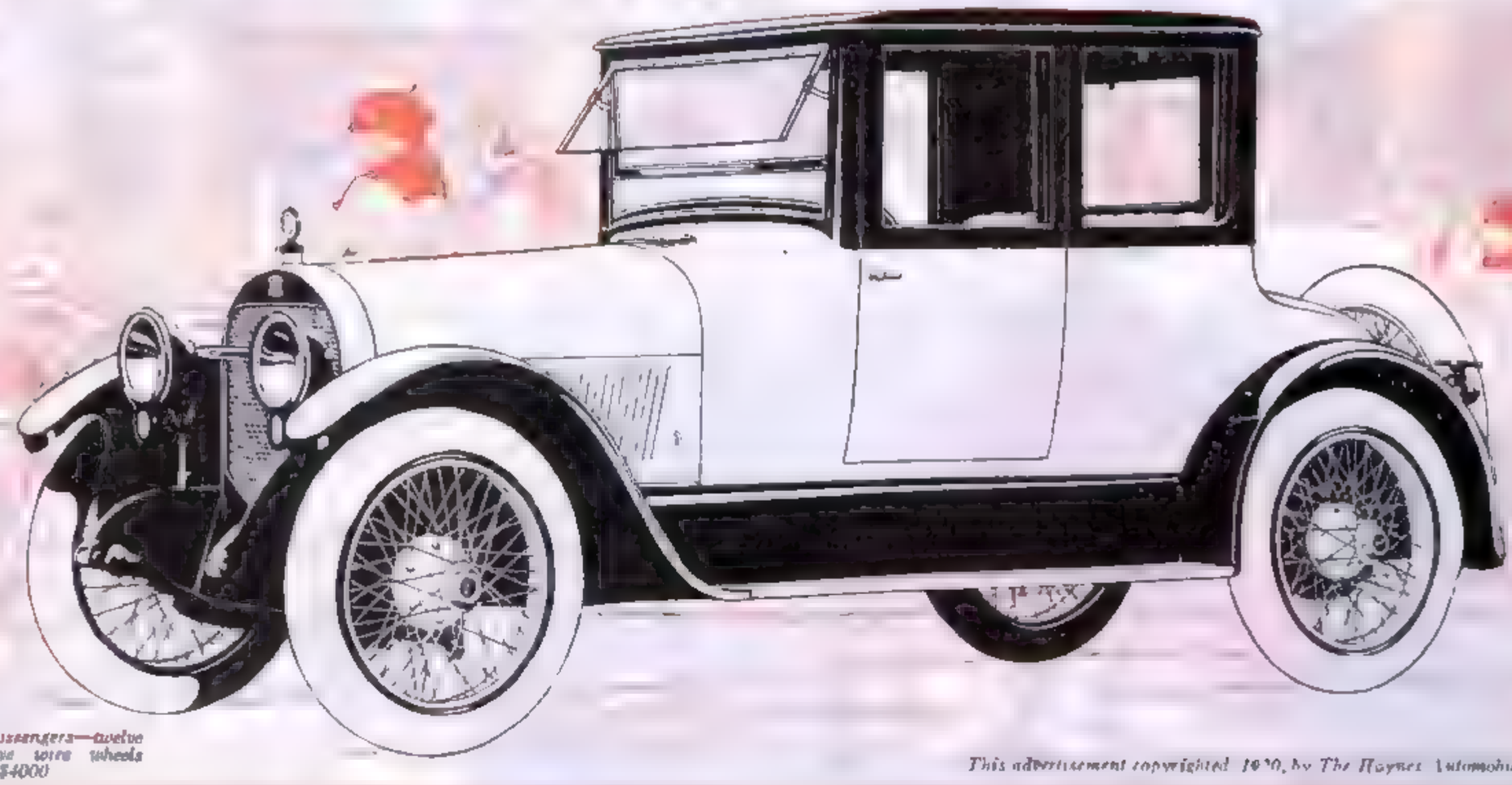
"Lobel," said Quinlan, "he's right! We wouldn't dare do it!"

"Quinlan," admitted Lobel, "it's right—I wouldn't dare do it."

In that same instant of his confession, though, Mr. Lobel bounded out of his chair, magically changing from a dumpy static figure of woe into the dynamo of energy and resourcefulness the glassed-in studios knew.

"I got it!" he whooped. "I got it!" He threw himself at an inner door of the executive suite and jerked it open. "Appel," he shouted, "don't start yet! I got more instructions still for you. And say, Appel, you ain't seen nobody but only Quinlan and Geltfin—eh? You ain't told nobody only just them? Good! Well, don't! Don't telephone nobody! Don't speak a word to nobody! Don't move from where you are!"

(Continued on Page 98)



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Has a toughness and elasticity that resists the trying wear floors get. Holds its lustre against repeated cleaning and stands up under the wear of walking, dancing and moving about of furniture.

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CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES, COLORS AND WOOD PRESERVATIVES

(Continued from Page 94)

He closed the door and stood against it as though to hold his private secretary a close prisoner within, and faced his amazed partners.

"It's a cinch!" he proclaimed to them. "I just this minute thought it up myself. If I must say it myself, always in a big emergency I can think fast. Listen! Nobody ain't going to know Monte is dead; not for a year, not maybe for two years; not until this last big picture is old and worn out; not until we get good and ready they should know. Vida Monte, she goes right on living till we say the word."

"But—but ——"

"Wait, wait, can't you? If I must do all the quick thinking for this shop shouldn't I sometimes get a word in sideways? What I'm telling you, if you'll please let me, is this: The girl is dead all right! But nobody knows it only me and you, Quinlan, and you, Geltfin, and Appel in this next room here. Even the doctor up there at Hamletsburg he don't know it and his wife she don't know it and nobody in all that town knows it. And why don't they know? Because they think only it is a woman named Sarah Glassman that is dead. Actually that sickness no doubt changed her so that even if them rubes ever go to see high-class feature fillums there didn't nobody recognize her. If they didn't suspect nothing when she was alive for why should they suspect something now she is dead? They shouldn't and they won't and they can't!

"What give me the idea was, I just remembered that when the doctor called me up he spoke only the name Glassman, not the name Monte. He tells me he calls up here because he finds in her room where she died a card with the name Lobel Masterfilms on it. And likewise also I just remembered that in the excitement of getting such a sad news over the telephone I don't tell him who really she is neither."

"Holy St. Patrick!" blurted Quinlan, up now on his feet. "You mean, Lobel——"

"Wait, wait, I ain't done—I ain't hardly started!" With flapperlike motions of his hands Mr. Lobel waved him down. "It's easy—a pipe. Listen! To date her salary is paid. The day she went away I gave her a check in full, and if she done what always before she does it's in the bank drawing interest. Let it go on staying in the bank drawing interest. So far as we know, she ain't got no people in this country at all. In the old country, in Hungary? Maybe, yes. But Hungary is yet all torn up by this war—no regular government there, no regular mails, no American consuls there, no nothing. Time for them foreigners that they should get their hands on her property one year from now or two years or three. They couldn't come to claim it even if we should notify them, which we can't. They don't lose nothing by waiting. Instead they gain—the interest it piles up.

"Should people ask questions, why then through the papers we give it out that Miss Vida Monte is gone far off away somewhere for a long rest; that maybe she don't take no more pictures for a long time. That should make The She-Demon go all the better. And to-morrow up there in that little rube town very quietly we bury Sarah Glassman, deceased, with the burial certificate made out in her own name." He paused a moment to enjoy his triumph. "Boys, when I myself think out something, am I right or am I wrong?"

He answered his own question.

"I'm right!"

By the look on Quinlan's face he read conviction, consent, full and hearty approval. But Geltfin wavered. Inside Geltfin superstition wrestled with opposing thoughts. Upon him then Lobel, the master mind, advanced, dominating the scene and the situation and determined also to dominate the lesser personality.

"But—but say—but look here now, Lobel," stammered Geltfin, hesitating on the verge of a decision, "she might come back."

"Geltfin," commanded Lobel, "you should please shut up. Do you want that we should make a lot of money or do you want that we should lose a lot of money? I ask you. Listen! The dead they don't come back. When just now you made your spiel, that part of it which you said about the dead coming back didn't worry me. It was the part which you said about the public not standing for it that got me, because for once, anyhow, in your life you were right and I give you right. But what the public don't know don't hurt 'em. And the public won't know. You leave it to me!"

It was as though this argument had been a mighty arm outstretched to shove him over the edge. Geltfin ceased to teeter on the brim—he fell in. He nodded in surrender and Lobel quit patting him on the back to wave the vice president into activity.

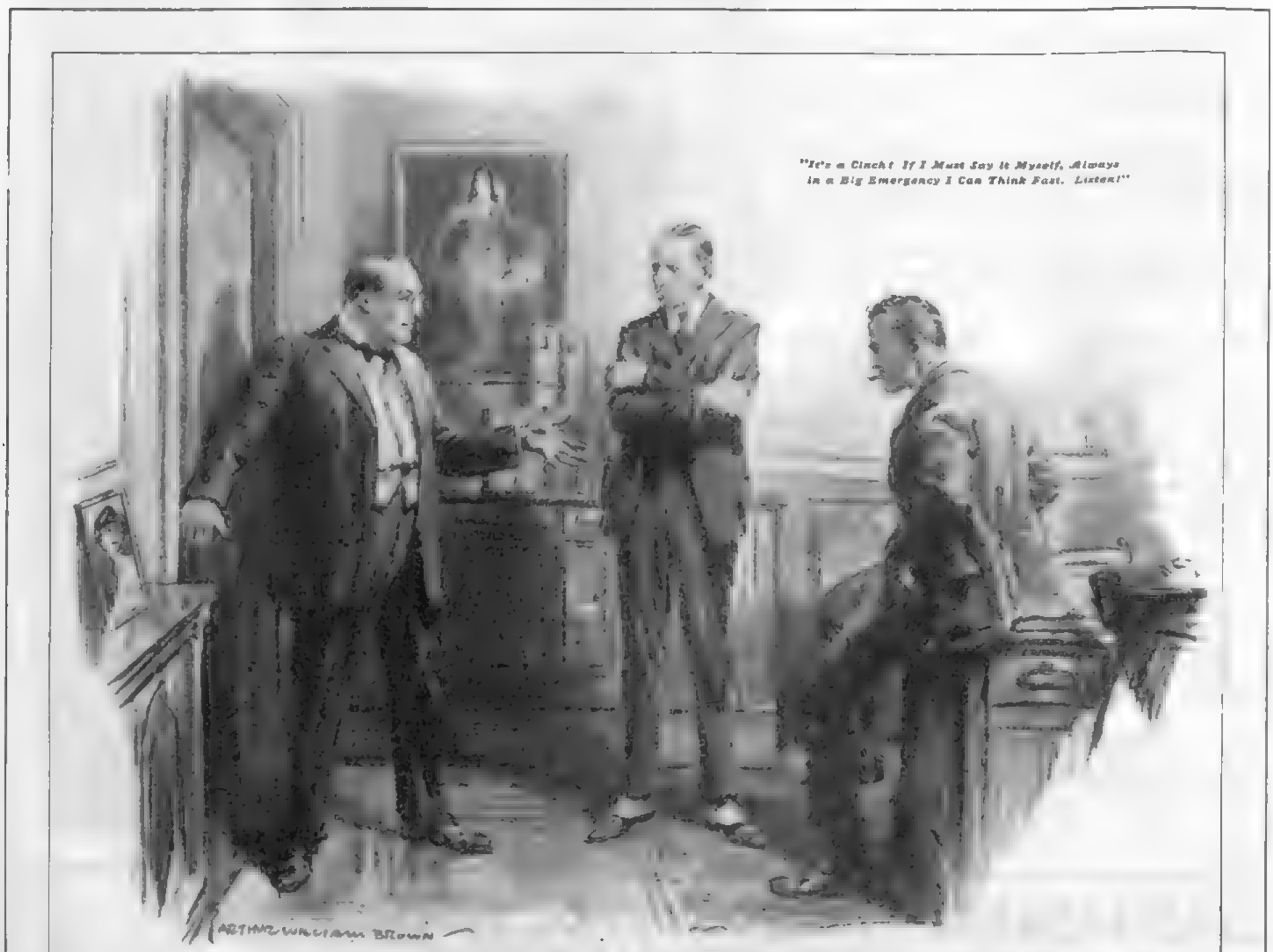
"Quinlan," he ordered as he might order an office boy, "get busy! Tell 'em to rush The She-Demon! Tell 'em to rush the subtitles and all! Tell 'em to rush out an announcement that the big fillum is going to be released two months before expected—on account the demand of the public is so strong to see sooner the greatest vampire feature ever fillumed."

Quinlan was no office boy, but he obeyed as smartly as might any newly hired office boy.

If it was Mr. Lobel's genius which guided the course of action, energizing and speeding it, neither could it be denied that circumstance and yet again circumstance and on top of that more circumstance matched in with hue and shade to give protective coloration to his plan. Continued success for it as time should pass seemed assured and guaranteed, seeing that Vida Monte, beyond the studios and off the locations, had all her life walked a way so secluded, so inconspicuous and so utterly commonplace that no human being, whether an attaché of the company or an outsider, would be likely to miss her, or missing her, to pry deeply into the causes for her absence. So much for the contingencies of the future as those in the secret foresaw it. As for the present, that was simplicity.

As quietly as she had moved in those earlier professional days of hers, when she played small rôles in provincial stock companies; as quietly as she had gone on living after film fame and film money came her way; as quietly as she had laid her down and died, so—very quietly—was her body put away in the little cemetery at Hamletsburg. To the physician who had ministered to her, to his good-hearted wife, to the official who issued the burial certificate, to the imported clergyman who held the service, to the few villagers who gathered

(Concluded on Page 101)



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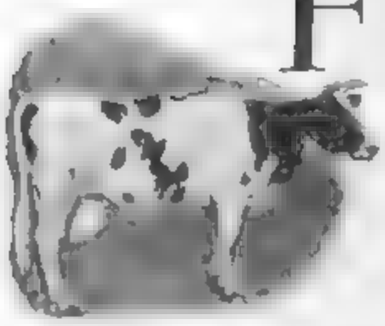

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Largest Producers of Powdered Milk in the World
Production in 1919—22,000,000 pounds, equivalent to 100,000,000 quarts

Klim Brand Separated Milk Powder is manufactured in Canada by the Canadian Milk Products, Ltd., Toronto

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y. (1)

Enclosed find One Dollar and Twenty five Cents ($1.25)—(checks, money orders, or currency accepted), for which send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream) and 1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk

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POWDERED MILK

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EDGE HOLDING TOOLS FOR EVERY CUTTING PURPOSE

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Edge-holding Simonds Alloy Steel Products — scientifically heat-treated, properly manufactured, keenly inspected are vouched for by thousands of satisfied customers the world over. Five factories, twelve branch houses throughout the country assure prompt and efficient service in exchange for your good will and patronage.

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Fitchburg, Mass. Made Right Since 1832

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SIMONDS SAW STEEL PRODUCTS

(Concluded from Page 98)

for the funeral, drawn by the morbid lure which in isolated communities brings folk to any funeral—to all of these the dead woman merely was a stranger with a strange name who temporarily abiding here had fallen victim to the plague which filled the land.

Of those who had a hand in the last mortal rôle she would ever play only Lobel's private secretary, young Appel, who came to pay the bills and take over the private effects of this Sarah Glassman and after some fashion to play the rôles of next friend and chief mourner, kenned the truth. The clergyman having done his duty by a deceased coreligionist, to him unknown, went back to the city where he belonged. The physician hurried away from the cemetery to minister to more patients than he properly could care for. The townspeople scattered, intent upon their own affairs. Appel returned to headquarters, reporting all well.

At headquarters all likewise went well—so briskly well in fact that under the urge for haste things essential were accomplished in less time by fewer craftsmen than had been the case since those primitive beginnings when Lobel's, then a struggling short-handed concern, frequently had doubled up its studio staffs for operative service in the makeshift laboratory. Reporting progress to the president, Mr. Quinlan expanded with self-satisfaction.

"I'm fixing to show you something in the way of a speed record," he proudly proclaimed. "The way I looked at it, the fewer people I had rushing this thing through the factory the less chance there was for loose talk round the plant and the less loose talk there was going on round the plant the less chance there was for maybe more loose talk outside. Yes, I know we'd figured we'd got everything caulked up air-tight, but I says to myself, 'What's the use in taking a chance on a leak if you don't have to?'

"So I practically turned the big part of the job—developing and all the rest of it—over to Josephson, same as we used to do back yonder when we was starting out in this game and didn't have a regular film cutter and the camera man had to jump in and develop and cut and assemble and print and everything. Josephson shot all the scenes for The She-Demon—he knows the run of it better even than the director does. Besides, Josephson is naturally close-mouthed. He minds his own business and never butts in anywhere. To look at him you can't never tell what he's thinking about. But even if he suspected anything—and, of course, he don't—he's the kind that'd know enough to keep his trap shut. So I've had him working like a nailer and he's pretty near done.

"Soon as he had the negative ready, which was late yesterday afternoon after you'd went home I had it run off with nobody there but me and Josephson, and I took a flash at it—and, Lobel, it's a bear! No need for you to worry about the negative—it was a heap too long, of course, in the shape it was yesterday, but it had everything in it we hoped would be in it—and more besides.

"So then without losing a minute I stuck Josephson on the printing machine himself. I'd already gave the girl on the machine a couple of days off to get her out of the way. Josephson stayed on the job alone pretty near all last night, I guess. He had things to himself without anybody to bother him and I tell you he shoved it along.

"Connors ain't lost no time neither. He's got the subtitles pretty near done, and believe it or not, as you're a mind to, but, Lobel, I'm telling you that this time tomorrow morning and not a minute later I'll have the first sample print all cut and assembled and ready for you to give it a look! Then it'll just be a job of matching up the negative and sticking in the subtitles and starting to turn out the positives faster than the shipping-room gang can handle 'em. I guess that ain't moving, heh?"

"Quinlan," said Mr. Lobel, "I give you right."

By making his word good to the minute the gratified Mr. Quinlan derived additional gratification. At the time appointed they sat in darkness in the body of the projection room—Lobel, Quinlan, Geltfin and Appel, these four and none others—behind a door locked and barred. Promptly on Quinlan's order the operator in the box behind them started his machine and the accomplished rough draft of the great masterpiece leaped into being and actuality upon the lit square toward which they faced.

The beginning was merely a beginning—graphic enough and offering abundant proof that in this epochal undertaking the Lobel shop had spared no expense to make the production sumptuous, but after all only preliminary stuff to sauce the palate of the patron for a greater feast to come and suitably to lead up to the introduction of the star. Soon the star was projected upon the screen, a purring, graceful panther of a woman, to change at once into a sinuous python of a woman and then to merge the feline and the ophidian into a sinister, splendid, menacing composite bespeaking the dramatic conception and the dramatic presentment of all feminine evil, typifying in every move of the lithe half-clad body, in every shift of the big eyes, wickedness unleashed and unashamed.

Mr. Lobel sitting unseen in the velvet blackness uttered grunts of approbation. The greatest of all film vampires certainly had delivered the goods in this her valedictory. Never before had she so well delivered them. The grunting became a happy rumble.

But all this, too, was in a measure dedicatory—a foretaste of more vivid episodes to follow, when the glorious siren, displaying to the full her powers of fascination over the souls and the bodies of men, would rise to heights yet greater and the primitive passion she so well simulated would shine forth like a malignant jewel in a setting that was semibarbaric and semicivilized, too, and altogether prodigal and lavish. The first of these bigger scenes started—the scene where the queen of the apaches set herself to win the price of her hire from the Germans by seducing the young army officer into a betrayal of the Allied cause; the same scene wherein at the time of filming it Mr. Lobel himself had taken over direction from Colfax's hands.

The scene was launched, acquired headway, then was halted as a bellow from Mr. Lobel warned the operator behind him to cut off the power.

"What the hell!" sputtered the master. "There's a blur on the picture here, a sort of a kind of smokiness. Did you see it, Geltfin? Right almost directly in front of Monte it all of a sudden comes! Did you, Quinlan?"

"Sure I seen it," agreed Geltfin. "Like a spot—sort of."

"It wasn't on the negative when I seen it day before yesterday," stated Quinlan. "I can swear to that. A little defect from faulty printing, I guess."

"All right then," said Mr. Lobel. "Only where you got efficiency like I got it in this plant such things should have no business occurring.

"Go on, operator—let's see how goes it from now on."

Out again two shadow figures—the vampire and the vampire's prey—flashed in motion. Yes, the cloudy spot was there, a bit of murky shadow drifting between the pair of figures and the audience. It thickened and broadened—and then from the suddenly constricted throats of the four watchers, almost as though all in the same moment an invisible hand had laid gripping hold on each of their several windpipes, came a chorused gasp.

For they saw how out of the drifting patch of spumy wrack there emerged a shape vague and indistinct and ghostly, but taking on instantly the sharpened outlines of one they recognized. It was the shape, not of Vida Monte, the fabled wrecker of lives, but the shape of her other self, Sarah Glassman, and the face it wore was not the face of the stage vampire, aflame with the counterfeited evil which the actor woman had so well known how to simulate but the real face of the real woman, who lay dead and buried under a mound of fresh-cut sods seventy miles away—her own face, melancholy and sadly placid, as God had fashioned it for her.

Out from the filmy umbra it advanced to the center, thus hiding its half-naked double writhing in the embrace of the deluded lover, and clearly revealed itself in long sweeping garments of pure white—fit grave clothes for one lately entombed—with great masses of loosened black hair falling like a pall about the passionless brooding face; and now lifting reproachful eyes, it looked out across the intervening void of blackness into their staring eyes, and from the folds of the cerement robes raised a bare arm high as though to forbid a lying sacrilege. And stood there then as a wraith newly freed from the burying mold, filling and dominating the picture so that one looking saw nothing else save the shrouded figure and the head and the face and those eyes and that upheld white arm.

Cowering low in his seat with a sleeve across his eyes to shut out the accusing apparition, Mr. Geltfin whispered between chattering teeth: "I told him! I told him the dead could maybe come back!"

Mr. Quinlan, a bolder nature but even so terribly shaken, was muttering to himself. "But it wasn't in the negative! I swear to God it wasn't in the negative!"

It is probable that Mr. Lobel heard neither of them, or if he heard he gave no heed. He had a feeling that the darkness was smothering him.

"Shut off the machine!" he roared as he wrenched his body free of the snug opera chair in which he sat. "And turn on the lights in this room—quick! And let me out of here—quick!"

Lunging into the darkness he stumbled over Appel's legs and tumbled headlong out into the narrow aisle. On all fours as the lights flashed on, he gave in a choking bellow his commands.

"Burn that print—you hear me, burn it now! And then burn the negative too! Quick you burn it, like I am telling you!"

"But, Lobel, I'll swear to the negative!" protested Quinlan, jealous even in his fright for his own vindication. "If you'll look at the neg——"

"I wouldn't touch it for a million dollars!" roared Lobel. "Burn it up, I tell you! And bury the ashes!"

Still choking, still bellowing, he scrambled to his feet, an ungainly embodiment of mortal agitation, and ran for the door. But Mr. Geltfin beat him to it and through it, Quinlan and Appel following in the order named.

Outside their chief fell up against a wall, panting and wheezing for breath, his face swollen and all congested with purple spots. They thought he was about to have a stroke or a seizure of some sort. But they were wrong. This merely was Nature's warning to a man with a size seventeen neckband and a forty-six-inch girth measurement. The stroke he was to have on the following day.

Probably Quinlan and Geltfin as experienced business men should have known better than to come bursting together into the office of a stout middle-aged man who so lately had suffered a considerable nervous shock and still was unstrung; and having after such unseemly fashion burst in, then to blurt out their tidings in concert without first by soft and soothing words preparing their hearer's system to receive the tidings they bore. But themselves, they were upset by what they just had learned and so perhaps may be pardoned for a seeming unthoughtfulness. Both speaking at once, both made red of face and vehement by mingled emotions of rage and chagrin, each nourishing a perfectly natural and human desire to place the blame for a catastrophe on shoulders other than their own two pairs, they sought to impart the tale they brought. Ensued for an exciting moment a baffling confusion of tongues.

"It was that Josephson done it—the mousy little sneak!"

These words became intelligible as Quinlan, exerting his superior vocal powers, dinned out the sputtering inarticulate accents of Geltfin.

"He fixed it so that you'd spill the beans, Lobel! He fixed The She-Demon—Josephson. And me trusting him!

"How should I be knowing that all this time him and that girl was secretly engaged to be married? How should I be knowing that he would find out for himself the day after the funeral that she was dead and yet never say a word about it? How should I be knowing that he would have all tucked away somewhere a roll of film showing her dressed up like a madonna or a saint or a martyr or a ghost or something which he took privately one time when they was out together on location—slipping away with her and taking 'em without nobody knowing about it? How should I be knowing that without tipping his hand he would cook up the idea to work a slick fake on you, Lobel, and scare you into killing off the whole thing? How should I be knowing that while he was on the printing machine all by himself the other night that he would work the old double exposure stunt and throw such a scare into you in the projecting room yesterday?"

By reason of his valvular resources Mr. Quinlan might shout louder than Geltfin. But he could not shout louder than Mr. Lobel. Nobody in that section of Southern California could. Mr. Lobel outblared him.

"How should you be knowing? You come now and ask me that when all along it was you that had the swell idee to stick him into the laboratory all by himself where he could play some funny business? You!"

"But it was you, Lobel, that wouldn't listen to me when I begged you to wait and not burn up the negative. I tried to tell you that the negative was O. K. when I'd seen it run off."

"You told me? It's a lie!"

"Sure I told you! Geltfin remembers my telling you, don't you, Geltfin? You're an old bird, Lobel—you ought to know by now about retouching and doctoring and all. You know how easy it is to slip over a double exposure. But it was only the sample print that was doctored. The negative was all right, but you wouldn't listen."

"That's right too, Lobel!" shrilled Geltfin. "I heard him when he yelled out to you that you should wait!"

Quinlan amplified the indictment.

"Sure he heard me—and so did you! But no, you had to lose your nerve and lose your head just because you'd had a scare throwed into you."

"I never lose my head! I never lose my nerve!" denied Mr. Lobel. He turned the counter tide of recriminations on Geltfin.

"Anyhow,—it was you started it, Geltfin—you in the first place, right here in this room, with your craziness about the dead coming back. Only for your fool talk I would never have had the idee of a ghost at all. And now—now when the cow is all spilt milk you two come and ——"

"Oh, but Lobel," countered Geltfin, "remember you was the one that made 'em burn up the negative without giving it a look at all!"

"He said it, Lobel!" reënforced Quinlan. "You was the one that just would have the negative burned up whether or no. And now it's burned up!"

Mr. Lobel was not used to being bullied in his own office or elsewhere. If there was bullying to be done by anyone he was his own candidate always. Surcharged with distracting regrets as he was, he had an inspiration. He would turn the flood of accusation away from himself.

"Where is that Josephson?" he whooped. "He is the one actually to blame, not us. Let me get my hands on that Josephson once!"

"You can't!" jeered Quinlan. "He's quit—he's gone—he's beat it! He wrote me a note, though, and mailed it back to me when he was beating it out of town, telling me to tell you how slick he'd worked it on you." He felt in his pockets. "I got that note here somewhere—here it is. I'll read it to you, Lobel—he calls you an old scoundrel in one place and an old sucker in another."

"Look out—catch him, Quinlan!" cried Mr. Geltfin. "Look at his face—he's fixing to faint or something."

The prime intent of this recital, as set forth at the beginning, was to tell why Mr. Max Lobel had an attack of apoplexy. That original purpose having now been carried out, there remains nothing more to be added and the narrative ends.

A-B-C

"Sometime I'm going to have an electric washer"—that's the decision of every American housewife who needs this labor-saver to lighten the home work. And she is making careful comparisons in order to select the machine that will fulfill all her expectations. What she seeks is results—year-after-year satisfaction—not mere possession.

This attitude of discriminating women is responsible for the tremendous popularity of the A-B-C. Several thousand of these machines—more than we have been able to make—are chosen every month, indicating that women find the qualities most desired in the A-B-C.

You may have discovered that many other washers resemble the A-B-C in appearance and *will wash clothes.* But you will also find a wide difference in the degree of efficiency by which this result is accomplished. There are several advantages in the A-B-C that cannot be had in any other washer. A careful analysis of the machine, its principle of operation, the experience of its makers and the endorsement of users invariably dictate the purchase of an A-B-C.

Demand for A-B-C Electric Washers has always greatly exceeded our ability to supply. It has made necessary the erection of two enormous new factories during 1919. Our dealers say, however, that most people are willing to wait a reasonable time for an A-B-C rather than accept a less desirable washer that can be had immediately. The A-B-C is well worth waiting for. It is an investment from which you will benefit for many years to come.

A Complete Line to Choose From

The A-B-C is the most complete line of electric and power washers for city, suburban and farm use. There's a machine for every purse, though quality is never sacrificed to price. Each type or model is pre-eminent in its price class.

A-B-C washers are sold only by the best dealers—merchants of vision—who realize that their profits depend upon your complete and permanent satisfaction.

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Dolly Type Washing Machine

For more than 10 years this has been the leader of the dolly-type or wood-tub washers. Though moderately priced, it washes quickly and thoroughly. There is no mechanism whatever on the tub or lid to soil or tear clothes or injure the operator. Comparison with other washers of this type will show its superiorities.

The double-tub Alco Electric is especially adapted for large families, farms, small hotels, and resorts. It washes two tubs at once, or only one, as desired

ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINES

Every woman, when buying a washing machine, should consider it an investment from which she will receive dividends, not only in money actually saved each week, but in genuine satisfaction from efficient service.

A-B-C Super Electric

America's Leading Washing Machine

The fullest perfection attained in washing machine design and construction is combined to the greatest degree in the A-B-C Super-Electric. It has the important features of other makes and several exclusively its own.

The washing principle is the only one that has been found practical by commercial laundries—the revolving-reversing cylinder. And, even among cylinder-type machines, the A-B-C's operating principle is unique in the reversal of the cylinder *after each revolution*. This gives maximum agitation of clothes and suds, and prevents wadding.

The constant lifting and dropping of the wet clothes—forcing hot suds through them 44 times each minute—cleanses quickly and thoroughly. There is not the slightest wear or injury to the clothes—no pounding or imitation of scrub-board methods.

All moving parts are encased, preventing injury to operator, servants, children, or pets. The wringer swings all around and locks in *any* position; the machine runs silently; it costs only one-third as much to operate as an ordinary electric iron.

The A-B-C is easier to understand and operate than a sewing machine. Everything is as simple as a woman could wish. Needs little attention—always in running order.

The A-B-C Super-Electric has been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, and has the unqualified endorsement of its users everywhere

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For homes that do not have central station electric service, but are equipped with individual lighting plants, A-B-C dealers can supply all models with 32-volt motors.

A-B-C Washers are also furnished without motors, but with special pulley attachment, to be driven direct from gasoline engine, overhead line-shaft, or lighting plant power stand. A-B-C Washing Machines are available for use everywhere—city, suburb or farm.

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"The A-B-C of Wash Day" contains new ideas for saving time and work by electric clothes washing. It is full of suggestions you cannot find elsewhere. Probably the best known authority on this subject—Miss Mildred Maddocks, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute—has written *especially for this book* instructions on "How to Machine Wash."

When mailing you the book we will also send you the name of our nearest dealer. Write Now.

ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Leading Manufacturers of Electric and Power Washing Machines in America

THE ZEBRA MULE

(Continued from Page 7)

Proceeding to keep busy he rubbed the mare down thoroughly. Then he took the meal sack which had served him for a saddle, held it bottom up against the side of the box stall and cut it in two down the middle, cutting the halves in two also. That left the sack in four quarters of double thickness each, which he carefully folded and put into the bed-tick bag, together with several pieces of string, and hung the bag on the wall beside the headstall. Then he came out, sat down on a bale of hay and put some questions to the old negro hostler about Colonel Byrd's place.

"De cunnel in hyar yistiddy talkin' ter de boss an' cussin' an' damnin' de sukkus," replied Jupiter, dropping the handles of the wheelbarrow. "I heer 'im say dat el'phunt, w'ich it come 'long de road in de night time, done skeered 'bout twenty teams. Done killed three men, one 'ooman an' a baby 'tween hyar an' Leesbu'g. How big is dat thing ennyhow? Is you done seen 'im? I beer folks say he 'bout twenty foot tall, comin' 'long de road all kivvered up wid a blanket ter keep de hosses f'm seein' 'im. But I reck'n de hosses kin smell 'im in de dark, even ef dey can't see 'im good."

Oh, yes, he was all of twenty feet tall, with a snout as long as he was high, and ears as big as a lap robe. But about that plantation of Colonel Byrd's. It's astonishing how quickly some people can become blasé.

"De place 'bout sixteen mile f'm hyar, on de right o' de main road; house sets back 'bout quarter mile on risin' groun' in a clump o' maples wid a big black gum tree sticking up in de middle. You can't miss it; bridge cross de creek jes fo' you git dar. Yassuh, cunnel mighty fine man. Got mo' niggers dan 'Cyarter had oats.' My, my, you cert'n'y is perfesser on de harmonicle!" the old fellow exclaimed as Sawney drew that instrument forth and began to show off.

In spite of the bigger attraction he had a small but enthusiastic audience until dinner time, when he spent the fifty-cent note for a feed for the mare and one for himself in the kitchen of the roadhouse, where he managed to slip an extra couple of slices of bread and meat into his pocket. The last remaining shinplaster went for a ticket, purchased with even greater difficulty than before, in the glare of half a dozen torches fastened on the end of the ticket wagon.

The crowd was even bigger than before, and Sawney, now having interest in one animal only, lost no time in getting into the tent where the ring was. It was surprisingly well lighted by hundreds of candles, ranged in rows on half a dozen wooden chandeliers shaped like pyramids, which hung from the top of the tent. He got a seat several rows back on the end, hoping that nobody would recognize him and praying that nobody would be able to ride the mule.

The performance was exactly the same as before—up to the point where the mule had thrown two men, one of whom had stuck so tight that the animal just laid down and rolled him off, to the huge delight of everybody.

Sawney rocked back and forth, his long face twisted into a grin. "I knowed it! Ain' nobody but me and dat sukkus man kin ride 'im."

But he was mistaken; for here came a third man slouching into the ring. He was dressed like the poorest of poor white trash, in the raggedest of clothes. After some sort of argument with the clown he got on that mule backward, hooked his feet under its forelegs and grabbed it by the tail. The clown let go of his ear and the mule fairly tore up the sawdust bucking and kicking. But the tramp not only stuck on, to everybody's amazement, he somehow managed to undress himself and finally sat up straight—in beautiful white tights. He turned round on the mule and kissed his hand to the lady across the ring on the cream-colored horse. She stood up and cried, "Houp la!" in a high thin voice.

As the horse started to race round, the mule, with the man on his back, tore after them. As the tiny creature drew alongside the running horse the man stood upon the mule's back and sprang up beside the lady, while the mule stopped almost dead in his tracks. Then when the horse came round again the man jumped off beside the mule, which raced off by himself, and when horse and mule were side by side the man took a running jump to the mule's back and up beside the lady again.

Watching this breathless performance Sawney failed to realize how near he had come to gumming up the afternoon's act.

"Ain't nobody but me an' dem sukkus men rid 'im yet," he said, dropping off the end of the bench as the elephant came in ringing a dinner bell.

Sawney started to go out, as he thought through the animal tent, but suddenly found himself outside in the dark. He made straight for the stable, and within a few minutes had tied the mare to a sapling at the edge of the branch near the pike.

"Ain't no teams comin' 'long dis road now, I reck'n; but, hoss, I sho' does hope ter goodness you keep still ontel I gits back hyar."

The negro slipped back down the road and thanking his stars for the moonless night crossed over the branch in front of the horse lot and crept up into the tall weeds. Across the lot torches flashed, harness chains rattled and men swore as the horses were already being hitched up for taking the road.

In the darkness at his end of the lot Sawney could barely make out the form of the mule, a light blanket having been thrown over him after his recent exertions.

"Howdy, little feller," the negro greeted softly, stepping up, erect in the gloom.

The mule snorted, pricking its ears forward. But Sawney felt the nose nuzzle into the palm of his hand. Nevertheless, he stooped and very gingerly picked up one of the sharp tiny hoofs. The owner simply blew a breath of welcome down the back of his neck.

Working as quickly as the darkness would permit the boy shod all four feet of the animal with pieces of the meal sack, tying the ends round the ankles as tightly as he dared—talking all the time in a low monotone.

"Little feller, I sho does admiah you. Seem ter me," he chuckled, "you got mos' eve'ything wid you ter move wid 'cept wings; but I lay you sump'n lively dem sukkus folks think you done flew right up an' way f'm whar you standin' now. But you can't fly wid dis thing on."

He quickly unbuckled the blanket, flung it some distance away, untied the halter, and rising from his knees looked about in the dark. Then without a sound negro and mule stepped over the bank into the half-dry branch.

It seemed to take him a mighty long time to guide the mule in the darkness over the slippery stones to the point where the mare was tethered. She would have broken loose had he not begun to talk to her while he was yet twenty yards distant.

Riding the mare he hit the pike and kept going for several hours at a steady single-foot, keeping close to the right side of the road, leading the mule on the outside with the shortest possible halter, in case they should meet anyone.

The negro began to peer round uneasily as the tip of a big yellow moon appeared over the trees. It had hardly cleared them, however, before he came to a good-sized bridge, with the creek beneath shrunk to a third of its usual size. Afraid to go any farther in the bright moonlight he took down the bars of a snake fence where it was partly hidden by chinquapin bushes, led his charges into the field and down under the bridge.

Tying both animals to one of the heavy wooden supports farthest away from the stream he looked about for a comfortable place to spend the rest of the night. He could not find anything softer than the ground on the other side of the heavy upright, so he curled up against it and promptly fell asleep.

That night under the bridge was perhaps the worst that Sawney had ever spent. Subconsciously his mind, already excited by the swiftly moving events of the day and evening, flew from one fantastic dream to another. Well on toward morning the thunder of vehicles across the bridge returning from the circus became the roar of a lion, whose open jaws were almost upon him. A tall man with a high hat and a long whip struck the beast in the face. This enabled him to wriggle out from under the paw that had lain on his chest, and to jump over an elephant, to which he had foolishly given a chew of tobacco. In order to escape the revenge of the enraged beast he got astride of a little striped mule, which threw him clear up on the apex of a pyramid of blazing candles. But, somehow, that long curling snout, with the queer little finger on the end, had almost curled about his ankle to pull him down when he awoke—both arms hugging the wooden post, the sun an hour high, blazing in his eyes.

Cold and stiff in every joint from the mists, which had arisen along the creek during the night: and feeling as though the witches had ridden him half to death, he arose and looked about him. Across the creek was a field of corn in the shock that slanted up to a grove of golden-yellow maples overtopped in the center by a big black gum tree with foliage as red as blood, a living flame of scarlet in the autumn morning light—at that time of the year a famous landmark for all the country round.

"Thank goodness!" the boy exclaimed. "Dis mus' be de place," and promptly crossed over to procure a breakfast for the mare and the mule.

After eating his own stolen food he spent a leisurely hour in the warm sun, rubbing the animals down with some of the fodder, giving them a final polish with the inside of the pieces of meal sack which he took off the mule's feet. So it was not until about half past nine that he crossed the bridge, riding the mule, and sought the front gate.

He found it at the head of a double row of maples, more than two hundred yards long. On either side of the entrance—there was no gate—the boxwood hedge had been allowed to grow tall enough to admit a carriage team, and clipped close in the shape of two doves, their bills meeting in the center overhead. At the far end of the vista could be seen the stately white pillars of the house, which had been built with bricks brought from England before the Revolution.

"Umph, my soul!" the boy exclaimed with a sniff, checking his charges in the middle of the road. "Dis is de fines' place uvver I seed. I wonder ——"

He was interrupted by a loud laugh, deep and raucous with mirth. It came from a negro girl who, suddenly rising from behind the hedge, stood looking at him. The hedge, well over five feet high, was almost even with her shoulders. She was as black as ebony, with eyes set well apart under a low forehead; her mouth, showing the ivory-white teeth, was half open.

"Name o' Gawd!" she burst forth at last. "Hit's dat sukkus mule; an'—an' de same nigger ridin' 'im. Well, well"; she continued the comment in a slow sarcastic drawl:

"Snake, he baked de hoecake,
An' he set de frog ter min' it;
Frog, he went an' tuk er nap
An' de lizard come an' stole it."

"Wuz you dar—at de sukkus?" Sawney inquired eagerly, ignoring the thinly veiled accusation.

Silently the girl continued to eye him with a gaze so disconcerting that he took another tack.

"Whut you standin' on, gal?" he asked suddenly, the corners of his mouth taking an upward turn.

"I'm standin' on my feet, nigger man," she retorted with a disdainful toss of her head.

"Whut yo' feet standin' on?"

"My feet on de groun'. You sho' is one uppity nigger. Whar you come f'm, an' whar you git dat mule?"

The irrepressible ingratiating smile that so few could resist spread over Sawney's long face.

"I didn' mean nuthin', sister. Dis de place whar Cunnel Byrd live at?"

Something inside of him turned completely over as he rode in, at a smiling nod from the girl, and got a good look at her.

She was almost if not quite six feet in height, barefooted, and straight as a young pine as she stood with hands resting on her hips. The left wrist was encircled by a wide, well-worn copper bracelet. Though she knew it not, it had belonged to an African king, her great-grandfather.

"Marse Tip done gone ter de cote house dis gone two days"

"Dat don' make no diffunce," Sawney replied with a careless gesture. "De young lady what I wants ter see ——"

"Deys two uv 'em," the girl interrupted, eying him curiously. "Miss Jinny, she gone ter Baltimo' an' Miss Sally, she in de ——"

"Dat's de one," Sawney replied airily. "Yistiddy wuz her birfday; an' I'm jes come ——"

"Gret day in de mawnin'!" The girl looked toward the house and then back.

"Big black bull come down de medder,
Shook a long tail an' jarred de ribber,"

she quoted derisively. "Who is you, nigger?" she laughed, looking deliberately over his head. "Who is you, w'ich you come ridin' dat sukkus mule an' axin' 'bout white folks' birfday? Whut's yo' name an' whar you come f'm, ennyhow?"

"Who me?" Sawney paused until his intent gaze drew her eyes and held them. "Who me?" he repeated. And leaning across the mule's neck he began with slow indescribable emphasis and gradually increasing speed an impromptu version of Juba:

"I'm de ruby eye o' de 'simmon seed.
See me come hoppin' in jes in time;
Wid juba dis, an' juba dat,
Juba done killed de yaller cat
Fer sniffin' at de kettle o' possum fat.
Whoop ahoy! I'm de boy
Wid de double step o' juba."

He had not finished three lines when the girl's hands fell from her hips, her feet began to move and her body to sway slightly, as he continued the peculiar ragged rhythm:

"Somehow I sho' does like dis place.
Oh, can't you see ol' Granny Grace,
She look so homely in de face,
And forty poun' o' candle grease,
Settin' on de mantelpiece?
Juba choke 'im on a piece o' pickle,
Oh, gimme ax ez sharp ez sickle
Fer ter cut dat nigger's woozen pipe
Whut et up all dem sassingers."

With gaze glued to Sawney's the girl's body had relaxed and grown limber and she began to weave—the motion cannot be described—as he continued:

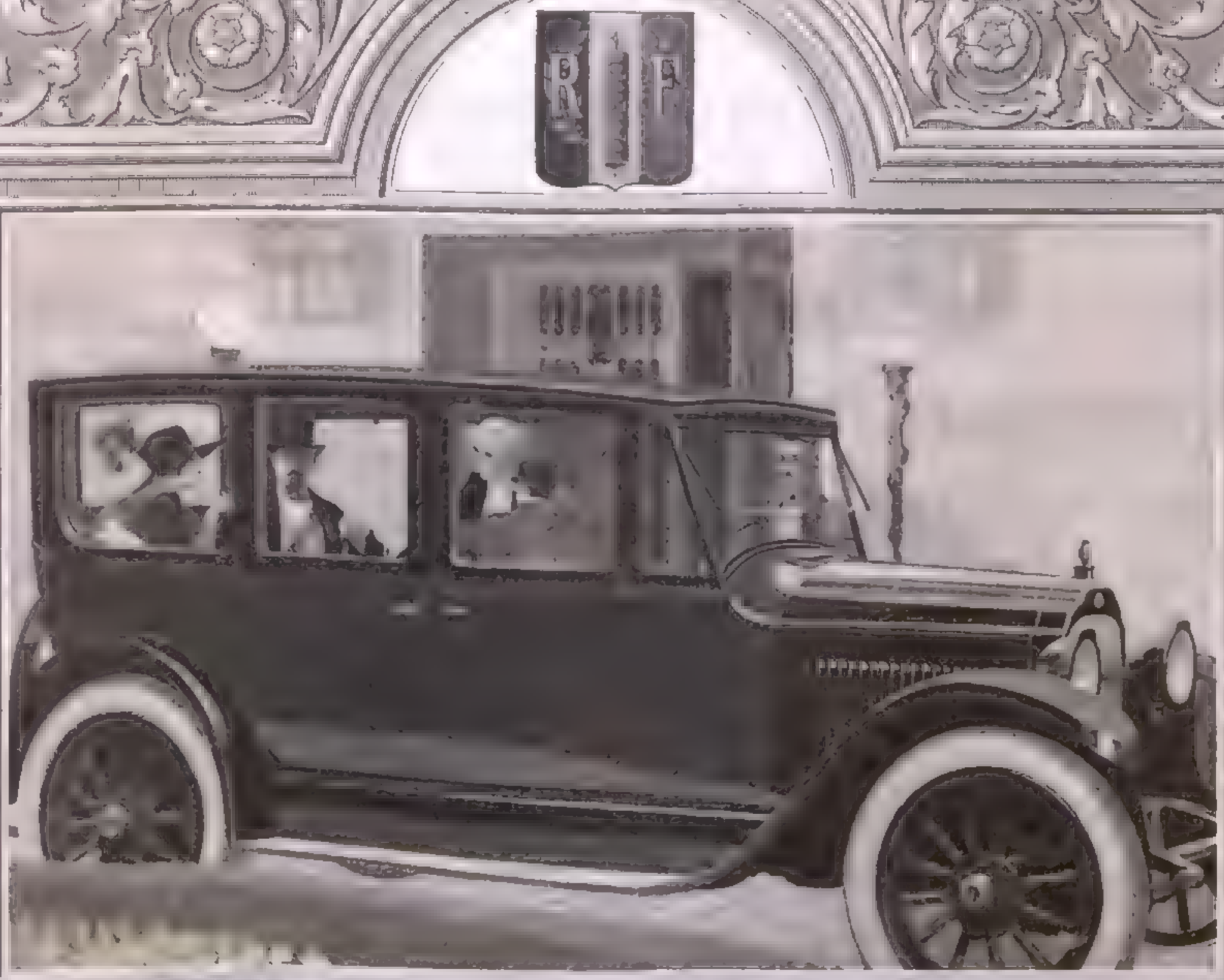
"You wid de oats an' me wid de rye,
We ain' nurrer gwine ter say good-by.
Shadrach, Meshach an' Abednego,
I don' keer whether you like it or no.
Git up dar, you gret big nigger,
Can't you pat me a little juba?
Now, ben' double like de hick'ry lim',
Catfish in de water, say he can't swim,
Coon on de bank, grinnin' at de moon,
Waitin' fer catfish ter come 'long soon.
Jawbone walk an' jawbone talk
Like it ain't gwine ter rain dis day,
But ef juba say it's sho gwine ter rain,
You better not cut de hay.
Shake er foot, juba; slap it in de dus',
Double step o' juba, wid de lef' foot fus',
Juba an' jawbone take er little walk,
Jawbone say ter juba ——"

There was about a yard more of this, but in his intensity of concentration Sawney's hand, which had been stroking the mule's neck, wandered up between its ears. The hee-ee-haw broke the spell, and with a half hysterical laugh the girl took to her heels.

The boy watched her disappear round the house, with a sniff of appreciation as he looked about. On the right of the long avenue of maples, a stretch of lawn between, the cornfield, with the shocks in serried rows, rolled away and down to the creek. A whitewashed picket fence separated the left-hand side of the lawn from a flower garden, also in the sere and yellow. Farther on a road led through a gate in the fence, dividing the garden from a field of blue grass. It forked at the corner of the garden, the right fork going through the field, the left falling away to join the pike below. Near the left wing of the house stood the big gum, surrounded by a circular horse rack.

Sawney was tying his charges to it when a girl came sailing down the front steps and across the lawn; at least she appeared to sail, or rather to float, for only now and then could a small foot with pantalets round the ankle be seen under the wide voluminous skirt. She was not more than five feet tall, the skirt making her appear even shorter. Her brown hair was parted in the middle, to fall in restless curls over her neck and shoulders. Her brown eyes, quick and bright as a bird's, were snapping with excitement as she ran up to the mare.

(Continued on Page 108)



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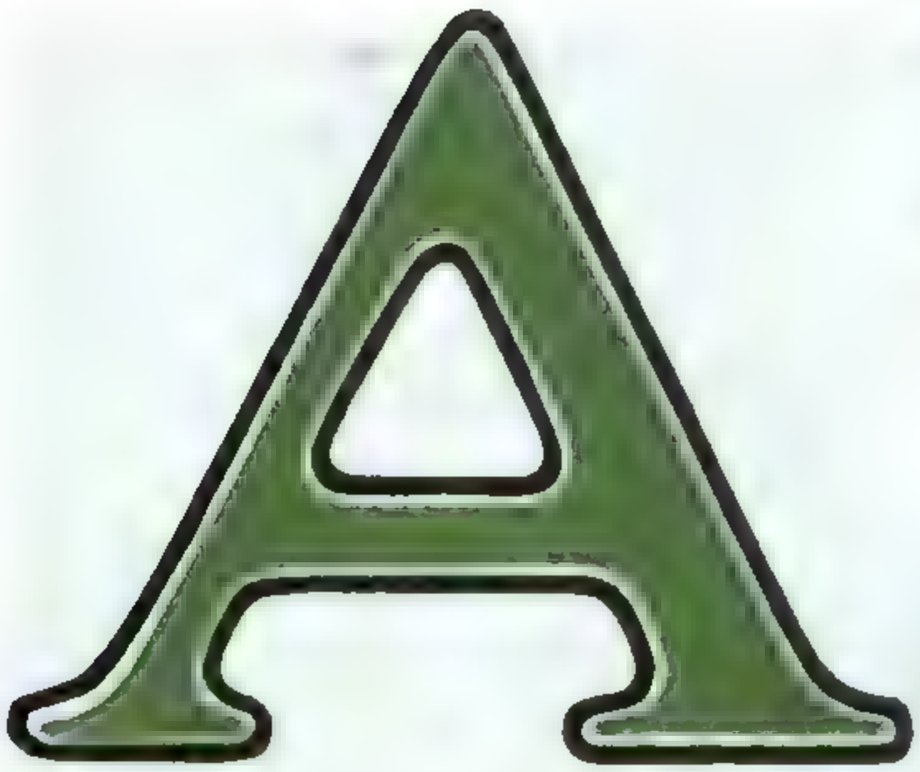

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Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 104)

"Oh! Oh, what a beauty! What a perfect beauty!" she exclaimed breathlessly, stroking the mare's nose. "Where did she come from? Who does she belong to? And what are you ——"

"I don' know edzackly, but I spec' she b'long ter you, missy. Marse Sam, he tol' me——" The boy paused exasperatingly to fumble in his pockets, while the excited girl's face flushed to a delicate pink. "I reck'n dis hyar letter kin tell you more'n I kin," he said finally, unwrapping a piece of brown paper from the envelope.

It was addressed to Miss Sally Byrd, Tranquillity.

"Her name is Philopena," the note began. "If you will accept her in place of poor old Sassafras, I promise never to ride her after her education is completed. She is gentle, but rather high strung and has never been ridden with a skirt. Now, *Verbum sap.*—if you please.

"The boy's name is Sawney. He is a wizard with horses, complete master of the harmonica, and I think the funniest negro in the world. He is also free and going to live at Riverdale. Please let him stay at Tranquillity until I come—in a few days.

"Thine,

"Sam.

"P. S. Sorry I did not see the seventeen candles on your birthday cake. But I hope to see all the rest of them."

The girl read the note twice over, holding it with one hand, while the mare nibbled at the fingers of the other. Then drawing the brown forelock aside—it was exactly the color of her own hair—she kissed the white spot in the mare's forehead.

Out of the tail of his eye Sawney watched the negro girl come out of the house and take a seat on the horse block in front of the stone steps. Again that something inside of him flopped over as he noticed that she had put on her shoes, stockings and a red-and-yellow head handkerchief. Apparently he took no notice of her.

"Judy, quick, bring me some sugar!" her small mistress called.

Noticing, too, the sudden adornment of her maid's head and feet Miss Sally giggled outright and glanced at Sawney. But that individual had suddenly grown bashful as well as cunning, for he was now kneeling down pretending to examine a forefoot of the mule.

The girl's expression of amusement changed instantly.

"Why, I almost forgot! Boy—Sawney, what are you doing with that mule?" she demanded. "And to bring him here too!"

"Miss Sally, dat's de mule whut wuz wid de sukkus, w'ich de boss man in de ring say ennybody whut kin ride 'im kin have 'im. Yas'm, dat's a fac'. An' I wuz ridin' 'im when t'other man wid de funny face come up 'longside o' me ——"

"Yes, I saw it," Miss Sally said. "But you ought to have known ——"

"Lawd!" the boy exclaimed, "I cert'n'y is mighty glad ter heer dat."

"Yes," Miss Sally repeated. "I was there, and so was Judy."

"Settin' right behin' you," the tall black girl laughed, coming up with the sugar.

"Now didn' you-all heer de man say ennybody whut rid 'im could have 'im?" Sawney protested. "De mule flung de white man an' nearly bust 'im open; an' I rid 'im, did'n' I? An' how 'bout de hundud dollahs?" he added triumphantly, having thought of the money for the first time. "You reck'n dey would ——"

"Go 'long, nigger!" the black girl jeered. "You talk jes like a nachul-bawn fool."

But Miss Sally suddenly realized that, remarkable as it now seemed, she had seen the mule trot off quietly with Sawney on its back—until he had suddenly fallen off, though she had not seen just what caused it.

"How did you do it?" she asked curiously.

"I kin tame mos' ennything." Sawney glanced at the tall negro girl with a covert smile. "I mean ennything whut walks on fo' feet," he added hastily.

"I meant to ask," Miss Sally said severely, "how did you get him away? Just steal him?"

Sawney did not like that word a bit. "No'm, I jes tuk 'im," he said, scratching his head dubiously. "Dat mule, he come 'long wid me jes ez nachul, jes f'llered me like a dawg," he concluded lamely.

Miss Sally had to smile. She knew well the difference the average negro makes between stealing and just taking things.

"Where has the circus gone?"

"I heer 'em say dey gone on down ter Lynchbu'g an' Richmon'."

"Well, I don't know that anything can be done about it now," said Miss Sally. "Father will be home to-morrow; he will know. You are to stay here until Mr. Sam comes. Judy, show him the way to the stables and tell Hiram to give Sawney a place to sleep. I am going over to Riverdale to-morrow," she said to the latter, "and I want you to ride Philopena over with me. Hiram will give you a saddle and bridle."

"Ef Marse Tip gwine ter git enny wuk outen his niggers he better git rid o' dat sukkus mule," Judy commented next day as Miss Sally was standing before the mirror tying the strings of a riding bonnet under her chin.

"He might have to git rid of Sawney too," the girl smiled.

"Dar he come now. Dat nigger can't go ennywhar widout ridin' dat mule. Is you gwine ter let 'im take dat thing over to Riverdale wid you?"

"I am not. He should have let the animal stay in the stable," said Miss Sally, coming to the window.

"Gwine ter rain ennyhow," Judy commented, looking at the sky.

"I'm not made of sugar or salt," her small mistress replied, throwing a long black riding skirt over her arm.

Sawney was tying the two animals to the rack, where another horse was waiting, as she came up, the yellow maple leaves blowing round her feet.

"Can she gallop?" Miss Sally asked, while the mare nibbled at the lump of brown sugar.

"Jes ez easy ez a rockin'-cheer—pace, single-foot an' fox-trot too," Sawney answered proudly. "I bruk her myself an' help ter gait her. But she ain' ben rid wid a skirt yit. How fur ter Riverdale? Look to me you might git wet 'fo 'long, missy."

"Four miles." She looked doubtfully up at the sky. "Oh, I tell you what we can do instead!" She clapped her hands at the idea. "You, Sawney, go over and tell Aunt Charlotte I say to lend you the old black skirt—the one that caught fire—if she hasn't cut it up. Judy can tie it round you," she giggled; "and you can begin right now to teach Philopena not to be afraid of it."

Tickled to death with the idea Sawney mounted the mule and trotted off across the field to the negro quarters.

"Judy, I'm just dying to ride her!" Miss Sally exclaimed as the mare turned her head, looking for more sugar. "Here, give me your hand. Oh, I'm just going to sit perfectly still. I won't even take the bridle. She's just as gentle as a lamb. Aren't you, honey?"

The mare shied a bit as the girl rose to the saddle. The small foot was slipping into the leather loop above the stirrup when a little whirlwind of maple leaves scurried up under the mare's nose. It caught the skirt, ballooning it. Turning an instant, the whites of her eyes showing, the mare sprang back, snapping the bridle.

In all likelihood nothing further would have happened; but Judy ran forward with outstretched arms and cried, "Jump off, quick!"

With a terrified snort the mare bolted—straight for the gate in the picket fence.

The girl, with one knee hooked over the man's saddle, both hands gripping the long mane, rose clear of the seat as the mare went over the gate. Luckily she took the right-hand fork of the road, just as Sawney on the mule came over the rise, old Aunt Charlotte's dress under one arm.

The negro, nearly frightened out of his wits, had flung the skirt away and was about to jump off, when his steed whirled round, almost unseating him. He had not regained his equilibrium when, true to its training, the mule sprang forward as the mare came alongside and naturally swerved a bit toward the high bank which fell away to the other road below. But the mule stuck close to her, its small flying feet fairly drumming along the turf.

The third attempt of the boy to grab the broken bridle succeeded, and the mare was slowing down; but the mule stopped almost short and Sawney went over the long ears, still gripping the bridle. The plunging mare's uplifted knee struck the back of his head; the hoof struck the small of his back, when she stopped, trembling. Miss Sally slid off, stunned, half fainting, across the road into the arms of her father, who had been driving up the other road with his overseer.

"Oh, honey, my baby! Are you hurt?"

The colonel's legs were shaking so he could hardly support himself, much less the small figure of his daughter.

In a moment or two, very white of face, but entirely unhurt, the girl reached up, caught the tuft of white hair on her father's chin, pulled his head down and kissed him. "I reckon—I'm all right—daddy," she smiled; "but very wabbly. Help me up."

"Look! Henderson, look!" said the old man, taking off the black slouch hat and pointing to the bank not ten feet away, where the red clay gullies, deeply washed, had been filled with bowlders and trash to stop the erosion.

But Henderson and Judy were bent over the unconscious Sawney. The mule had wandered off, looking as bored and dejected as ever, to get a bite of blue grass.

"That boy hurt much?" the colonel inquired, coming over with an arm round his daughter.

"Don't know, sir," the overseer replied. "Hard to tell; knocked senseless, but his head don't seem to be even bruised. Run and tell Hiram to come here, quick," he said to one of several small negro children who stood round, the whites of their eyes rolling.

Somewhat more composed the colonel looked about him—strange mare, but a beauty; man's saddle on her; just escaped killing herself and his daughter—an arm tightened round the latter—strange nigger lying in the road, and that lop-eared jackass! He had seen the ending, but how did the affair begin?

"Judy, catch that thing and bring it here," the colonel ordered as the negro foreman and a stable boy came running up. "Henderson, you and Hiram take this boy to the house, and one of you drive over right away and ask Doctor Kemper to come over as soon as he can."

"And, Mr. Henderson," the daughter added, "put him in the end room of the east wing. It's empty. And tell Mammy Lou to make a good soft pallet for him. I'll be there directly."

"Sure you are not hurt, my darling? It's—it's a sheer miracle. Now, where did these two animals come from?" the relieved parent demanded as a boy came up leading the horse, and Judy the mule.

But for the unconscious negro on his way to the house the near tragedy had become near comedy.

Miss Sally drew forth the letter from Sawney's Marse Sam. The colonel, glancing at the signature first, merely said "Humph!

"And so you want to keep the mare, daughter?" he presently questioned, looking down at her with a pretended frown.

"Of course, daddy!" she replied, twisting a button on the white vest, the bonnet hiding the pink face. "It's only fair, after he broke Sassafras' leg on the fox hunt, isn't it?"

"Well, I reckon it is—maybe. Confounded reckless young rascal!" he smiled. "But where in the devil did this thing come from?"

Both girls, the white one and the black one, laughed as the colonel pointed to the mule.

"Stole him from the circus," the daughter replied. "You know, Judy and I went with the Riverdale folks. Sawney brought him along with Philopena yesterday, and I——"

"Well, I'll be hanged! The infernal impudence of it!" the colonel exclaimed, not knowing whether to laugh or to swear.

"Yassuh, dat's right," said Judy, handing the mule's halter to the boy. "He sho is one uppity nigger."

And taking the tale from her small mistress she described every detail of what they had seen, from the time the mule came into the ring to the runaway mare. To their intense amusement the tale lost nothing in the telling as they all walked toward the house; except that Judy carefully omitted to tell—first, because she wouldn't, and then because she couldn't—how she had involuntarily patted juba at the front gate. She was in the midst of a description of the mare going over the picket gate, when the rapid grind of wheels on gravel caused them to turn.

A man in a buggy driving a cueball horse swung into the half circle in front of the house and stopped not twenty feet from the horse rack.

In a flash the colonel realized who he was, also that he was about the meanest-looking white man he had ever laid eyes on.

The opinion was almost instantly verified, for the man jumped down just as the colonel started forward, and cut loose with a torrent of the swiftest, vilest language the old man had ever heard; and he had been a captain of artillery in the Mexican War at that.

Struck dumb for a shocked second the colonel thundered, "Stop, suh!"

And the man did stop in his tracks.

"By your manner and language, suh," the colonel said with slow emphasis, the little white goatee curled up in the effort to control himself, "I judge you to be the owner of that jackass. But you adopt the wrong method of obtaining ——"

"The hell I do!" the man growled savagely. "If I have to blow a hole in you as big as my hat I'll have him now."

As he spoke he turned to the buggy and was in the act of drawing a shotgun from under the seat when a powerful black arm—the one with the copper bracelet—slipped under his chin and round the short bull neck. His head came back, his hands flew to his throat as a pair of knees struck the calves of his legs; and he sank to the grass, floundering and flapping round like a fish strung through the gills, with Judy's arms slowly choking the life out of him.

"Somebody git de gun, quick, so I kin turn 'im loose!" the black girl gasped.

Rising from her knees as the colonel rushed forward and picked up the weapon Judy went over to the foot of a tree, sat down and began to cry.

"It's all right now," Miss Sally whispered, patting her on the shoulder with a trembling hand. "Don't be afraid."

The big black sunny-natured girl had never laid violent hands on a white person in her life, but now all the latent savagery in her nature had come to the surface.

"I ain' skeered uv 'im," she said, rising. "Lemme git 'way f'm hyar. De devil in me big ez a hoss."

The colonel, with the gun lying easily in the crook of his arm, watched the man struggle to his feet, feeling his throat. A hand came away with blood on it, where the square bracelet had cut into the flesh over the jaw.

"Not a word out of you," said the colonel with uplifted hand. "I am a magistrate of this county and I could send you to jail for this."

He tapped the gun stock.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" the man snarled.

"Nothing; until you get an explanation of how that jackass came to be on this place. My daughter here tells me that a negro, who doesn't belong to me, stole him after he had ridden him at your performance. In his ignorance ——"

"Any fool ought to have known ——" the man began.

"Yes, I know," the colonel cut in. "Any fool ought to have known better than to come here and threaten me with a gun. Now it's high time that you and the rest of your ruffianly gang go back the way you came. That damned elephant of yours has caused some forty or fifty runaways and the death of five people, besides a dozen cripples, since you left Washington. And I am going to do my best to see that your outfit goes no farther into this state."

He turned as the overseer came up to say that Sawney had recovered consciousness.

"Henderson, ride with this man and his jackass to the gate, and when you get there give him this gun."

The colonel turned on his heel, looking for Judy. But that individual, just as she had looked over the hedge at Sawney, was now peering at him over the sill of a window near the ground floor of the east wing. He was lying on a pallet in the corner, and for a confused second he was looking over the hedge. A painful but irrepressible smile twitched at the corners of his mouth.

"What you standin' on?" he asked.

He got no rise out of her this time, for she laid a pair of heavy arms on the window sill. "Nigger, yo' mule done gone," she chuckled. "Sukkus man come an' got 'im."

It was quite in keeping with Judy's character that she made no mention of the circumstances under which the circus man had come and gone or of the part she had played in them; besides which, she was yet a little shaken from that adventure.

Sawney raised up painfully and fell back on the pallet.

"Gone? Gret Jimminy! I rid dat mule. Did de man leave dat hundud dollahs, w'ich ——"

"Well, well, ef you ain' de beatenes' nigger uvver I seen! Did dat hoss kick all de brains outen yo' haid?"

(Concluded on Page 110)

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(Concluded from Page 108)

"I ain't studyin' 'bout my haid; 'tis my back; feel like hit mos' bruk in two."

"Hyar come Marse Tip an' de doctor now. Boss met 'im in de road," said Judy, disappearing.

"You say he was knocked unconscious?" Doctor Kemper inquired, bending over the boy.

"Clean out," replied the colonel.

"Nothing the matter with that skull."

"Hit's my back, suh," said Sawney. "'Bout de middle on down."

"Draw your legs up and throw your feet out. All right. Now, turn over and let's have a look." The inquisitive knowing fingers prodded and pressed here and there. "Contusions," the old doctor announced briefly, rising with a slow wink. "If he is not up and round in about three days cerebro-spinal meningitis might develop and then it might be necessary to cut out a piece ——"

"No, Edward," the colonel protested. "It's cruel. Unfair too. I won't have it!" as Sawney gave a smothered groan of terror.

The doctor laughed as they both turned away. "You are all right, boy. Your back is only bruised. A little of Mammy Lou's liniment will fix you up. Lie still for a day or two."

Nevertheless, before the third day was up Sawney limped out into the warm yellow sunshine and sat on a stool beside the door as Judy came round the corner with his dinner. He looked at the contents of the tin waiter with the flowers painted on it.

"Chicken in de bread tray mighty good stuff, Mammy gimme chicken, but she didn' gimme 'nuff,"

he said, drawing a hand across his mouth.

"I spec' you bin playin' possum, an' me runnin' myse'f ter death roun' hyar waitin' on you," said Judy as she laid the platter across his knees.

"Ef dat ain' 'nuff you jes step roun' ter de kitchen yo'se'f."

Instead, however, they took a walk down by the pond, where the girl showed him the great fox-grape vine, full of luscious fruit, which nearly covered a tree on the bank, and offered to climb up and get him some. But he was more interested in a huge black gum log which lay tied with a rope and almost submerged among the cat-tails.

"Whut's dat?" he inquired.

"Chris'mus log," said Judy, sitting down beside him.

"Whew! Does all you niggers git holiday till dey bu'n dat thing thoo? My Lawd, big roun' es er flour bar'l, an' soakin' in de water right now, two mont' 'fo' Chrismus!"

"Dat's jes de middle o' de tree," Judy replied. "We all bu'nt de big butt en' las' Chrismus," she laughed. "Marse Tip made out like he wuz mighty mad when dey got de bigges' black gum on de place an' he say we-all tuk de 'vantige uv 'im an' we got ter keep on wid dat same tree eve'y Chrismus till we gits ter de small en' at the top. He says dat's de onlies' way he kin git even wid us niggers. But, shucks! He jes foolin', 'cause I heer 'im laffin' 'bout it ter Miss Sally."

"I reck'n de cunnel mus' be a mighty good man," Sawney observed, "an dis is de fines' place uvver I seen. Marse Sam mighty fine young man too. Ain' nuvver seen de place whar he live at. He want me ter take keer o' his hosses. But ——"

The boy looked down, pushing the end of the dogwood stick into the soft bank.

"But whut?" Judy asked. "Is you a free nigger?"

"Bawn free," Sawney replied. And as if the spoken words stiffened both his back and his resolution he looked the girl full in the face; his hand fell over hers lying on the grass. "Dis is de place fer me," he said. "You know whut I'm gwine ter do? I'm gwine ter ask de cunnel fer de ——"

The girl drew her hand away and rose, a slight tremor running over her tall figure.

The wrinkles appeared round Sawney's eyes and his mouth turned up at the corners.

"'Cause I'se de ruby eye o' de 'simmon seed, See me come ——"

But with a startled exclamation the girl turned and fled.

The boy sat still in the warm sunshine, gazing across the fat fields with half-closed eyes. The sweet pungent scent of wood smoke drifted to his nostrils; the red cone of the sumac blazed in the corner of the snake fence like the burning bush of old; chinquapin and chestnut hung in the open bur; hay in the loft and corn in the shock, with the green wheat already carpeting the rows between; the lazy cawing of the crows mingled with a snatch of song that timed the falling of an ax in the woods.

His senses swimming in the warm lazy comfort of it all, the boy drew forth the harmonica and began to breathe his love-lorn soul into it; the opening and closing of his hands making the crescendos and diminuendos as perfect as the pedals of an organ.

Two yellow-hammers—man and wife—dipped onto a thistle a few yards distant and began to dig into the pods, scattering the white fluffy down in search of the ripe seeds. The music ceased, the player watched them idly. Yes, everything, the whole world, was ripe.

"Lawd, Lawd, whut a gal!" he muttered.

Putting away the instrument he started for the house. He was about to sit down in front of his door when Judy looked round the corner.

"Marse Sam done come," she announced. "Out in de front yard wid Miss Sally."

His feet rustling through the fallen leaves Sawney came upon them before he knew it, sitting behind a tree on a twisted iron bench—a most uncomfortable place to do one's courting. The instant the negro saw them he knew that something had happened or had been about to happen.

Miss Sally's face was colored a deep pink as she smoothed the wide skirt farther out over the bench. The black eyes of the young man were shining like shoe buttons, but his tanned hawklike face wore an assumed look of gravity as he looked his erstwhile messenger up and down.

"You got here a day late, didn't you?" he began without preliminary.

"Why, howdy, Marse Sam!" the negro grinned, taking off his hat. "You sho is lookin' mighty ——" An expression of sudden pain supplanted the smile; a hand went to the small of his back as he limped forward a step. "Ya-as, suh, I—I reck'n I did, suh; but hit's dis way ——"

"And I hear you have been mule stealing; and not only that ——"

"I 'clar' ter Gawd, Marse Sam, I rid dat mule!" Sawney burst forth. "Miss Sally, hyar, an'—Judy, bofe uv 'em ——"

He turned in appeal to the former, but that young lady was busy tying a slipper.

"And not only that," the young man continued accusingly, "you have been strutting about here casting sheep's eyes all round this place, trying to catch other things besides runaway horses, and just raising the devil generally among the women! I wonder you haven't asked for the liberty of this plantation."

The negro's face had been a study during the long indictment, which with a quick intuition he perceived was not so very terrible after all. But the liberty of the plantation!

"Good Gawd A'mighty, Marse Sam!" he gasped, "dat's de ve'y thing I wuz gwine ter ask de cunnel 'bout dis day; an' hyar you come ——"

"Sawney," the young man said solemnly, leaning forward, one hand behind him grasping that of his companion—"Sawney, it's in the air."

"Suh? In de air?" The bewildered negro looked round. "Whut is, suh?"

"The sweet breath of the gods; a breeze from Olympus. I tell you, it's in the air," repeated the young man, carried away by his own happiness. "Go put your fortune to the touch—like I did," pointing to the brick office. "He's in there."

"Oh, you mean de cunnel? I'm kind o' skeerd uv 'im," Sawney said, scratching his head doubtfully. "He ain' rippin' an' tearin' roun' none, is he?"

A shriek of laughter reassuring him somewhat Sawney limped off to the office. Out of the tail of his eye he caught sight of Judy behind one of the tall white pillars of the "great house."

Presently the door of the office opened and the colonel called to the pair out on the bench. They found him seated at the table, with Sawney standing in the corner fooling with his hat.

"Fine day," said the colonel, taking off his glasses and pulling at the white tuft on his chin. "Must be in the air," he added, with a jerk of a thumb toward the corner. "Tell me, Sam, what you know about this boy. He has just asked me for the liberty of the plantation and —— By George, it's Judy he's after!"

"The boy is free, colonel. He was born on Judge Wilmer's place in Appomattox. The judge is a very old man, was a great friend of my father, and he let Sawney come with me. The judge thinks well of him, and so do I. As to this circus-mule business ——"

He turned to Sawney.

"Marse Sam, I 'clar' ter goodness I rid dat mule!"

"So I have heard you say before. I really think that infernal jackass has hypnotized you. Forget it!" the colonel snapped.

"Yassuh," said the obedient Sawney. "I done fergot it a'ready."

"How about Judy, daughter? What's her state of mind? There must be no mistake in this matter."

"Haven't been able to keep her in the house since he came," Miss Sally giggled. "I believe he has hypnotized her too. Oh, yes, sir, her mind is made up."

"Boy," said the colonel, "I never saw but two or three niggers in my life whom I thought good enough in every way to marry Judy."

"If he ever treats her badly ——" Miss Sally began.

"Oh, you needn't worry about that, my dear," her father chuckled. "And now"—to the boy in the corner—"do you know the meaning of the word 'upright'?"

"Yassuh, cunnel, I reck'n I does, suh. Hit mean you got ter walk a chalk line," said Sawney.

"Suppose we call them all in—now," said the colonel to the pair behind him.

The two lovers ran out gleefully to the tall pole behind the office and seizing the rope together swung the plantation bell.

The man in the field looked up at the sun, yet nearly two hours high, and left the plow standing in the furrow as the mellow tones came from the distance; the stable boy dropped his currycomb, the housemaid her broom; Hiram, the foreman; old Aunt Charlotte and Mammy Lou—old and young, some thirty or forty of them, came hurrying to the office. They crowded the room and filled the windows outside—all but Judy. Nobody had seen her or knew where she was.

"Hiram, you and some of the rest go find her and bring her here."

The nervous Sawney in the corner, the absent Judy—she who was ever the first in everything—revealed the meaning of it all; and off they went with whoops of laughter.

Presently Hiram came back, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Marse Tip, dat gal 'way up in de hay-lof' on top o' de hay. She say ef I teches her she gwine ter bre'k my haid wid de pitch-fork han'le, an'—an' she'd do it, too, suh!"

"Well, Sawney," the colonel laughed, "you know now what you are in for if you don't walk that chalk line. Go get her yourself."

"'Scuse me, Marse Tip, please, suh," said that individual, seized of a sudden bashfulness. "I can't climb 'way up dar. My back ain' well yit."

"I don't blame you," the colonel chuckled to himself, and aloud to Hiram, "Go and tell her to come here at once or I'll come after her myself."

They pushed the tall black girl into the room, half dead with embarrassment, and trembling so they made a place for her against the wall.

"Judy," said the colonel, pointing to the boy in the corner, who was in much the same predicament, "Sawney here has asked me for the liberty of the plantation. Do you know who he wants?"

"I, I reck'n I does, suh," Judy gasped, twisting her hands in her apron.

"Do you want him?"

"Ya-as, suh, I reck'n I does."

"Sawney, do you want her?"

"I don' reck'n nuthin' 'bout it, suh. Yas-suh, I does," Sawney corrected, in the laugh that ran round the room.

"Judy," said the colonel, "Sawney is a free negro—free to come and free to go when and where it pleases him, and—you don't belong to me."

"I knows who I b'longs ter," said the black girl, straightening up, pointing at the white one behind the chair. "I ain' nuvver gwine ter leave her, an' I ain' nuvver gwine ter leave dis place 'lessen dey take me 'way feet fust."

"Listen to me," said the colonel. "Your mother and father came to Tranquillity with my wife, and you shall never leave here as long as you live—unless you want to do so.

"You and Sawney shall be married in the back parlor," the old man continued amid the hum of voices all round him, "at Christmas time, and that day you will be a free woman."

When Colonel Byrd had begun to speak Judy had shrunk against the wall, staring at him with all her might. As he turned to his daughter to receive her smiling confirmation the black girl rose to her full height, arms flung aloft.

"Glory be ter Gawd!" she gasped and, turning away, stumbled through the door.

On such occasions when a wedding is in the air—the man most concerned simply cuts no figure at all. Some such idea was in the back of Sawney's head as they pushed him out into the late sunshine. However, he gathered courage as he followed the tall figure of Judy through the gate in the picket fence, though in such moments some people had better be left alone. She heard his low laugh behind her as they came to the rise in the field overlooking the pond, swung round and faced him, her eyes shining like the sunset on the water.

"Ever gwine ter start dat 'ruby eye, 'simmon seed' bizness wid me ag'in?" she demanded as Sawney limped up to her, something inside of him flopping over and over.

"Not, not ef you don't want me ter," he replied meekly.

"Well, den," said Judy, taking his hand, "come on, let's go down an' look at de Chris'mus log."

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It set up its goal-posts in fields where improvement was sorely needed. Then paved the way to attain those goals.

For better, permanent and more economical construction Blaw-Knox Company contributed Blaw steel forms for roads and streets. The costly, inaccurate and awkward wood-forms were supplanted with Blawforms. They have encouraged and aided the building of countless roads and streets.

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For the comfort of steel workers and the protection of furnace equipment, Blaw-Knox Company devised Knox patented water-cooled appliances for high-temperature furnaces.

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To travel the road to success without mishap or detour, Blaw-Knox Company brought together a service organization so strong and so flexible that a job undertaken is a job accomplished.

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BLAW STEEL FORMS for all kinds of concrete work—sewers, tunnels, aqueducts, dams, culverts, bridges, retaining walls, factory buildings and warehouses, columns, floors, foundations, manholes, subways, reservoirs, piers, roads, sidewalks, etc.

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Blaw Column Forms on the Sears-Roebuck Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Blaw Steel Forms on the Dixie Highway

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

THE GORGEOUS GIRL

Continued from Page 25

The next thing of interest to keep Beatrice at home was the advent of a real lion cub, following Monster's departure to canine heaven. Being too impossible of shape and disposition for anyone's pride or comfort, Monster was disposed of and buried in a satin-lined coffin with a neat white headstone telling salient facts of her short existence.

While Steve was giving devout thanks for the event Beatrice was realizing that the gardens needed a dominating note, as Gay said. During her reading of old fables and romantic legends about superwomen or extremely wicked matrons she had discovered that they nearly all possessed a lion or a bear or a brace of elephants to gambol on the green. Such a pet symbolized its owner's power and fearlessness, and any young woman who could have the Emperor of China's bedroom suite brought posthaste into Hanover, U. S. A., was entitled to something in the jungle line for her front yard!

For the first time in his daughter's life Mark Constantine made a faint protest, suggesting that she have a taxidermist mount several lion cubs and group them about the hall—while Steve sat back in cynical amusement and asked if she were going to request the goldfish to step aside in favor of a few Alaska seals?

"If she gets a live lion—and she will, because I'm writing to a circus man now," Gay told Trudy—"I'm going to sprain my ankle and be laid up from the day the beast arrives until he goes—he won't tarry long, the police won't have it. But I'm not going to take any chances. Still it would never do to make a fat commission on the deal and then act as if I were afraid to come over and play cannibal-cannibal with him. I guess you can go," he added insolently.

Trudy looked at him in scorn. "You are cheap," she said. "Well, I will go! I'd just as soon be eaten by a lion as to have to live with a shrimp."

The lion arrived in due time and was named Tawny Adonis. Beatrice considered him a perfect love. He was a gay young cub and quite effective in the new background, well intentioned but lonesome for his old atmosphere of circus life and his mother and brothers. He was given a large run in the Constantine grounds, and while Aunt Belle stayed locked in her room the greater share of the time and Gay immediately sprained his ankle and was forced to send Trudy as his messenger, Mark Constantine and Steve found their time well occupied in convincing the authorities that the town infantry would not be devoured piecemeal. Hanover had never really approved of having an Italian villa crammed down its throat, and it was certainly not agreeable, to say the least, to have a lion cub at large as a dominating garden note.

"You cannot keep him, even if you pulled all his teeth and taught him to be a dope fiend," Steve said in desperation after the roars of Tawny Adonis had been reported to the police as annoying. "He is growing bigger every day and all he has done is demolish flowers and shrubs and chew up fence posts. I'm sorry for him and I'm not particularly afraid of him, but if there was an accident with a child even the owner of a dominating garden note could not expect to go scot-free."

Her father and her friends championed Steve's stand in the matter and, after a little rebelling and pouting and having the pleasure of seeing her name in all the papers as the owner of the lion cub and so on, Beatrice consented to part with him on the condition that she be allowed to give him a farewell birthday party, he being nearly a year old. She was going to ask the children of all her friends. But getting a hint of the event her friends hastily arranged a Tom Thumb wedding for charity, and then assured Beatrice it was merely a coincidence the two things interfered with each other—wasn't it a shame? Realizing that this dominating note was not a social asset, Beatrice hastily sided with her father and the authorities.

Besides, she was tired of Tawny Adonis; he was destructive, and a secret source of worry if she could have been made to admit it. So she prepared for a birthday fête and determined to have the public-school children as the guests. But these refused her invitation as well; so she went into the slums and collected thirty harmless waifs who felt that a lion's birthday party was not to be despised, and brought them triumphantly into the Italian gardens.

The waifs gathered round an outdoor table, too busy swallowing food to bother about their possible and likely fate. In the center of the table was a huge birthday cake for Tawny Adonis. It was made of raw Hamburg steak, generously iced with bone marrow, and the single anniversary candle took the form of a blanched soup bone. After the children had eaten their fill Tawny Adonis was let loose upon the scene and at the birthday cake, and during the wild smashing of glass and china and the excited shrieks of the waifs Tawny went to the birthday cake and devoured it, soup bone and all.

Gay was out of town the day of the party but Trudy bravely assisted, as did one or two others, Mark Constantine and his sister sitting in the windows to watch the procedure while Beatrice in a gown of turquoise velvet with a coronet of frosted leaves played Lady Bountiful and dismissed the slum brigade as soon as possible, sending them home with the confused knowledge that a beautiful lady in angel clothes and a wild animal sometimes meant plenty of ham sandwiches and ice cream, as well as the opportunity to slip a fork into one's pocket.

Steve declined to take any part in the celebration, but at the conclusion of the event he appeared with policemen and a patrol wagon containing a cage, and amid gay farewells and grim coaxings Tawny Adonis was escorted to the railway station and shipped back to the circus man at a loss of five hundred dollars—not counting the damage done—to the Gorgeous Girl!

XV

TRUDY was keen as a brier whenever her own realm was threatened. With the shrewdness which caused her to refrain from ever speaking ill of a woman when talking to a man and never speaking aught but ill of women when talking to their own kind, she foresaw in Gay's constant attendance on the Gorgeous Girl the possibility of an unpleasant situation.

For the Gorgeous Girl had said not only to her husband but to her friends that she must find some other kind of a good time now the novelty of the Villa Rosa was exhausted. Even inky people bored her, she added; poets were no longer permitted in her drawing-room and the circle of pet robins and angel ducks had somehow wandered out of her safekeeping. An unusually pretty flock of sweetsome débutantes had thinned the bachelor ranks and Jill Briggs' youngest boy died of some childish ailment, disturbing Beatrice more than she admitted for some reason, and making her own thoughts poor company.

It was while she was talking of this child's death with Trudy that the latter glimpsed the handwriting on the wall and with scantily concealed enmity determined to beat Beatrice at her own game.

"Jill is going away for the winter, poor thing," Beatrice said. "I don't blame her; it would be too horrible to have to stay and see all his things about. And it's the second child she's lost. Goodness me, she has spent hundreds on baby specialists and nurses! Well, you know yourself, Trudy—you've seen how wonderful she has been. This boy's death has so upset her she has decided to have two nurses stay with the children instead of one. Mighty sweet of her, as it all comes out of Jill's pocketbook and not her husband's. She says she cannot think of leaving them with one person, and she must go away because her nerves are frazzled.

"She is going to the West Indies with an artist friend, and they are going to make a marvelous collection of water-color paintings of birds and flowers, a sort of memorial to the boy. Jill says she will sell them and give the proceeds for the *crèche* charity. Well, that is all very well for Jill to do; she has a real heartache to live down. But when you have no earthly reason to go and paint wild birds and flowers and you are bored to distraction with everything ——" She shrugged her shoulders.

"Meaning yourself?" asked Trudy. "Really?"—delighted that this was so.

"Are you ever bored?"

"Only enough to be fashionable. You see I have to live Gay's life and career and my own at the same time." Instinctively Trudy knew this caused envy in her hostess' heart for a multitude of reasons. "Gay never amounted to anything until we were married"—she paused for this to take full effect—"and I enjoy playing the game. I have grown fond of makeshifts and make-believes and hedging, bluffing, stalling, jumping mental hurdles—it's fun—it keeps you alive and never weighing more than a hundred and thirty pounds."

Trudy rose to go. She was a chic little vixen in a fantastic costume of black velvet with a jacket of blush pink. No one but Trudy could have worn such a thing, a semi-Dick Whittington effect—and have gotten away with it. Though she was physically very tired from sewing late the night before, and malnourished because she was too indolent to bother to cook, Trudy looked quite fit for a long stretch of hard running.

"Why don't you diet seriously?" she purred. "It's only right for your true friends to tell you. The double chin is permanent, I'm afraid." She shook her shapely little head, to Beatrice's inward rage.

As Beatrice sat looking up at this impertinent little person she suddenly became angered to think she had ever bothered with an ex-office girl or permitted Gaylord to coax her into being nice to his wife. And if this impossible person could bring Gaylord into the ranks of prosperity in a short time, making everyone accept her, what couldn't she, Beatrice O'Valley, do with Gay if she tried—seriously tried? He would not linger beside Trudy if Beatrice gave him to understand there was a place for him at her own hearth. She knew Gaylord too well; he suddenly assumed the figurative form of a goal, as she had once assumed to Steve a play pastime in the true sense. A real man would not play off property doll in the hands of any woman, not excepting his own wife; which Beatrice realized. Living with a cave man had taught her many things. Yet it would be rare fun to have a property doll all one's own, different from the impersonal harmless herd of boys and poets, a really innocent pastime if you considered it in the eyes of man-written law. What a lark—to switch Gay from this cheap red-haired little woman, dominate his life, suddenly assert her starved abilities and make him become far greater than anything Trudy had ever been able to do! It would

(Continued on Page 117)

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The Same Men Built Both

Essex Proves Right

In First Year It Makes New World Sales Record

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The Essex is a year old.

We have never made claims for it. We said the public should judge it.

Here is the verdict: More than $35,000,000 has been paid for 22,000 Essex cars now in service.

That is a new world's record. It tells in unqualified terms what motordom thinks of Essex.

What Is the Charm Of Essex?

Men have called it irresistible. You have only to hear what owners say of its quality and performance to understand why so many thousands wanted it.

Think what a stubborn fight the new car of conventional qualities must make for even limited recognition. What then was the Essex appeal that took motordom by storm?

Certainly it was not prestige, borrowed from Hudson. For we purposely withheld the identity of its makers. We required the Essex to establish its own position, on the clear-cut issue of merit. Only a few in the trade knew the builders of the famous Super-Six were also responsible for Essex.

This Is the Issue Essex Justified

The Essex won because of the way it combined the wanted performance, riding ease and endurance, hitherto regarded exclusive to large, costly cars, with the economy and convenience which all acknowledge are light car advantages.

It was built to fill a want so strong it amounted almost to a mandate from the motoring public.

But there was no haste to put it on the market. Years were spent in its development. All that was learned in building 60,000 earlier Super-Sixes, and as a type making it the most famous performance car in the world, was applied to the Essex.

Its Speed-fame Traces Back to Hudson

The same men designed it who made the Super-Six winner of all the worth-while stock car speed records. Is it any wonder then that Essex is everywhere noted for speed? And in the light of Hudson's endurance proofs that excel any ever shown by another car, it is not difficult to understand why Essex durability is acclaimed by all who know and depend on it.

Mark what exclusive advantages it brought. Prior to the Essex many light-weight cars fell short in endurance and performance. They offered little except low cost and economy of operation. Durability and the finer car qualities were expected only in large cars, too costly for the average pocket.

It was inevitable that the Essex with light weight, moderate cost and the finest standards of performance and endurance should win friends as fast as its fame spread.

If you would be assured of delivery of an Essex when you want it, you should place your order well ahead of the desired delivery date. Now is not too early to order for spring.

Both Are Products of World's Largest

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Hudson's Four Year Old Prophecy Fulfilled

The Super-Six Motor Patented, Controlled And Exclusive To Hudson Has Met Every Promise

"The superior type which all must concede" is a claim we made for the Hudson Super-Six nearly five years ago.

Today close to 80,000 Super-Six owners and scores of official records reveal the truth of that prophecy.

Hudson originated through the Super-Six a principle which added 72% to power and 80% to motor efficiency. It reduced vibration almost to nil and thereby increased motor life. The forces which in other types are usually destructive in automobiles are directed to useful employment in the Super-Six.

They account for Hudson's becoming the greatest speed, hill-climbing and transcontinental car ever built. Its position is not questioned. Everyone knows it.

Hudson Alone Controls The Super-Six

There is little doubt that all would adopt its invention were it not for the patents which Hudson holds.

Think what it means to add 80% to efficiency without increase of weight or sacrifice of simplicity. That advantage was recognized by engineers as soon as the principle was revealed. Everyone admits the unrivaled position of Hudson. Who questions its superior ability in any performance that calls for power, flexibility and endurance?

Each Year Has Seen A Greater Hudson

Further development of the first Super-Six was inevitable. Improvements have come through refinement and in raising other car units to the standard of its motor.

No one at first realized the Super-Six capable of withstanding such punishment as it has taken in the hardest tests ever imposed on a motor car.

When the fastest 100 miles ever officially recorded of a stock car did not show Hudson's endurance limit, harder tests were imposed. The twenty-four-hour run was one; and although a Super-Six stock chassis in that time traveled a distance greater than from New York to Denver, its endurance limit remained unknown. The trip across the continent from San Francisco to New York and return in 10 days, 21 hours gave proof of endurance never equaled by another car.

And Everyone Admits Hudson Leads in Style

Look about in any assemblage of fine automobiles and note the dominant distinction of Hudson. It is openly admitted that Hudson sets the style in body types, and this style point is frequently emphasized as though it were its most distinctive. But Hudson's greatest advantage is its patented motor.

Remember the Super-Six motor made Hudson the largest selling fine car in the world. Buyers have always had to wait for delivery of favorite models. They are waiting today. You will surely want a Super-Six sometime within the next year. Now is not too early to order.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

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THE BUDA COMPANY, *Harvey* (CHICAGO SUBURB), *Ill.*
ESTABLISHED 1882

BUDA
The
ENGINE

(Continued from Page 113)

cause such a jolly row and excitement and pep everyone up. Pet and flatter him and show Trudy that after all she had only been an incompetent clerk in Steve's office!

"Perhaps I will diet," was all she said, smiling sweetly. "And tell Gay he must come see me to-morrow. I have a plan that I want to tell him—and no one else. Besides, there is a flaw in the last pair of candlesticks he bought for me."

Trudy realized perfectly well that sweetness from the lips of an obese lady, after one has assured her of the arrival of a double chin, always augurs ill for everyone.

Originally Trudy had determined to use Gaylord as a stepping-stone, a rather satisfactory first husband. But since Beatrice's commission to do the villa and the stream of like orders from the new-rich who were trying to unload their war fortunes before they were caught at it, Trudy had grown content and even keen about Gaylord in an impersonal sense. She felt that she could not better herself if he continued to do as well as he had the last few months, and that she would continue to do her share of hill-climbing indefinitely. In other words, having won Gaylord in the remnant department, Trudy decided to keep him and make him answer the purpose of paying her board bill.

Besides, though she admitted it only to Mary, she felt anything but well. The more money Gaylord made the more he spent on himself, and he seemed to expect Trudy to manage out of the ozone, yet to appear as the indulged wife of her enterprising young husband. It never ended—the eternal searching for bargains, dyeing clothes and mending, cleaning and pressing, living on delicatessen food, sitting up nights to help out with the work, often doing odds and ends of sewing, and appearing the next afternoon in the customer's house to admire the effect of the new drapery and tell of the bright-eyed Italian woman who had done the work.

Trudy saw little of Mary. Her better self made her stay aloof lest she win from her friend other details to add to her already safeguarded secret. And she never attempted to amuse Steve. She fought shy of him when he was about, wisely limiting herself to shy nods and smiles and occasionally a very meek compliment, which he usually pretended not to hear.

As she walked home from the villa—Gay had the roadster—she told herself she must watch out or Beatrice would attempt to spoil Gay to the extent of making him wish to be rid of his wife. She realized that Gay was extremely scornful and careless of her. Having married her and satisfied his one-cylinder brain that he was a deuce of a chap and a democratic rake and all in marrying this dashing nobody, Gaylord turned bully and permitted Trudy to take the cares of the family on her shoulders. He was now enjoying the fruits of her industry with a fair credit rating, very different from formerly, a bank account of which Trudy knew nothing, and the congenial work of pussyfooting about boudoirs and guzzling tea on Beatrice's blue-satin gondolas.

He no longer needed Trudy. He could see now that to be single-handed once more but with his new standing and profession would be a most satisfactory state of affairs. In fact if Trudy would only fall in love with a traveling man and decamp—what a chap he would soon rise to be! For a broken heart is often a man's strongest asset and a woman's gravest suspicion. Trudy, however, gave him no hope in this direction. She hung about her fireplace contrary to her former plans concerning it. She really put in an eighteen-hour day as both slavey and sylph, and seemed filled with everlasting patience and jazz.

Coming into the Touraine apartment Trudy found Gaylord showing old prints to some women customers and advising as to the smartness of having them framed and used in sun parlors or any intriguing little nook. Trudy was *de trop*—she was prettier than the prospective customers but in their eyes she had only a Winter Garden personality—and Gay frowned his welcome.

Had Trudy not come in Gay would have served cocktails of his own making, which would cause them to order the prints at fabulous prices; and then sat in the dusk talking about the occult and the popularity of Persian pussy cats and how to make pear and cottage cheese salad and serve it on cabbage leaves, which was quite the mode. It never does for an interior decorator, particularly if specializing in boudoirs, to have a wife, Gaylord decided as his customers patronized Trudy and departed, Gaylord seeing them to their car and standing bareheaded to wave his bejeweled hand as they whirled round the corner.

He then returned to give Trudy his unbiased opinion. "I thought you were going to stay away until evening," he said. "You spoiled the sale."

"Did I? What were you about to do—play soul mate if they'd take the old things? I'm the one who found those prints in a secondhand store and had sense enough to buy the lot. I'm the one who found the remnants of cretonne you paste them on—and told you to charge ten dollars each—and I'm the one who sits out in the little back room and pastes them on too!"

She threw her purse down with an angry gesture.

"You are the crudest thing," he said.

"I slapped you once for calling me a crude little fool—and the next time you try it I'll do better than that!" She was unable to control her temper. "If you think being a bachelor and languishing in this place would keep you afloat you're mistaken. It's me—I'm the one that buys the bargains and runs the sewing machine half the night, sends out the bills and wheedles the salesmen into looking at you—to say nothing of doing the housekeeping, and keeping every good-looking woman afraid of me, yet polite. Why, if you were alone any real business man could come in here and start a shop and put you behind the bench overnight. You're nothing! You never were. You lived on a dead man's reputation until you married me, and now you're living on a red-headed girl's nerve. I'll scold as shrilly as I like. If the neighbors hear, all the better!"

Trudy had lost control of herself. Besides, she was very tired. "Who told you to wear gray-velvet smocks in your drawing-room shop and to have soft ties poured down softer collars? You look a hundred per cent better than when you hopped round in a check suit that gave you a game-board appearance. I did that. If I'd ever worked for O'Valley as I have for you, thinking I'd get a good time out of it somehow, I'd have had Mary Faithful on the run."

She did not add the rest of her ideas—that Beatrice O'Valley, not contented with her store of possessions and avenues of interests, contemplated playing property doll with this half-portion little snob who stood before her in his ridiculous smock costume, half afraid and half sneering.

The interview concluded with Trudy's going into the kitchen for some kind of a supper and Gay's driving off posthaste to see Beatrice.

When Steve returned from his hurried two-day trip he asked Beatrice if she realized the amount of money she was spending.

"Why should I?" she answered aggrievedly. Steve looked unusually handsome this afternoon; he seemed to fit into the antique chair, and in contrast to her contemplated property doll Beatrice felt amiable and willing to play for favor.

"I haven't asked you for even one quarter of it."

"That's the trouble—your father has gone on paying your bills and you don't seem to realize I am not an enormously rich man—and never will be, abnormal business conditions having ceased. We are back where we started, so to speak, and I don't look for a time of unheralded prosperity for some days to come. I was figuring up while I was away, in detail, and here are the results." He handed her a memorandum. "You see? I earn a splendid living and I have a neat nest egg not to be despised. But I have no Italian-villa income. Your father has, so you came back to your father to take his money, and I am merely a necessary accessory to the entire ensemble." His voice was bitter.

"Oh, no, Stevuns!" She was quite the romantic parasite as she came and knelt beside him in coaxing attitude. "Why, papa wants me to have everything I want. He would be terribly worried if he thought I had to do without a single shoe button!"

"But must all the shoe buttons be of gold?" Steve interpolated.

She paid no attention to him. "I'm papa's only heir the money is all mine anyway and it always has been. You know how simple papa's tastes are."

"Like my own like those of all busy people who are doing things. We haven't time to pamper ourselves."

"Someone has to buy up the trash! And you ought to thank us rich darlings of the gods for existing at all—we make you look so respectable by contrast." She waited for his answer.

He rose and went over to the carved mantel, standing so he could look down the long room crowded with luxuries.

"But this place isn't the home of an American man and his wife. It's a show place—bought with your father's money! And I've failed. I'm not supporting my wife. Good heavens, if I were I'd have to be cracking safes every week-end to do it. I can't make any more money than I am making—and stay at large—and you cannot go on living off your father and being my wife. I won't have it! I won't be that kind of failure!"

"What shall I do with the money, throw it to the birds?" Her head began to ache, as it always did when a serious conversation was at hand.

"Wait until it is yours and then spend it on something for the good—not the delight—of someone else, or of a great many other people. Be my wife—let me take care of you," he begged earnestly.

Beatrice hesitated. "I couldn't," was her final answer. "I couldn't manage with the allowance you give me—don't worry, dearest, there's no reason at all that we shouldn't have as good a time as there is. Papa wants us to."

"Don't you see what I'm trying to get at?" he insisted. "Won't you try to see? Just try—put yourself in my place, make yourself think with my viewpoint as a starting place. Suppose you had been a dreamer of a boy with a pirate's daring and a poet's unreal delusions, and you combined the two to produce a fortune, a fortune everyone marveled at, the lucky turn of the wheel. Suppose you used that fortune with the same daring and fancy, loving someone with all your heart, to make money in a regular business and under the guidance of a well-trained merchant like your father—and then you married the person you loved and saw her deliberately belittle your manhood by going to her father's house to live, spending her father's money and leaving you quite alone and without the joyous and needed responsibility of supporting your wife. Now what would you do?"

"I'd start right in spending my own money for things I wanted," she decided glibly.

"But suppose you did not want things—cluttery, everlasting things, glaring, upholstered, painted, carved, what not—lugged from the four corners of the earth, not harmonizing with your own aims or interests? Suppose you wanted to create an individual and representative home and take care of it and the guardian angel who presided therein—then what would you do?"

"Oh—you mean you want another style of house? Then let's buy a country tract—and I promise to let you build and furnish just as you wish. That's a bully idea, dear, to have an abrupt contrast to this house—old English-manor type would be wonderful!"

The dinner gong brought a merciful release. Beatrice danced through the archway throwing him a kiss as the rest of her decision.

It was at this identical moment that Steve concluded it was too late for his wife ever to develop anything more than a double chin or so.

XVI

DURING Beatrice's house party, at which twenty or so equally Gorgeous Girls and their husbands were quartered in the Villa Rosa, while a string orchestra danced them further along the road toward nervous prostration each night, a fire ignited in the offices of the O'Valley Leather Company.

Steve's office and Mary's adjoining room were damaged by water rather than by the slight blaze itself and during an enforced recess from work both Mary and Steve found that a fire in an office building may cause a loss of time from routine yet be a great personal boon.

The day following the accident, Steve having been summoned at midnight to view the flames, Mary came to the office to rescue the files and sweep aside the debris.

"Nothing is really hurt, but they always mess things up," Steve said, coming to the doorway to hold up a precious record book. "See this? I wonder why they always leave such a lot of stuff to clear away. Now the whole extent of damage is the destroying of that rickety side stairway that is never used and could have been done away with long ago. Some boys playing craps and smoking left the makings of the fire, and before it touched these rooms there was water poured into the whole plant. As a consequence we have a three-day vacation, and instead of having the side stairs torn down I'm in line for a chunk of insurance."

"Even the tea isn't spilled from my caddy," Mary answered. "Look."

"Wonder what they used this side stairway for. It was rickety when I bought the place." He looked at the blackened remains of steps.

"I don't know," Mary answered absent-mindedly. She could have added that whenever she looked at those stairs or their closed door she saw but one thing—Steve on his wedding day as he came stealing up to ask about the long-distance telephone call, aglow with happiness and dreams. For her own reasons, therefore, Mary did not regret the destruction of the side stairs.

"They've shoved this cabinet over as if they had a special antagonism to it," he was saying, righting a small piece of furniture containing mostly Mary's papers. "There—not hurt, is it? Do the drawers open?" He began pulling them out, one after another. The last refused to open.

"What's in this one—it blocks the spring?"

Mary tried her hand at it. "Something wedged right at the edge. I'm sure I don't see what it can be. I never used that drawer for anything but ——"

At their combined jerk the drawer came flying into space, and with it the remains of a white cardboard box with the monograms of B. C. and S. O. entwined by means of a cupid and a tiny wreath of flowers. Dried cake crumbs lay in the bottom of the drawer. It was the Gorgeous Girl's box of wedding cake which Mary Faithful had found on her desk.

Neither spoke immediately. Finally Mary said: "I suppose that's as bad an omen as to break a mirror under a ladder on Friday the thirteenth. Now shall I have the men sweep the office out? There is no reason we cannot get to work to-morrow."

"Wait a moment about sweeping out offices and going to work," Steve insisted. "If you want to break the hoodoo you have just brought on yourself by smashing up wedding cake—let me talk and act as high priest."

She shook her head. "You promised, and you've been true-blue—don't spoil it. Besides, it can do no good."

"I want to ask a question," he insisted. "I'm not going to break faith with you or take advantage of knowing what you told me. I shall always try to appreciate the honor done me, no matter if I am unworthy. I want to ask a question in as impersonal a way as if I wrote in to a woman's column." He tried to laugh.

"Ask away." Mary sat down in the nearest chair, the broken cardboard box at her feet.

"Why is it that a man can honestly be in love with the woman he marries and yet in an amazingly short time find himself playing the cad in feeling disappointed, discontented, utterly lacking affection? It's a ghastly happening. Why is it he saw no handwriting on the wall? I am not stupid, Mary, neither am I given to inconstancy. I've had to struggle too much not to have my mind made up once and for all time. Why don't I see through this veneer of a good time that these Gorgeous Girls manage to have painted over their real selves? Why did I never suspect? And what is a man to do when he discovers the disillusionment? You see it all, there's no sense in not admitting it—why do I find myself ill at ease, now tense, now irritable over trifles, now sulky, despondent—as plainly sulky and despondent as a wild animal successfully caged and labeled, which must perforce stay put yet which will not afford its spectators the satisfaction of walking wistfully from cage corner to cage corner and yowling in unanswered anguish?"

"Is it as bad as that?" she asked softly.

He nodded as he continued: "I sometimes feel the way the monkish fraternity did at Oxford when they claimed 'they banished God and admitted women.' I want a man-made world, womanless, without a single trace of romance or a good time.

(Continued on Page 120)

RAILROAD QUESTIONS

I

What do railroad managers consider the primary aim of a correct national railroad policy?

To secure the best possible transportation at the lowest possible cost.

What is the controlling consideration in shaping an effective railroad policy?

To make sure of being able to obtain in the future the necessary money with which to develop existing railroads and build new ones.

Why is this controlling?

Because our country, as a whole, is still undeveloped and railroads have been and will continue to be the chief instrument of development of our natural resources, opening up territory that needs only railroads to become more productive, and making in every part of the country a market for the goods produced in any other part of the country. Furthermore, in highly developed parts of the country growing railroad service demands more track facilities and better terminals. Such development means prosperity, which can be obtained in no other way.

Why is that of importance to people not dependent upon railroad jobs?

Because unless the country continues to grow and new markets are opened up businesses cannot expand and new and better jobs will not be available. On the other hand, as new producing areas are opened up, as more products are made available in every part of the country, the standard of living of each citizen, however humble he may be, will be raised and the cost of living made continually more reasonable.

Inadequate railroad facilities curtail the production of the necessities of life and thus cause an increase in the cost of living.

II

What has been the guiding principle on which American railroads have been developed?

To reduce unit costs. In other words, to build such powerful locomotives, such heavy tracks, such large freight cars, and such adequate terminals, and to encourage the carriage of freight in such great quantities, that each ton of freight could be carried at such a low price as to make it possible for farmers and for producers, especially of manufactured products, to place their goods in any market upon a basis wherein the freight charges would be relatively negligible.

Just what does that mean in its practical application?

It means that the farmer can ship his cattle, corn and wheat long distances and help to keep down the price of food in the great cities; that the fruit growers can place their products in the markets thousands of miles distant at prices which will permit a greater use; it means that fuel, lumber and raw materials for building and manufacturing can be moved long distances, and that manufactured articles can be widely distributed, thus giving the consumer access to many markets and the benefit of competition.

III

What is the average charge the railroads in the United States make to the public for carrying a ton of freight one mile?

About one cent. Two tons are carried one mile for the price of a postage stamp. That is the average charge; heavy articles, like coal and ore, are carried at lower rates because they can be handled in great bulk.

How does this cost compare with the freight rates in other parts of the world?

The average freight rate on the American railroads is lower than on the railroads of any other country in the world.

How about passenger rates?

The passenger rate in the United States is three cents per mile for travel on a first-class coach. The rate in England for first-class travel is six cents a mile. In both countries the charge for parlor or sleeping car accommodation is additional. Second-class rates in most of the European countries run about four cents a mile, and third-class rates about three cents a mile, but the second and third class accommodations, as they are in Europe, would be highly unsatisfactory to American travelers.

Have rates steadily declined in the United States?

Up to 1918 there had been a continuous reduction in the average freight rate charged on American railroads, for a period of thirty years. This was made possible by the continued attention to development of railroads, building new lines, opening new markets, and making possible a constantly growing amount of freight to be carried at a continually declining unit of cost. The recent increases made under governmental control have been due to conditions brought about by the war.

IV

Were there not evils attendant upon this development of American railroads?

Without question; but the fact that these evils were incidental and not inherent is shown in the fact that American railroads have had the lowest capitalization per mile of any of the great countries in the world, have paid the highest wages of any railroad system in the world, have paid the highest taxes in proportion to investment of any railroad system in the world, yet have given their service to the public at a lower price than any other great railroad system in the world.

Has the possibility of improper practices under private management of railroads been eliminated?

The possibility of dishonesty in any line of business or government can never be altogether eliminated, but under public regulation, as favored by railroad managements today, there is the utmost possible protection to the public against dishonesty, burdensome rates or injurious practices.

V

What, as the railroads see it, has been the chief weakness in the system of regulation as practised up until now?

That it has been punitive for past errors rather than constructive in encouraging development of new railroads against the increasing demands of commerce.

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ASKED AND ANSWERED

Have not the railroads in recent years been developing fast enough to take care of the normal demands of trade?

They have not. Most of the money spent on railroads in recent years has been in building up old lines with assured traffic rather than building into new territory and opening up the undeveloped parts of the country. And even on the old lines the expenditures have not been adequate to keep pace with the growth of business.

In what way is this shown?

By one fact, for example, that it has for several years past been practically impossible for an American railroad to sell new stock in the purchase of which the investor took any chance whatever; practically for the past ten years investors in railroad securities have insisted upon obtaining bonds involving an actual lien upon the property. That is, no one would invest money in railroads as a business for the sake of the possible profit. They could only lend money on a mortgage bond or a short-term note for the sake of the interest return. This has resulted in a steady depletion of railroad credit and a constantly increasing difficulty for the railroads to obtain new money for further development.

What has been the result?

Walker D. Hines, Director General of the Railroads, in a public statement issued at Washington, recently said:

"Even prior to the war, railroad facilities were not equal to the demands. During the war, the addition of new facilities was greatly restricted by scarcity of material and labor. Since the war, it has been impossible to enter upon or carry out any extensive program for enlargement of railroad capacity, because of the uncertainty as to the status of the railroads."

Would not the railroads have fared better if their managers, instead of saying so much about declining railroad credit, had assumed an optimistic attitude and given encouragement rather than discouragement to those who might invest in railroad securities?

The railroad managers have sought to present the situation as they see it; they could not have justified themselves in painting a glowing picture of promised profits if their expert knowledge and experience showed them clearly that the tendencies at work in the business were in the other direction.

What has been the most serious of those tendencies?

The constant increase in expenses, but with no power on the part of the railroads, without permission from regulating bodies, to increase their charges for service.

VI

Do not the managers of the railroads maintain that they should have unlimited earnings?

Certainly not. They believe it to be in the public interest that rates should be reasonable and be regulated by public authority in the public interest.

But how does the business situation of the railroad manager differ from that of the manufacturer or the merchant?

The merchant may increase his prices when he sees his costs going up, and as a matter of fact all merchants and manufacturers have increased their prices in recent years. The tendency of railroad regulation, however, has been to hold down railroad charges in spite of the steady increase in expenses, with the result that though there has been a very great increase in railroad business in recent years, the railroads themselves and investors in the railroads have found themselves confronted with restricted net earnings.

How much more were the expenses of the railroads in 1919 than they were in 1917?

Expenses increased from $2,850,000,000 in 1917 to $4,695,000,000 in 1919. In other words, though the railroads rendered less service in 1919 than they did in 1917 the actual cost of rendering that service was approximately $1,800,000,000 more.

Do the railroads favor a reduction in the wages of railroad employees?

No! The railroads are distinctly in favor of all employees receiving the highest wages it is practicable to pay, realizing—as the managers do—the important nature of the service, the risks that are run, and the extraordinary value of having competent men in the service enthusiastically interested in doing efficient work.

VII

What do the railroad managers propose as a way of meeting the railroad problem?

The key to the problem, as they see it, is in the recommendation of the Association of Railway Executives that Congress pass a law directing the Interstate Commerce Commission and all rate-making authorities to provide a system of rates for the railroads of this country which will enable them to pay adequate wages, provide a fair return on the investment and accumulate a surplus to protect railroad service in lean years and thus attract the additional capital necessary to provide the facilities required by the public.

Are the railroads in favor of public regulation of the issuance of railroad securities and for complete accounting of the proceeds of all sales of securities?

Yes; the railroads have embodied a recommendation to that effect in a communication to Congress.

What is the general recommendation of the railroad companies to the people of the United States?

As railroad experience in this and other countries clearly points to the fact that private management secures the greatest economy of operation, the most competition in service and provision of adequate facilities for public requirements, it is our recommendation that—

1. Expenses should not be placed arbitrarily upon railroad properties without making provision to meet them.
2. There should be complete publicity about railroad management and thorough-going regulation in the interests of the people, and,
3. A sufficient margin between expenses and earnings should be allowed to attract the capital necessary to provide the facilities which the public needs.

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(Continued from Page 117)

Not right, is it? Sometimes I think I'll crack under the pretense, go raving mad and scream out the whole miserable sham under which I live—and every time I indulge myself in such a reverie I find myself writing Beatrice an extra check and going with her to this thing or that, steel hammer pulses beating at my forehead and a languor about even the attempt at breathing."

Mary would have spoken but he rushed ahead. "I like this fire, this débris. Most people would curse at it—its real and rather common, sort of plain boiled-dinner variety. It gives me an excuse to take time off from the eternal frolic. I'm glad when there's a strike or a row and I dig out of town to stay in a commercial hotel. I have to get away from the whole tinsel show. And yet it was what I wanted, was willing to play modern Faust to any Wall Street Mephistopheles——"

"And you are sure it wasn't a Mephistopheles?"

"Of course not—for that much I can draw a deep breath and give thanks—it was my own luck."

"Other times, other titles," she murmured.

"One time you told me what you thought of the future of American women, the all-round good fellows of the world—do you remember? I wish you had not told me. It's just another thing to irritate. I'm driven mad by trifles—I'm starved for a big tragedy; that's the way this craving for a fortune and a good time is playing boomerang. I'm so infernally weary of hearing about the cut-glass slipper heels of some chorus girl and so hungry to hear about a shipwreck, a new creed, a daring crime that——"

"You foolish, funny boy," she said, taking pity on his involved analysis, "don't you see what you have done? It's quite the common fate of get-rich-quick dreamers; you merely symbolized your goal by Beatrice Constantine. She stood for the combined relationships of wife, comrade, lady luxury—and you captured your goal, and the greater effort ceased. You have had time to examine your prize in microscopic fashion. It isn't at all what you intended—but it is quite what you deserve. No one can make a lie serve for the truth—at all times and for an indefinite period. Something is bound to come a cropper somewhere—usually where you least expect it. And you lied to yourself in the beginning, a passive sort of falsehood, in merely refusing to see the truth and groping for the unreal. You had to justify your race for wealth, so you said, 'Oho, I'll love a storybook princess and let that be my incentive. Storybook princesses are expensive lovelies and you have to have money bags to jingle before their fair selves!' So you became more and more infatuated with the fairy-book princess who happened to be in your pathway—and it was Beatrice. She made you feel that anything your slightly mad and quite unrealizing young self might do was proper. Just as the boy with a new air rifle deliberately sets up a target to shoot away at because the savage in him must justify hitting something besides the ozone, so you have merely wooed and won your own falsehood and disillusionment."

"You say it rather neatly; but that isn't all. The thing is I'm not game enough to go on and take the punishment. Are you surprised?"

"No. But are you prepared to give up the thing which won her?"

"My money? I've thought of it." He folded his arms and began walking up and down the littered, water-soaked office. "Would you like me any better?" he asked tenderly.

Mary's eyes grew stormy. "If the men go to work at once we can have the rugs sent to the cleaner's and put down old matting for a covering—and I can go ahead taking inventory," was her answer.

"I see," Steve made himself respond. "Well—I didn't trespass very much," he whispered as he passed her to leave the building.

Beatrice regarded the fire as an amusing happening and before Steve realized what was being done she had proposed that Gaylord refurnish the office in an arts-and-crafts fashion. It had long seemed to her a most inartistic and clumsy place and when Steve refused her offer and told her that a splint-bottomed chair and a kitchen chair were his office equipment some years ago she sent for Gaylord on her own initiative and told him to beard the lion in the den to see if he could win Steve to the cause of painted wall panels typifying commerce, industry and such, and crippled beer steins and so on as artistic waste-baskets.

There had never been an active feud between Gaylord and Steve; it was always that hidden enmity of a weak culprit toward a strong man. Neither had Trudy been able to win Steve by her Titian curls, baby-blue eyes and obese compliments. In fact Gaylord had avoided Steve the last year. He was the one Beatrice called upon to play with her, he accompanied her shopping, even unto the milliner's, and had been in New York one time when Beatrice had gone down to see about buying a moleskin wrap. Not even Trudy knew he had actually adopted a monocle and squired Beatrice round in state.

So he approached Steve with the attitude of "I hate you and am only waiting to prove it but meanwhile I'll play off the friend lizard no matter how painful."

But after a few "my dear fellows" and "old dears" and gibes about the disordered office with its prosaic chairs and Mary Faithful, quite flushed and plain looking as she dashed round giving orders, Gaylord found himself being neatly set outside on the curbstone and told to remain in that exact position.

"I hate this decorating business," Steve said in final condemnation. "I agree with my father-in-law that when a man approaches me with a book of sample braids and cretonnes under his arm I feel it only righteous that he be shot at sunrise—and now you know how strong you stand with me. I don't mind Beatrice having her whirl at the thing. A new color scheme as often as she has a manicure; that's different. But my office stays as I wish it and you can't rush in any little globes of goldfish and inkstands composed of reclining young females with their little hands forming the ink cup, while a single spray of cherry blossoms flourishes over the hook I hang my hat and coat upon. Oh, no, trot back to your boudoirs and purr your prettiest, but stop trying to tackle real men."

Gaylord's one-cylinder brain had become more efficient by dint of daily sparring with his wife. So he retorted, "She is going to make you a present of it—your birthday gift, I understand. Does that alter the case?"

Steve looked at him with an even wilder frown. "Tell her to build a bomb-proof pergola for herself and mark it for me just the same. When we redecorate round here it takes Miss Faithful about a half hour to plan the show. Good-by, Gay, I'm awfully rushed. Thanks just as much."

Gaylord sauntered outside, smiling apparently as if he accepted the entire universe. But his one-cylinder brain harbored an unpleasant secret which concerned Steve. Gaylord knew Steve had not reckoned with his enemies and that he was in no condition to begin doing so now. Constantine was no longer at the helm, fearless, respected and dominating. Steve was quite the reckless egotist, out of love with his wife, mentally jaded and weary of the game—and his enemies surmised all this in rough fashion and were making their plans accordingly. How wonderful it would be if certain catastrophes did happen! How lucky Beatrice had her own income! She would never cease ordering bomb-proof pergolas or bird cages carved from rare woods.

The next day—before Beatrice and Steve had a chance to argue the matter out to a fine point—Mark Constantine had a stroke. It was like the sudden crashing down of a great oak tree which within had been hollow and decayed for some time but to all exterior appearances quite the sturdy monarch. Without warning he became first a mighty thing lying day after day on a bed, fussed over and exclaimed over and prayed over by a multitude of people. Then he assumed the new and final proportions of a childish invalid—his fierce true grasp of things, his wide-sweeping and ambitious viewpoint narrowed hastily to the four walls of the sick room. Instead of the stock-market fluctuation bringing forth his "Gad, that's good!" or oaths of disapproval, the taste of an especially good custard or the way the masseur neglected his left forearm were cause for joy or grief.

Life had suddenly changed into the monotonous and wearing routine of a broken, lonesome old man who had plenty of time to think of the past with his wife Hannah, recalling incidents he had not recalled until this dull long day arrived. And after reaching many conclusions about many things Constantine was forced to realize that no one particularly cared for or sought out his opinions. He was placed in the category of all fallen oaks—someone who would have one of the largest funerals ever held in the city. And friends murmured that for Bea's sake they hoped it would not be long.

But it was to be long—for with the tenacity of purpose he had always exhibited Constantine readjusted himself to the narrow realm of four walls. His former tyranny toward the business world was now exercised toward his daughter and son-in-law, his sister and his attendants. He resolved to live—or exist—just as long as life was possible, to vampire-borrow from those about him all the vitality that he could, to have every care and comfort and every new doctor ever heard of called in to attend him; he now said he wished to live as many years as God willed. There was a God, now that he was partially paralyzed, a very real God, to whom he prayed in orthodox fashion. He wanted to keep remembering the past with Hannah, to shed the tears for her death which he had never taken the time to shed, to decide what it was that had been so wrong in his life in order that his death and hereafter might be very properly right.

Aunt Belle had taken this new affliction after the fashion of a Mrs. Gummidge. It affected her worse than anyone else, first because the ridicule and fault-finding to which her brother had always treated her were tripled in their amount and quality, and yet as she was dependent upon this childishly weak brother she must endure the treatment. Secondly she was reminded that her age was somewhat near Mark Constantine's age and perhaps a similar fate lay in store for her. Lastly it tied her down—propriety demanded that someone be in the sick room a share of the time and certainly Beatrice had no intention of undertaking the responsibility.

Steve had acted as Aunt Belle fancied he would act, genuinely concerned over the catastrophe and seeking refuge with this tired old child a greater share of the time. By degrees Aunt Belle left Steve to play the rôle of comforter and companion, since no nurse ever stayed at the Constantine bedside for longer than a fortnight. So she was allowed to gambol about in her pinafore frocks and high-heeled shoes, wondering if her brother had made a fair will, taking into account the fact that a woman is only as old as she looks and with a tidy fortune who knows what might happen after the proper mourning period?

Beatrice had been prostrated at the news. For two days she stayed in bed and sobbed hysterically. Then she was prevailed upon to see her father and to take the sensible attitude of preparing for a long siege, as Steve suggested.

"How cold-hearted it sounds—a long siege!" she reproached.

"But it is true. He will not die—he will live until that splendid vitality of his has been snuffed out by a careless law of rhythm, so you may as well buck up and run in to see him every day and then go about as usual."

"A sick room drives me wild. I wish I had taken a course in practical nursing instead of the domestic-science things."

Steve did not answer.

"I can't bear to think of it. It's like having life-in-death in the very house. Oh, Steve, can't you talk him into going to a sanitarium? They'd have so many interesting kinds of baths to try!"

"He won't mind your parties, if that is what is bothering you. The only thing he asks is to be left in peace in his room with plenty of detective stories and plenty of medical attention, and he won't know if you dance the roof off. But if you really want to hasten the end send Gay up there with plans for remodeling his room—it will either kill or cure," he laughed.

"I must do something to help me forget and make it easier for him," she said soberly. "I'm going to try a faith healer—not because I believe in them but because I don't want to leave any stone unturned. I think a new interest would help papa. Would you try adopting a child or my taking up classical dancing in deadly earnest?" She was quite sincere and emotionally wrought up as she came up to him and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Oh, I'd take up classical dancing," he advised.

She gave a sigh of relief. "Yes, it's what I really think would be the best. I will dance on the lawn so papa can watch me."

He gave vent to his father-in-law's favorite expletive, "Gad!" under his breath.

He did not add what was an unpleasant probability, that having to assume full responsibility of affairs there were likely to be astonishing complications. Crashed-down oak trees are quite helpless concerning their enemies, reckoned upon or otherwise, and Steve, who had never taken count of his foes, would be called upon to meet them all single-handed.

XVII

IN A JEWELRY store Trudy Vondeplosshe, wrapped in wine-colored velours, was coquetting with diamond rings under glass and trying to affect an air of indifference concerning them. With all her husband's rise in the world he did not see fit to bestow upon his wife any substantial token of his regard. The vague and transitory idea he once entertained of playing off fairy godfather to her and placing a fortune at her feet had become past history. Now that Gay did run a motor and wear monogrammed silk shirts he saw to it that Trudy had as little as the law allowed. She still continued remaking her dresses and haunting remnant counters, sewing on Gay's work, playing off the same overstrained, underfed Trudy as in the first days at the Graystone apartment. But as it was for a good time she never thought of faltering.

She had decided, however, that it was time now to adopt other and more forceful methods of obtaining the things she craved and felt she had earned. Foremost, as with many women, was a diamond ring. After obtaining this she would turn in her wedding ring for old gold, the price to apply on a platinum circlet studded with brilliants. For months Trudy's eyes had glittered greedily as she observed Gay's clientele with their jeweled bags, rings, brooches, watches and what not—yet she possessed not a single gem.

She had often enough asked Gay for one, to which he would sneer, "What do you want with a diamond? You know I'm always on the ragged edge of failing!"

"Because you gamble and drink and are a born fool," she protested. "You could make real money if you would listen to me and keep quiet."

"I can't see what that has to do with your wanting a diamond ring! If I ever make real money you can have one but not when auto tires are as high as they are——"

"And when husbands grow tipsy and drive into ditches and have to be brought home by horses and wagons. Oh, no. But you'll go shopping with Beatrice and pick out her jewelry and tell her jewels have souls and a lot more bunk, and then get a commission as soon as her back is turned! Why don't you get me a diamond instead, and omit the bunk? I'll take one with a flaw—I'm used to seconds. You must believe me when I say that, because I married you."

Gay no longer feared Trudy; in fact he felt he had little use for her. She was an obstacle to his making an excellent marriage. Through Trudy and all the rest of the complicated ladder climbing he was now recognized, and real men were extremely busy these days getting the tag ends of war-débris business in shape. It was quite a different situation—he could have had his choice of several widows. Take it all in all he preferred a matron; his days at playing with débutantes were in the discard. The business of buying and selling antiques and interior decorating had so inflated his one-cylinder brain that he really fancied he needed a mature companionship and understanding.

"I'll buy you a diamond ring, old dear," he said lightly, "when you have me in a corner, hands up—so set your wits to work and see what you can do about it."

It was over their hurried breakfast that the discussion took place, with Trudy, quite a fright in a tousled boudoir cap and negligee, scuttling about the dining room with the breakfast tray and planning to send out bids, reorder some draperies and call up her friends until one of them should offer to take her to a fashionable morning musical in the near future. After which she would go downtown and make good at her star act—window wishing.

"You make me so tired I wonder why I don't clear out," she retorted. "You think

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I'm afraid to buy a diamond ring and charge it to you? Watch me!"

"Just try it and see what will happen."

"I will, kind sir." Dropping him a curtsy, Trudy repaired to do the dishes and swiggle an oil mop about the floor briefly. Then she burnt some scented powder and pulled down the window shades. This constituted getting the establishment in order, the slavey having gone tootling off on a party some days before.

Trudy did not refer to the breakfast-table discussion before she left the apartment. She was dangerously sweet, and even went into Gay's room, where he was donning his gray-velvet studio blouse for the morning's labors. She told him she was quite sure of securing a fairly good-sized order for some window shades. Gay did not think it necessary to answer. He did not glance at her; instead he yawned and sprinkled toilet water profusely on his pink-lawn handkerchief.

After a moment's hesitation she went her own way. When she had lingered about the jewelry counter like a willful yet not quite wicked child, peering down at the wonderful enchanting things which mocked her empty purse, recalling Gay's first flush of romance and devotion; her own clever untiring methods of pushing him into the front ranks; Mary and Mary's little secret, so unsafe in Trudy's keeping; Beatrice, who did not know quite how many rings she possessed—the whole maddening and really uninteresting tangle—she wondered if she could force Gay to buy her a ring. Should she boldly order such and such a stone and pick out a setting and present him with the bill? Why she hesitated she did not know; she was like all her willful sisters who gaze and sigh, pity themselves and then steal away to Oriental shops to appease the hunger by a near-silver ring with a bulging near-precious stone set in Hoboken style.

This Trudy did not do. For some reason or other she let her errands go by and took a car to Mary's office, stopping at the corner to buy her a flower. Instinctively one connected Mary and flowers, as one associated Beatrice and jewelry.

She found Mary had gone into the old office building to see about something, and that Steve, who was always as restless as a polar bear when forced into a tête-à-tête with Trudy, was alone in his office. He was obliged to ask her to sit down and wait for Mary. Trudy peered curiously about the rooms. She had never lost that rare sense of triumph—returning as a fine lady to the very place where she had once worked for fifteen per. Smiling graciously at former associates she imagined that she created as much excitement as Beatrice's visits themselves.

"It seems so good to come back here," she began without mercy.

Steve had to lay aside his work and wonder why Miss Lunk ever let this creature into his private domain. He would see it did not happen twice.

"Ah—I suppose," he knew he answered.

"You are such a busy man; you don't know how I admire you." Trudy tried fresh tactics.

"Um—have you seen the morning papers?"

"Thank you but Gay read them to me at breakfast. . . . You never come to our little home, do you? Too busy, I presume. Or are you one of those who can forgive everyone but the interior decorator?" This with an arch expression and a slight twinkle of the blue eyes—it could not quite be called a wink.

"I'm afraid so, Mrs. Vondeplosshe. I leave such things to Beatrice."

"Oh, I understand." Trudy took her cue quickly. "It is out of your province—You can't do big, gigantic things if you bother with doll-house notions. Now I really prefer—oh, far prefer men like yourself, who——"

Steve started the electric fan whirring.

"Don't you ever long for camping trips or long horseback rides—something away from the everlasting fuss and feathers? I do. Would you believe it?" she fibbed glibly.

Had Steve been seventy-five he might have believed her. But he merely nodded and said if there was a draft from the fan she could sit outside.

Piqued, Trudy turned to Mary Faithful. "Mary is a wonderful girl, isn't she? Of course you have a Gorgeous Girl too—but she is for playtime. I should think it would mean a great deal to have Mary for your chief confidant—she is so good, and yet human and——"

Steve stood up abruptly and wondered why no kind friend saw fit to enter at this moment. He would have really welcomed Trudy's husband. He looked at Trudy briefly—it did not take Steve long these days to look at Gorgeous Girls and Gorgeous Girl seconds and realize the whole story of their purpose and struggle—things, to have more gayly colored or delicate colored, gold, silver, velvet, carved, perfumed or whatever the mode dictated things, flaunting these priceless sticks and stones in each other's faces with pretended friendship.

He did not answer this last lead at conversation, but not discouraged Trudy went on down the list of her resources.

"How is dear old Mr. Constantine?"

"The same." Steve thanked fortune his father-in-law was paralyzed and could furnish a neutral topic of debate.

"Poor dear. So hard for Bea too. She says she will not do much this season. She feels if—if it should not be much longer, you understand"—a lowered tone of voice and a sigh—"that she wants to have nothing on her conscience. Still, a sick room is wearing, but of course love makes any task easy."

Steve suppressed a smile. It was surprising how well this funny little person managed to ape the jargon and chatter of Bea's set, as well as their mode of appearance. She did it mighty well, everything considered, and when she proceeded to offer to go and sit with the old dear or bring her game board and play with him Steve released a broad grin as he pictured Constantine in his helpless captive state welcoming Trudy as an entertainer about as much as he would have begged for a tête-à-tête with a lady major bent on conquest.

"She would even marry him if she could dispose of Gay," he thought, and rightly, as he watched her.

As she was telling him of the headdress party she intended to give for Gay's birthday and how he must come because she wanted him to wear a pirate turban, in came Mary, much flurried over a mistake made in a shipment, and her nose guilty of a slight but unmistakable shine.

"Oh, Trudy! Run home—your house is on fire! Your cretonnes will burn!" she said half in earnest. "My dear child, I'm mighty busy. It is so stupid of Parker!" She turned to Steve. "He made the original error and I have to keep cross-examining everyone else to prove to him that I know he is at fault and that he must 'fess up. But he won't—people never want to say, 'Yes, it is my fault and I'm sorry,' do they?"

"Sort of habit since the Garden of Eden, I guess—you can't expect it to change now." Steve had lost his listless air. All unconsciously he had the same animated, interested attitude that he had during the days of being engaged to the Gorgeous Girl. Trudy saw at a glance that Mary had not only realized her starved hopes but that she was quite ignorant of the fact that she had done so. To Trudy's mind it was a most stupid situation; also an inexcusable one. Here was Mary, the good-looking thing who deserved a love such as Steve O'Valley's yet never dared to hope he would ever think of her twice except if she asked for a raise in salary. This Trudy knew, also. And since it is inevitable that a cave man cannot exist on truffles, chiffon frocks that must not be rumpled and an interior decorator with a ukulele at his beck and call, Steve had been forced into realizing Mary's worth and loving her for it, giving to her the mature and steady love of a strong man who, like Parker, had made a mistake and not yet 'fessed up. Why Mary did not realize that happiness was within her reach and why Steve did not realize that Mary adored him and why they were not in the throes of talking over her lawyer and my lawyer and alimony but we love each other and let the whole world go hang—was not within Trudy's jurisdiction to determine. She only knew what she would have done and be doing were she Mary—and Steve O'Valley loved her.

She felt the situation was as unforgivable and stupid as to have Gay offer her a two-carat diamond ring and to have her say, "No, Bubseley; sell it and let us use the money to start a fund for heating the huts of aged and infirm Eskimos. The Salvation Army has never dropped up that way."

The great miracle had happened. And envying Mary a trifle and pitying Steve for not having won his cause Trudy justified a hidden resolve of long ago: To use Mary's secret in case Beatrice became overbearing or impossible.

It was mighty fine plunder, upon which she flattered herself she had a single-handed option.

So she released Steve from the agony of conversation, and watching the tender happy look as he talked to Mary over some detail she went inside to Mary's office to powder her own little nose and realize she was no nearer to obtaining a diamond ring than when she first began to crave for one.

"I'm going to bundle you off," Mary informed her. "I really must—or was it anything special?"

It was all Trudy could do not to offer to play the confidential bosom friend and urge Mary to show Beatrice where she stood. But somehow the brisk business atmosphere, which was very real and brusque, prevented her from saying anything except that she had wanted to talk to her. She was lonesome—she was going to come some evening and have a good old-time visit.

"Of course—just let me know when."

"Oh"—archly—"are you busy on certain evenings?"

"Sometimes. French lessons; theater; general odd jobs."

"No particular caller?"

"No," Mary laughed.

"I thought perhaps—you know, one time I came in and——"

"You came one time and found Mr. O'Valley." Mary hastened to add. "Yes, I remember, but that was an unusual occurrence. He came in on business and when he discovered I did not object to a pipe—he stayed."

Trudy was disappointed. "Did Beatrice ever know?"

"Don't know myself." Mary was determined to win out. "I can't see why she should—it would not interest her. She never listens to things that do not interest her. . . . You won't know Luke. He grows like a weed."

Trudy found herself dismissed. She did not know just how it had come about but Mary was smiling her into the elevator and Trudy was sinking to the ground floor feeling that though it was none of her business unless she got a diamond ring she was just going to make other people unhappy too.

Why this conclusion was reached was not at all clear to Trudy any more than to the rest of the world. But after all it is only fair to leave something for the psychologists to debate about. At all events it was the definite conclusion at which she arrived.

She could not resist paying a fleeting return visit to the largest of the jewelry stores. After which she told herself that it was little short of going without shoes or stockings through the streets to have been married the length of time she had been married and to possess not a single diamond.

Returning home for a canned luncheon she discovered Gaylord humming a love song and strumming on his ukulele.

"I say, old dear," he began, "I have had the greatest luck! I call it nothing short of a fairy tale." He pointed at his neckscarf. Coming near Trudy bent over and gave way to a shrill scream. A handsome diamond pin reposed in the old-rose silk.

"Where—where did you get it?" she managed to articulate.

"Beatrice really—the result of the raffle for the children's charity. You remember we took tickets? She donated this scarfpin, and this morning Jill Briggs came in and presented the trophy. My number was the winning one: 56."

"She made you win it. You know she did, you toadying little abomination! You fairly lick her boots—and she has to tip you occasionally. And you sit there wearing that pin and never offering to have it set in a pin for me. You dare to keep it—you dare?" She lost her self-control.

Gay sprang up in alarm, the ukulele being the only weapon handy, holding her off at arm's length. "How low!" he chattered. "How d-disgustingly low——"

"Is it? I'll show you. I'll show you whether or not you can wear diamond stickpins while I have to endure a wedding ring like a washwoman's!"

Before Gay knew what was happening Trudy had left the house. A half hour later a suave clerk's voice from the jewelry store was asking him to step down at once, his wife had requested it, she had decided on a ring for herself but wished his seal of approval—so did the store—and a small deposit—would he be able to be with them shortly?

He would, struggling with a man-size rage. After all the little five-eighths-carat stone he had so proudly adorned his bosom with would be dearly paid for in the end. That was what came of marrying beneath him, he reproached himself as he locked up the apartment and went down to the store. To make a scene in a fifty-cent café was not worth the effort, Trudy had once proclaimed, but to run the gantlet of real roughhouse emotion in a jewelry store frequented by his clientèle would be social suicide. The only thing was to make Beatrice pay a larger commission on the things for her new tea house so that he could pay for this red-haired vixen's ring. But this would not in the least dim the red-haired vixen's triumph, which was the issue at stake. From that moment he began really to hate Trudy.

To her amazement he greeted her in honeyed tones, approved the ring and suggested that the wedding ring be turned in for old gold and replaced by a modern creation and so on, produced a deposit and walked out with Trudy, who wore the new symbol of triumph on her finger, proposing that they lunch downtown. He was determined to carry it through without a moment's faltering.

Even Trudy was nonplused. Once the treasure was secure in her possession she told herself it had been so easy that she was a fool not to have tried it before—she even complimented Gay on his scarfpin. But she began hating him also. No one would have suspected it, to watch these diamond-adorned young people guzzling crab-meat cocktails and planning fiercer raids on Beatrice O'Valley's pocketbook.

Moreover, Trudy did not change in her decision to make someone unhappy. She found that possessing a diamond ring did not remove her discontent—and a shamed feeling stole over her, causing her to wonder how loudly she had screamed at Gay and how she must have looked when she started to strike him in her blind rage, how horrible it was to go off on tangents just because you wanted rings on your fingers and bells on your toes when all the time the world did contain such persons as Mary Faithful, who did not choose to claim a paradise which longed to be claimed.

Trudy was unable to keep her fingers out of the pie. She found herself naturally gravitating over to see Beatrice. Ostensibly she wanted to display her new ring and talk about Gay's luck and the daring gypsy embroideries he had just received from New York but really to tell her Steve O'Valley, supposedly enslaved cave man, loved another and a plainer woman than her own gorgeous self.

She found Beatrice in a negligée of delicately embroidered chiffon with luxurious black-satin flowers as a corsage. She had seldom seen her look so lovely; even the too abundant curves of flesh were concealed behind the lace draperies. She seemed this day of days to fit into the background of the villa, as if some old master had let his most adored brain child come tripping from a tarnished frame—a little lady in old lace, as it were.

Beatrice had taken up a new activity since her father's stroke. At first the stroke had frightened, then bored, then amused her. She really liked having what she termed a "comfortable calamity" in the family. It was something so new to plan for and talk about, such a valid excuse if she did not wish to accept invitations, and an excellent reason for runaway trips to Atlantic City or New York "to get away from it all for a little—poor, dear papa."

So she sat with her father rather more than one would have expected, made him listen to opera records which drove him to distraction, talked to him of nothing and tried to be a little sister to the afflicted in a pink satin and cream lace setting.

She had lost her interest in Trudy—Trudy no longer amused or frightened her. And Gay had become so useful and attentive that had the truth about the raffle been known it would be the astonishing information that as Beatrice donated the tie pin she deemed she should pass the future owner—and Gay was the logical candidate, to her way of thinking.

Also she was quite contented with Steve. He let her alone and he adored her—she never doubted that. He wanted her to have everything she wished—and that was

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the biggest, finest way to show one's love for another. It was the only way that she had ever known existed. Of course all brides have silly notions of perpetual adoration, that sort of thing, and Steve was a cave man first and last, bless his old heart, but they had passed any midchannel which might exist and were happy for all time to come. They seldom quarreled and she no longer tried to make Steve over to her liking in small ways, and he seldom offered her suggestions. Moreover, he was so good to her father—and of course everything was as it should be. It was simply the rather drab fashion in which most lives are lived, and Beatrice was quite contented. She had never gotten another toy dog, not even as a contrast to Tawny Adonis. Really, Gay answered a multitude of needs!

But Trudy was a real person—and a constant reminder of what Beatrice herself might have been, and therefore Beatrice never ceased to envy her or to picture how much better she could do were she in Trudy's place. She preferred not having her about. Besides, Trudy was impossible in Italian villas—she belonged in a near-mahogany atmosphere with cerise-silk drapes and gaudy vases. Age-old elegancies did not harmonize with her.

So she was not overly cordial in greeting Trudy. But Trudy, with an eye to mischief, managed to draw her little-lady-in-old-lace hostess into a heart-to-heart talk. And before the afternoon ended Beatrice had experienced the first real shock of her life. Her husband smoked a pipe in Mary Faithful's living room and never told her; and Mary Faithful admitted she loved someone very much and was with him each day in business and so on; and Trudy had seen the smile pass between them which signifies the perfect understanding! And oh, she did not know a tenth of it, deary; not a tenth of it! It was one of those subtle, hidden things, nothing tangible or dreadful—like a purgatorial state of mind which may result in brimstone or lovely angels with harps. Neither could she do anything about it since they were both perfect dears and always would be. Not for worlds, in Trudy's estimation, would they ever take it upon themselves to prove the brittleness of vows.

After which Beatrice thanked Trudy, wishing her a speedy death by way of gratitude, going to her room to decide what her attitude should be.

To accuse Steve was crude; besides she must be positive it was true. To get up an affair herself would be no heart balm since she had never ceased having affairs—well-bred episodes, rather, perfectly harmless when all is said and done, quite like Steve's, for that matter! She could not find a new interest in life until she had reduced at least twenty pounds since her dieting and exercises required all surplus will power and thought. She would go away only her plans were made for months ahead. She could not tell her father the shock might kill him. . . . There was really nothing left to do but suffer be wretched and wonder if it was true. A horrid state of uncertainty to ask herself how it could ever have happened and what would be the end, and terrible things just terrible things! No matter how large a check she might write to buy herself a new toy it would have no bearing whatsoever upon the matter. She wished to heaven Trudy had confined her gossip to the funny little manicure with champagne eyes who flirted with someone else's husband! This was her reward for having taken up with a shopgirl person!

The final conclusion she reached was that she did not believe a word Trudy had told her.

XVIII

BEATRICE took occasion to go to see Mary within the next few days. In a particularly fetching costume of green satin with fly-away sleeves steadied by silver tassels and a black hat aglow with iridescent plumes she surprised Mary at an hour when Steve would be absent. On this occasion Beatrice dressed to dazzle and intimidate one of her own sex. But the result was unsatisfactory. She found Mary quite passable in cloud-blue organdie, a contented look in her gray eyes.

Her own satin costume and plumed bonnet seemed a trifle theatrical. She wished she had worn her trimmest tailored effect to impress upon this tall young woman that no one else could wear tailor things so well as Mrs. Beatrice O'Valley if she chose to do so.

"What can I do for Mrs. O'Valley?" Mary said, almost patronizingly, Beatrice fancied.

"I came in to say hello. I've neglected you lately. But you have been so horrid about not coming to see my gardens that you deserve to be neglected." Her dove-colored eyes watched Mary closely. "Besides, I want to get something for Mr. O'Valley's desk—as a surprise. You must help me because, as I have realized, you know so much more about him than I do. . . . There, am I not generous?"

"Very." Mary surmised that something of greater importance lay behind the call than showing off the satin costume or selecting a surprise for Steve.

"What do you suggest? I'm such a frivolous person my husband never tells me his affairs or wishes. The rugs might be in rags and he would never ask me to replenish. I understand now so much more clearly than ever before why business men and women are prone to fall in love with each other; they see each other so constantly under tests of each one's abilities. They have to ask each other favors and grant them. Sometimes it is a loan of a pencil sharpener, more often it must be the aid of the other fellow's brain to help solve a problem. And they are so shut away from my world. I'm just the pretty mischief maker who squanders the dollars, and by and by when self-pity sets in they find there is a mutual bond of admiration and sympathy. Quite a step toward love, isn't it? As I came in here to-day I could not help thinking of how beautifully you keep business house for my husband. Why, Mary Faithful, aren't you afraid I am going to be jealous?" She was laughing, but the intention was to have the laugh blow away and the sting of the truth remain.

Mary knew this—and Beatrice knew that she did. So trying to make herself as formidable as a bunch of nettles Mary took heed to answer:

"I'm afraid you have been reading novels—the ones where the business woman grows paler and more interesting looking each day and somehow happens to be wearing a tempting little chiffon frock when the firm fails and the young and handsome junior partner takes refuge in her office and proceeds to brandish a gun and say farewell to the world. You see, you don't come down to play with us enough to know what prosaic rows there are over pencil sharpeners or who has spirited away the drinking cup or why the window must be six inches from the top because So-and-So has muscular rheumatism. I don't think you are fair, Mrs. O'Valley, and I'm going to risk being quite unpopular by telling you that you have no right to say such things even in jest."

Mary's eyes were very honest and her face seemed even firmer of chin as she leaned her elbows on her desk, looking up at this pretty figurine in satin and plumes.

"Do you fancy it is any fun to go to work at thirteen or fourteen? To rush through breakfast to stand in a crowded car, to have to make your heart very small as the Chinese say, in order to appreciate the pennies and keep them until they become dollars—when all of you longs to play Lady Bountiful? To rub elbows with untruthful mischief-makers, coarse-mouthed foremen, impossible young fools who wish to flirt with you and whom you do not dare to rebuke too sharply, to take your hurried noon hour with little food and less fresh air and come back to the daily grind, to walk home or hang onto the tag end of a street-car strap and finally get to your room or your home so tired in body and mind that you wish you had no soul protesting faintly against girls and women having to be in business?

"No, I don't think you do realize. Or to run errands icy-cold days, down slushy streets or slippery hills? To carry great bundles of such daintiness as you are wearing and leave them at the doors of big houses such as your own, numbed, hungry, envious—and not understanding the wherefore of it? To catch glimpses of warm halls, the sound of a piano playing in a flower-scented salon, to see girls your own age in dainty silk dresses sitting in the window and looking at you curiously as you go down the steps? Oh, I could tell you a great deal more, Mrs. O'Valley."

"Well?"

"Eventually some of us survive and some do not—which is another story! Those of us who do, who endure such days that we may go to night school, and who wear mended gloves and queer hats, forgoing the cheap joys of our associates—we do forge ahead and grow grimmer of heart and grayer of soul. We realize we are earning everything we are getting—perhaps more—only we cannot get the recognition we deserve. We are quite different from what you stay-at-home women fancy. Tempting chiffon frocks and love affairs de luxe with handsome junior partners are furthest from our thoughts. We plan for lonely old age—a home and an annuity, a trip to Europe or some other Carcassonne of our thwarted selves. We revel in things as you women do—but we revel in them because people are shut away from us. You women shut away people that you may revel in things.

"All this time the handsome junior partners and so on for whom we keep business house and through propinquity are supposed to love—they have fallen in love with sheltered girls such as your own self, and everything is quite as it ought to be. Now do you really think the capable business women of to-day are letting their abilities be spent in useless rebellion against their fate and loving the members of the firm in Victorian fashion or doing their work intelligently and earning their wage? I hardly think there is room for an argument. You must understand that the years of errand girl, night school, underpaid clerk—have taken out of us a certain capacity for enjoyment which you women have had emphasized. But thank God it has also taken from us a capacity for hysterical suffering, for going on the rocks when we see some joy we crave yet know can never be ours!"

"Oh!" Beatrice murmured, wishing Steve would come in or else Mary be called to the telephone. "Oh ——"

"But I do think there is a certain justice developed among modern business women which home women do not comprehend as a rule. Oh, not that I underestimate the home women or the sheltered women. There is a distinction between the two—but I say that the business woman who earns a man's wage and does his work has a certain squareness, for want of a better term, which makes her say, 'If I earn something it is mine and I shall not hesitate thus to label it. Look out—anyone who tries to take it from me!' Do you see?"

Mary paused, annoyed at what she had been prevailed upon to say, and wondering if by good fortune her opinions had been delivered to empty ears.

"So you think you would fight for something to which you felt entitled?"

"Perhaps." The gray eyes had a warrior's strength in them. "Fight, win it, and then spend no time in sentimental regrets. We learn one thing that all women should learn in this great age of selection: That you must earn the things you win, and if you do so you will most likely keep them."

"And if you felt you had earned something—and another woman had not—you would play off the conqueror and take the spoils?"

"If I felt it the right thing to do."

Feeling as confused as a bank cashier when caught studying a railroad map Mary suggested a picture of Beatrice handsomely framed as a surprise for Steve. She was sure he would like nothing any better.

Beatrice felt chirked up upon hearing this. She told herself Trudy was an inveterate gossip and this queer young person must be thinking aloud about revolutions in Russia or something like that; anything else was too absurd. So she repeated her invitation to come to see the gardens with their jewel-like pools and riotous masses of color, and went on her way to select a most gorgeous frame for a most gorgeous portrait of herself.

Steve expressed his thanks for the surprise picture quite properly, and after giving it a few days of prominence on his desk he relegated it to a shelf beside a weather-beaten map of the Great Lakes which had always been in the office.

And here another phase of the Gorgeous Girl's effort to do something and exercise her faculties occurred. Though she regarded Trudy's gossip as absurd she did not forget it. No woman would. It lay in waiting until the right moment.

Her father's illness and Steve's worried look as he came home each night caused Beatrice to cast about for something noble and remarkable to do. The conclusion she reached was that it was her duty to retrench; she was not going to have floor-scrubbing duchesses corner all the economy feats. She would make it the mode to live simply, even be penurious in some ways—now that she had the Villa Rosa and a season's budget of frocks. She began looking over the monthly bills in deadly earnest. The result was a blinding headache which prevented her going in to see her father. She retired to her room in cream lace with endless strings of coral, and left word for Steve to drop in on his way to his own room.

"Deary, I've been too extravagant," she began faintly as he opened the door. She reached out her hand to find his.

He brought a chair over beside the chaise-longue and sat down obediently, holding the small fragrant fingers in his own. "I'd be mighty glad if you felt you could live more simply."

"You duck! Just what I'm about to do. I'm going to be the loveliest Queen Calico you ever did see—I've no doubt but what I'll be making you a beefsteak pudding before long."

Steve smiled. "Who will take this castle of gloom from under us?"

"Oh! We may as well stay here—I don't mean that sort of retrenching—I mean in other ways. I'm not going to give expensive bridge parties or keep three motors and a saddle horse—I can't ride any more anyway—and I'm not going to have a professional reader for papa. Aunt Belle, you and I can manage that—that will take fifteen dollars a week from the expenses. Besides, I am going to have three-course dinners from now on—no game, fish and extra sweet. That will make a difference—in time. I shall not buy the new dinner set I had halfway ordered—it was wonderful of course, but I have no right to use money for nonsense. Papa can give it to me for my birthday if he wants to. Gifts don't count, do they, Stevuns?

"Then there is the servant question. Now cook is seventy-five dollars a month; the three maids are fifty each, besides all they steal and waste; the laundress and her helper, the chauffeur and all the garden men; the food, light, heat—to say nothing of extra expenses; my parties and trips and the enormous bills for taxes and upkeep that papa pays—I'm afraid to say how much it comes to each month. But it is going to stop! Then my clothes—I'm just ashamed to think—while you, poor dear, exist on nothing —— Oh, thank you, Elsie." A maid had brought in a supper tray.

"I didn't want to come downstairs, so I sent for some lunch." She watched Steve's amused expression. "Aunt Belle gets on my nerves and unless we are having people in, the room is too big to have a family meal."

On the tray was a dish heaped with tartlettes aux fruits, cornets à la crème, babas au rhum, petits fours, madeleines and Napoleons. There was another dish filled with chestnuts glacé and malaga grapes preserved in sugar. A few faint wedges of bread and butter pointed the way to the pot of iced chocolate and the pitcher of whipped cream.

"Well," Steve ventured, looking at the tray, "I'm afraid I don't agree ——"

"I know your ideas. You think I ought to be frying chops for you and giving praise because I have a nineteen-dollar near-taffeta dress. I can just see you walking round a two-by-four back yard measuring the corn and putting the watermelons into eiderdown sleeping bags so they won't freeze; then telling everyone at the shop what an ideal home life you lead! No, deary, I'm retrenching because it's a novelty, and you would like to retrench ——"

"Because I may be forced to do so. I hate to worry you—I never mean to unless there is no other way out—but I must warn you that the abnormal war conditions are no longer inflating business and everyone is watching his step. I cannot take your father's place; he carved it out step by step. I fairly aëroplaned to the top step and found that while I was sitting there in fancied security other people were busy chopping down the steps and I should find myself having a great old fall down to earth. Now ——"

"Don't tell any more things," she murmured, deep in a fruit tart. "I can't understand. You are a big strong man. Go keep your fortune; let me play. I'll retrench for fun, and you must love me for it."

"But you are not sincere," he protested. "You don't earn anything. You don't save anything ——"

Beatrice sat upright, laying aside her plate and fork. "So you believe that too," she half whispered.

(Continued on Page 129)

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(Continued from Page 126)

"See here," Steve added in desperation. "I wish we were back in the apartment—or a simple house. I wish we kept a cook and a maid and you had a simple outfit of clothes and a simple routine. I wish we were just folks—you know the sort—you don't find them any place else but in America—it's a tremendous chance to be just folks if you would only realize. I feel as if this were a soap-bubble castle, as if we were deliberately playing a wrong game all round."

"You tell papa," she begged; "and if he thinks I'm unhappy he will write me another check."

"Then the retrenching is to be the elimination of the fifteen-dollar-a-week professional reader, who needs the work and earns the money, and two courses from our already aldermanic meals? What else?"

"I shall send the silver to the bank and use plate. The smartest people do that. I shall make aunty embroider my monograms; she can as well as not—the last were frightfully expensive. I'm going to bargain sales after this, and take cook and drive out to the Polish market. Why, things are two and three cents a pound cheaper ——"

Steve rose abruptly, tipping over the dainty chair as he did so. He tried to straighten out the pinky rug and set the chair properly upon it.

Then he squared off his shoulders and dutifully stooped to kiss his economical little helpmate.

"All right, darling," he said glibly, feeling that Gorgeous Girls were get-rich-quick men's albatrosses, "that will be very amusing for you. It will tide you over until the horse-show season. Now if you don't mind I'm going below to ask what the chances are for some roast beef!"

Toward Christmas, when Beatrice had gone to New York with friends and Mark Constantine discovered that dying is ever so much harder than death, Mary told Steve she was considering a new position, with a firm dealing in fabrics, a firm of old and honorable reputation.

She laid the letter from her prospective employers on his desk, in almost naïve fashion. It was as if she wanted to show this was no woman's threat but a bona fide and businesslike proposition. And if she blushed from sheer foolish joy at the disappointed and protesting expression that came into his face it was small solace after the struggle she had undergone before she made herself take this step.

"You are not going," he began angrily. "I'm damned if you do!"

"Oh, my dear, my own dear," she murmured within. Outwardly she shook her head briskly and added, "Yes, I am. The hours—the salary ——"

"The deuce take that stuff! How much more money do you want me to pay you? How few hours a day will you consent to work? You know so well it has been you who have done your own slave driving. Besides, I can't get on without you."

"You must; I haven't the right to stay."

Steve stood up, crumpling the letter in his hand. "You mean because of what I said—that time?"

"Partly; partly because I find myself disapproving of your transactions."

"They are a safe gamble," he began vehemently.

"Are they? I doubt it. Don't ask me to stay. I want to stay poised and content. If I cannot be radiantly happy I can be content, the sort of old-lavender and star-dust peace that used to be mine."

"Have I ever said things, made you feel or do ——"

"Oh, no." As she looked at him the gray eyes turned wistful purple. "But it is what we may say or do, Mister Penny Wise."

Steve looked at the crumpled letter. "So you are going over to staid graybeards who deal in cotton and woolens, and play commercial nun to the end—is that it?"

"Yes."

"And you do care?" he persisted brutally.

"Yes," she answered defiantly.

"Well, I don't care about fool laws—they are mighty thin stuff. I love you," he told her with quiet emphasis.

Mary did not answer but the purple of the eyes changed back to stormy gray.

"Why don't you say something? Abuse me, claim me ——"

"I haven't the courage even if I have the right," she said presently. "Besides, this last year I have been loving an ideal—the Steve O'Valley who existed one time and might still exist if other things were equal. But in reality you are a prematurely nerve-shattered blundering pirate; not my Steve." She spoke his name softly. "The failure of my ideal—and it's a little hard to live with and work with such a failure. My hands are tied, yet my eyes see. Besides, there is Luke to think about and care for until some other woman does it. I cannot endure this tangle; neither can I get you out of it. So I am going away. And I'll keep on loving my ideal and find the old-lavender-and-star-dust sort of peace."

"You are not going!" he repeated sharply, taking her hand. "Do you hear? I love you. I have loved you enough to keep silent about it ever since that day. Does it mean nothing to you?"

"Don't say it again—it is so hopeless, part of the tangle. You haven't the faintest idea of how hopeless it is; you are so involved you cannot judge. My boy, don't you see that the whole trouble lies in getting things you have never earned? The sort of joy you people indulge in and try to hold as your own is a state of mind and emotion from which no lessons may be learned—calm, stagnant pools of superlative surface pleasure. No one learns things worth while when he is too happy or too successful. That is why success is a wiser and more enduring thing when it comes at middle age. The young man or woman has not been tried out, has not had to struggle and discover personal limitations. It's the struggle that brings the wisdom.

"But when you have a ready-made stock-market fortune handed to you, and a Gorgeous Girl wife, and the world comes to fawn upon you—you soon become intoxicated with a false sense of your own achievements and values. It does not last—nor does it pay. Such joy periods are merely recuperative periods. By and by something comes along and bumps into you and you are shoved out into the struggling seas—the learning and conquering game. It is not a sad state of affairs—but a mighty wise one. Then how can you, who have never earned, expect a joy to be yours forever?"

"You have struggled and earned. You have the right to love me?"

"Perhaps—but you cannot hide behind my skirts and claim the same right. I shall give you up. Why, this is no tragedy—it is the way many commercial nuns find their lives are cast. Commercial nuns, just like religious sisters, serve a novitiate—their vocation being tested out. We who find that the things of our fancy are husks leave them behind and go on in our abilities. We are needed women to-day; we must have recognition and respect. We possess a certain unwomanly honesty according to old standards, which makes us say such things as I have said to you. I love you, the ideal of you; yet I am hopeless to realize it. I refuse to keep on making my petty moan for sympathy when all the time the bigger part of me demands work and contentment—and things just like Gorgeous Girls."

"But there must be a way out. I can't lose you. Do you know what it will mean?"

"I fancy I do." The gray eyes were so maternal that Steve felt comforted.

"Are you pushing me out of a stagnant joy pool?" he tried saying lightly.

"Perhaps I'm heading that way when I stop serving you before all else."

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary"—he gave her a gentle little shake—"say it all again. Then tell me if this is a mood and you'll change your mind and stay. You must stay—or else you don't love me."

"Eternal masculine! That we love to be beaten, cry loudly, tell our neighbors, but we must prove our affections by crawling back to have you kiss the bruises." She shook her head. "You cannot believe that the world recognizes a difference between women with sentiments and sentimental women! Why, my boy, do you know that convictions, real convictions, do make a convict of a man, put a mental ball and chain on him which he can never deny? I have told you my convictions—I am convinced I should be doing wrong to both of us to stay. I shall go—and love my ideal and spend my salary in soothing things."

"I'm not afraid of a divorce," he found himself insisting.

"Nor I. But should you get one I would not marry you."

"Not ever?" he asked.

Unconsciously they both looked at the photograph of the Gorgeous Girl smiling down on them in frivolous fashion.

"Not ever," she told him, turning away.

There was a directors' meeting, which Steve was obliged to attend. He knew he sat about a table smoking innumerable cigars without a coherent idea in his head as to what was being said or considered. When he rushed back to the office Mary had gone home and left a note tucked in his blotter. He did not know that Beatrice had dropped in and discovered it, reading it with great satisfaction and carefully replacing it so as to have the appearance of never having been disturbed. All it said was:

"I shall go to the Meldrum Brothers on the fifteenth. M. F."

He tore the note up in a despairing kind of rage and wrote Mary as impetuous a love letter as the Gorgeous Girl had ever received. Five minutes after writing it he tore that up too. Then he called himself several kinds of a fool and dashed out to order an armful of flowers sent to her apartment. He had his supper in a grill room, to give him a necessary interlude before he went home. He walked round and round a city square watching the queer shuffling old men with their trays of needles and pins, wrinkled-faced women with fortune-telling parrots, and silly young things prancing up and down, bent on mischief. Something about human beings bored him; he regretted exceedingly that he was one himself; and at the same time he wished he might countermand the florist's order. He took a taxi home and wondered what apology he should make for being late. He had forgotten that there was a dinner party!

In silver gauze with an impressive square train Beatrice greeted him, to say he might as well remain invisible the rest of the evening, it would look too absurd to have him appear an hour late with some clumsy excuse—and as there was an interesting Englishman who made an acceptable partner for her everything was taken care of. Papa, minus the professional reader, was lonesome. He had discovered an intricate complaint of his circulation and would welcome an audience.

With relief Steve stole away to Constantine's room and amid medicine bottles and boxes, air cushions, hot-water bags and detective stories, he listened with half an ear to the reasons why the invalid's blood count must be taken again and what horse thieves the best of doctors were anyhow!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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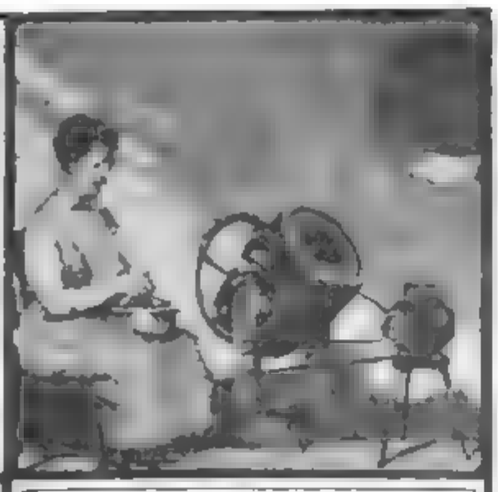

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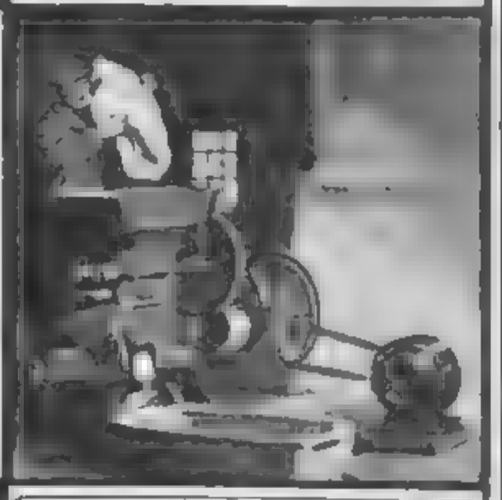

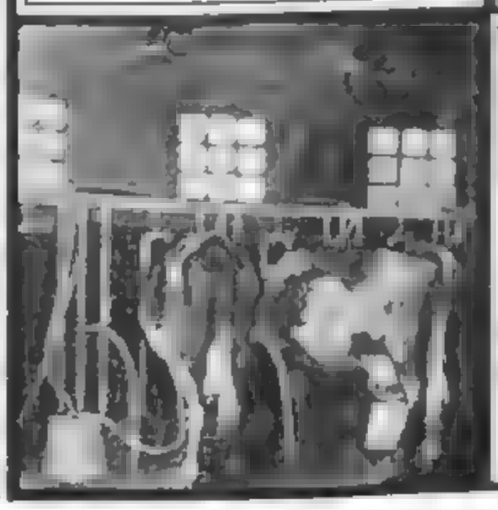

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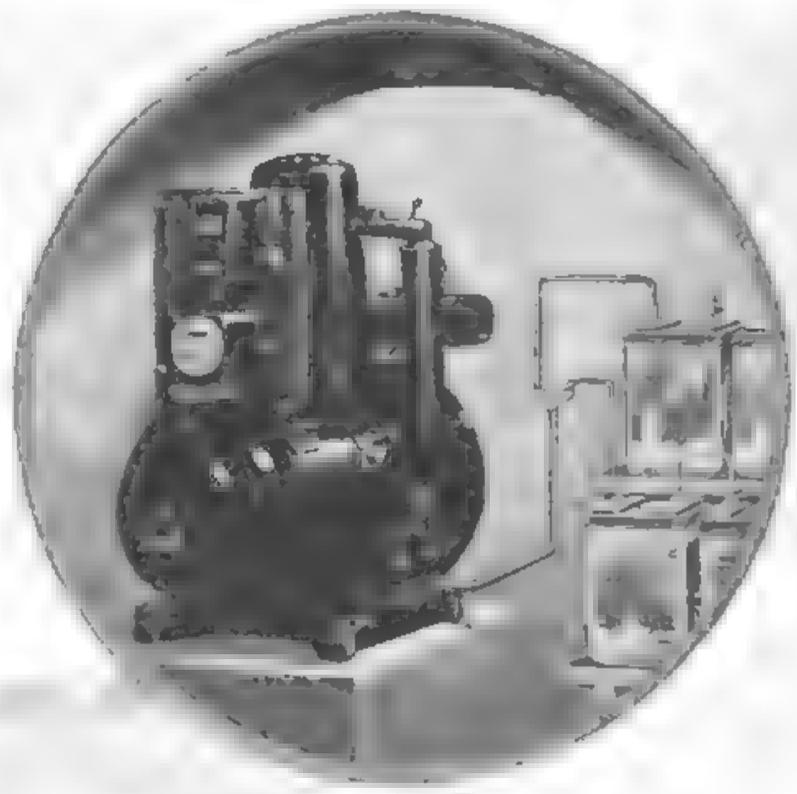

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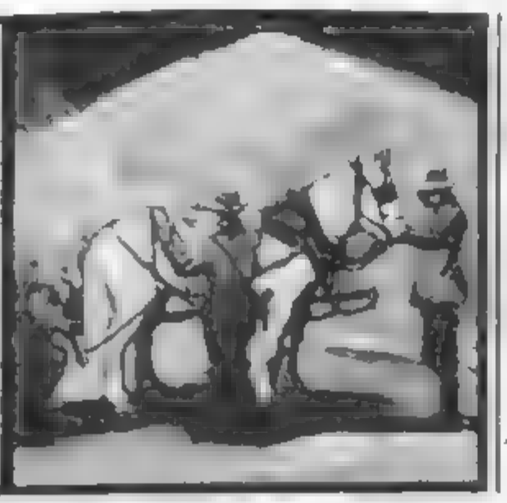

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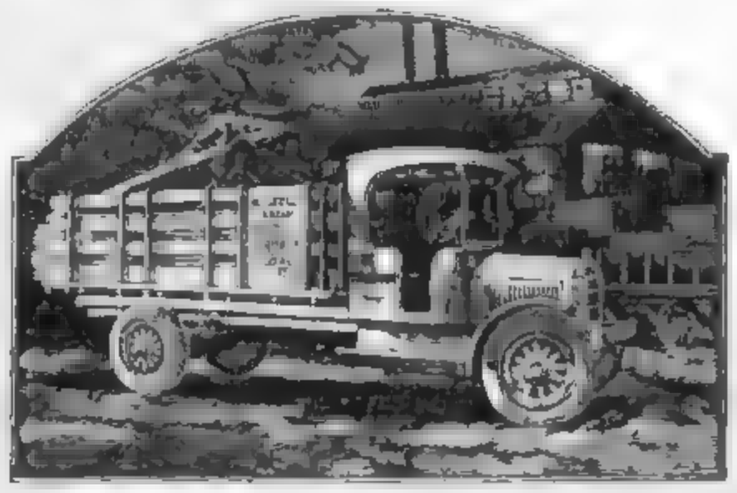

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TRUCKS

SINGLE FELLOWS

(Continued from Page 11)

"Bring grapefruit, bacon and eggs and cocoa for the young man, Jean," said she firmly to the waiter. "Coffee and rolls for me—and hot, please."

The menu had offered a small respite. Now that breakfast was ordered, Sue stared at the boy helplessly. It had been two years since she had seen him. For the past few summers she had always found some satisfactory reason why she could not possibly visit at her sister's small house in Scranton. Even during the last time that she had seen Nibs she had found him something of a conversational problem. Now, however, what could one possibly talk about with this strange being—half pup, half wise old dog?

"Um—do they give you good board at school?"

"Oh, pretty fair."

There! Her last question has been consumed, and in such a short minute too. The others had been recklessly expended—just like a Choctaw's rations—during the evening before, that painful evening when—deserting the dinner at the club—she had gone to the Pennsylvania Station to meet her strange nephew. Three weeks more of this! Heavens, what should she do?

She was wondering this when something made her eyes widen. At that moment she saw Mr. Christopher Henry entering the door. He, too, was not alone. And as Miss Kirkpatrick saw the pretty little fifteen-year-old girl who preceded him to his usual table she understood the trouble in that clean and shining face. It was indeed with the first tolerance she had ever been able to establish for Mr. Henry that she watched him trying to put off the doom of conversation. How measured the slowness with which he pushed his companion's chair to the table, how hunted the look in his eyes as he lingered over the job of putting her fur muff and neck piece on the chair beside her!

Another, too, had been watching these movements.

"Quite a neat dame," commented Nibs in a tone of casual connoisseurship as he stared at the big gray eyes opposite Mr. Henry.

His aunt's expression lightened at the lead.

"Are you a lady's man, Nibs?" she asked.

Her nephew flushed a little as he tugged at the knitted silk scarf with the regimental stripes.

"Aw, no," he responded. "Why, I don't even bother to copy my letters to 'em! Just send 'em out the way I write 'em first. Aw, of course," he added, "I don't mind them—if they can talk."

"Beastly Kind of Woman," Said Mr. Christopher Henry's Hazel Eyes. "Beastly Kind of Man," Retorted the Blue Eyes Just as Forcefully

His new expansiveness belied his indifference. Miss Kirkpatrick drew a sigh of relief. Here was a subject which would last at least through the breakfast. She went on drawing him out. What sort of girl did he like? Did he go to many of the school dances? Gradually his answers grew more free from embarrassment. Gradually Miss Kirkpatrick felt more than relief. She was being amused by an absolutely new type, an absolutely new point of view.

"Say, you know, about that last dance," he said, looking up with a twinkle in his big blue eyes, "that was funny. You see, when a fellow doesn't pick out a girl he knows he generally gets one from Dorton Hall—that's the girls' school right near ours. They send 'em over in droves for every dance—chaperones and all—and of course a fellow doesn't know what he's going to draw till the dame gets there. Well, I was out of luck this time. Gee, when I saw that girl I felt like yelling for help! Great big tortoise-shell glasses—hair plastered back from her face—you know—all that deep stuff. Sometimes when a fellow gets stung like that he just gyps the dame."

"Gyps?" repeated his aunt. Everything about that trained mind of hers, every one of the antennæ always reaching out for fresh material, was being stimulated by this strange narrative.

"Yes, you know—give her up," explained Nibs patiently. "Well, for just a minute I thought I'd have to. Then I just thought to myself, don't be yellow as a lemon just because you happened to draw one. So I took her and—and ——"

Waiting eagerly for the sequel of this tale of stoical performance, Miss Kirkpatrick caught the reason for the sudden halt. Accidentally Nibs' glance had wandered to the gray eyes opposite Mr. Henry. The glance had been returned so satisfactorily that his cheek had flushed and he was now giving a tug—half apprehensive, half reassuring—to the knitted scarf with the regimental stripes.

"Ah, youth—charming, ingenuous youth," sighed Miss Kirkpatrick to herself.

It was more than a comment. It was an explanation, for just then her own eyes had met those of Mr. Henry and the glance was not such as to cause cheeks to flush.

"Well," she asked at last, "and then what happened?"

"Why—oh—where was I anyhow? Oh, yes—well, do you know, she didn't turn out to be a lemon after all. She took off those big glasses and she put on a kind of blue dress and she was a peach of a dancer and she was eighteen years old!"

Miss Kirkpatrick's whole mind danced with amusement at this irresistible array of virtues. Really she ought to have gone to see her sister last summer instead of taking that fishing trip in Canada with Phyllis and Adeline! It was important to get in touch with a point of view like this. She gave the boy one of her bright, quick glances. A prep-school department for Downington's! Why not? Her mind darted forward to this project inspired by her nephew. And then suddenly Miss Kirkpatrick remembered something. She had not looked at the Downington ad this morning. The realization brought a little worried tug at the brows. So much work on hand! And here was Nibs—what was she going to do with him?

It was Nibs himself who settled that question.

"I'm going to meet one of the fellows from school this morning," he announced calmly as with a last look toward the gray eyes opposite Mr. Henry he followed his aunt out of the restaurant. "He's coming in at the Pennsylvania Station."

"But, Nibs," protested his aunt feebly, "who's going to take you?"

"Take me!" snorted he indignantly. "Didn't I see how we came down in the taxi last night? Besides, I just got one of those Guides to New York at your hotel this morning."

And as she heard the self-possession of his voice, a confidence bred by many years of experience with a Scout's Manual, his aunt realized gratefully that she could dismiss Nibs' daytime entertainment from her mind.

Yet she did not succeed that morning in dismissing thought of Nibs. Through all her work she was haunted by the queer little look—was it more awed or more wistful?—with which the boy had watched her leave a sixty-cent tip for their two-dollar breakfast. It drove her finally to calling up a theatrical ticket agency. And that night Miss Kirkpatrick, already owing club dues and dressmakers and still partially in debt for the very beautiful Chinese rug she had bought for her apartment, took her nephew to a dinner at an uptown hotel which cost her eight dollars and followed it with a musical comedy which cost her something more than five dollars.

The next day the same noble self-abnegation made her depart from her comfortable Sunday groove. Instead of having breakfast in bed she rose early and accompanied Nibs to the Dyckmann. Instead of her usual leisurely progress through the

(Continued on Page 137)

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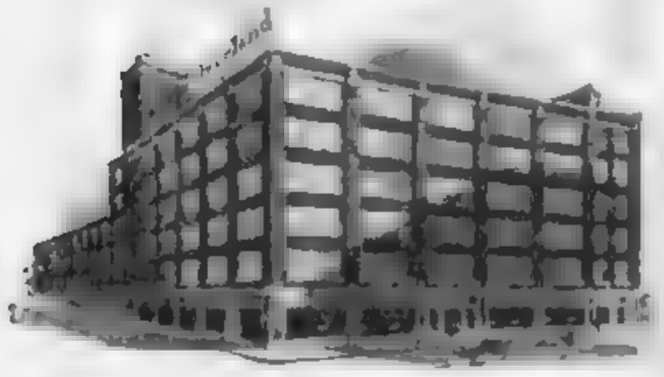

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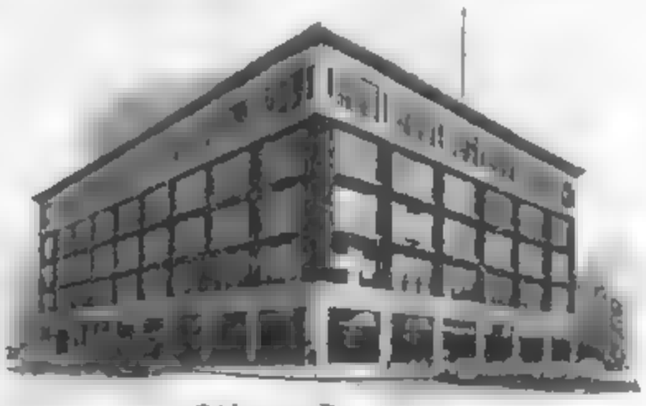

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Indianapolis, equipped with Haughton passenger and freight elevators.

Richman Building
Cleveland. A modern industrial building with Haughton elevator equipment.

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Detroit, with Haughton passenger and freight equipment.

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Sunday papers she merely glanced at the advertisements before starting on a tour of sight-seeing. She took Nibs up to Central Park in a taxicab, pointed out the Obelisk and then with the least possible discomfort to boyish sensibilities shot him through the pictures of the Metropolitan Museum. At four o'clock, the hour when Miss Kirkpatrick was usually having tea at the club with her two friends, she and the boy were standing before one of the glass cases at the Aquarium.

"Don't they look like chrysanthemums?" she remarked as they watched the fiery petals of the fish flash through the water. With her marvelous gift of being touched by each new outside thing, she was really enjoying this, her first visit to the Aquarium in years.

Nibs did not answer her. Following the direction of his eyes, she was startled to see leaning over the railing right beside them Mr. Christopher Henry and his fifteen-year-old charge. He was dressed very Sunday afternoonly, but the adequacy of shining top hat, pearl-gray spats and walking stick could not conceal some deep inadequacy of soul. Miss Kirkpatrick could not keep back a smile as she saw the wild, furtive glances which he cast from the strange exhibit in front of him to the stranger one by his side.

"Er—guess you never saw anything like that, Elsie?" she heard him venture at last. His tone was the see-the-pretty-birdie one.

The young girl looked up from under her hat of rose-colored velvet and the steely light of the higher education was in her big gray eyes.

"Oh," she rejoined, "I've looked at them through a microscope often and often. Why, that's the opelet—the anthea cereus—it's the most famous of the zoöphyte family."

The New York bachelor, who had brought her here so unsuspectingly, so trustfully, looked down at her.

"Gosh!" said he weakly, leaning on his walking stick.

There was another male present whose deepest prejudices were equally outraged.

"Zoöphytes!" whispered Nibs to his aunt. "And she looks like such a peach!"

He was plainly despondent. A man could trust no feature, howe'er pleasant. At any moment a peach might betray a fellow by becoming a highbrow. Undue brooding upon this fact interfered with Nibs' further enjoyment of the Aquarium. It was with an air of shaking off unpleasant associations that he left the last showy fish. Outside he took hold of her arm in a masterful new fashion he had acquired that day.

"We'll go home by the Sixth Avenue Elevated," he announced suddenly.

She stared at him in amazement. Two days, and New York mastered! A first little feeling of pride in Nibs supplanted her amused interest in a new type.

"Oh," she demurred, "why not a taxi? I hate those old Elevateds—they're so crowded."

"No," he retorted firmly, "we've been taking taxis all day long. It would be different if I could pay for you. But—well, you see"—he flushed in embarrassment—"I've only got enough saved up to go fifty-fifty."

She wheeled about so suddenly that she almost disengaged herself from his arm.

"Fifty-fifty!" cried Miss Kirkpatrick. "Why, what do you mean, Nibs? Don't you know you're my guest?"

"Nothing doing, Aunt Sue. I've been keeping account of everything you've been spending on me and I'm going to pay you back. What do you suppose I am anyway—a he vamp?"

She stared up into the downy pink face above its white collar and regimental stripes. So this was what it had all meant—his inverted reading of the Dyckmann menu, his awed glances at her lavish tips, that habit of never taking his eye from the taximeter! She thought back over her reckless expenditures of the past two days. She recalled that night at the club when she had greeted the news of his imminent visit with a groan over the added expense, and shamed to the very depths of her soul she regarded the amusing new type.

All the way over to the Elevated she argued with him. Of course he was her guest. She had never once thought of anything else. Why, what was her salary for—eight thousand dollars a year and nobody to spend it on but herself? All in vain, however. Nibs met every plea with the one frugal statement. He was not and never would be a he vamp.

"But, Nibs," she pleaded at last after they were settled in a seat of the car, "where in the world are you getting the money for this trip?"

"Worked on the ice wagon last summer," he retorted. "Got paid nearly a hundred a month for that."

"But you'll need that for clothes, won't you?"

"Oh, no, a fellow doesn't need much at school except a sweater and a pair of cords. I keep this suit I have on for good and that does me. Of course then I got a dress suit. And say, I sure was in luck about that, Aunt Sue! One of the fellows was gyping his old dress suit for a new one and I picked it up for eighteen bones. It's a good one, too," he added proudly—"braid down the trousers and white vest and everything."

Miss Kirkpatrick did not answer. But as he talked she suddenly turned away her head. It was to hide the mist which quite unaccountably came to her eyes as she remembered that she had just paid two hundred and fifty dollars for her new black-velvet dinner dress.

The next evening when she entered the hotel on Waverly Place she found Nibs seated before the imitation coals of the reception-room fireplace. A second glance revealed the identity of the person occupying the big leather chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. It was the pretty little charge of Mr. Henry. Neither of them was talking, but it was quite plain to Miss Kirkpatrick that she had interrupted a perfect communication.

Immediately Nibs jumped up and came over to his aunt. His eyes were sparkling and it seemed to require some self-control to keep from speaking before they entered the elevator. As soon as they entered here he burst out breathlessly: "Say, Aunt Sue, didn't you say we were going some place to dance to-night?"

Smilingly she nodded her head.

"Well, I wonder if you'd mind Elsie—that's the girl I was just talking to—well, she says her uncle is going to take her to the Eldorado to-night and I thought—well, you said you were kind of out of practice dancing"

"I see, Nibs. You want us to go to the Eldorado too."

"Oh, of course it doesn't matter—only, well, Elsie says her uncle's out of practice too."

Nibs had just passed his midyear's in geometry.

"But, Nibs"—she was opening the door of her apartment now—"how about it—this sudden friendship of yours? How about zoöphytes?"

The boy's blue eyes shone in eager defense.

"Oh, that! She was explaining all about that to me this afternoon. You see, Elsie's out of luck. She hadn't seen this old uncle of hers for a couple of years, and he keeps treating her just as if she were some kid."

"I see," replied his aunt gravely, taking off her moleskin coat. "And she had to prove to him that she isn't. How old is Elsie, by the way?"

Nibs hung his head a little.

"Well, she's only fifteen. But she's always gone with older fellows and girls, you see. That does make an awful difference, doesn't it, Aunt Sue?"

"And how did you meet Elsie at all?" she asked as sitting down in a big chair by the window she took one of her long monogrammed cigarettes from the silver box on the table.

"Oh, she dropped a paper down there just as we were both getting the keys of our apartments. I picked it up for her and then—why, what's the matter, Aunt Sue? There wasn't anything queer about my talking to her, was there?"

"Queer? Of course not. It was perfectly natural."

As a matter of fact, the woman was recalling that night when she herself had dropped a paper and when Elsie's uncle had picked it up for her.

"Ah, youth—charming, ingenuous youth," she sighed again as she had the other morning in the restaurant. It was her explanation of such different epilogues to the same prologue. But in her heart of hearts Sue knew that it did not explain.

"And you don't mind going to the Eldorado, do you, Aunt Sue?"

She hesitated a moment.

"Well, of course, Nibs, there's that uncle—I suppose I'd have to meet him."

A strange little light came to her nephew's eyes and Miss Kirkpatrick knew as well as if he had told her that Elsie must have been foreseeing similar objections on the part of Mr. Henry. No, really—not even for Nibs—she couldn't meet that impossible man.

"Aw, Aunt Sue"—the boy's tone had taken alarm from her look—"you wouldn't mind him so much. Why, he was one of the most famous halfbacks Princeton ever had! Of course he's old now and everything, but ——" His look finished the argument. A meteoric past such as this could not leave even thirty-three quite unlighted.

Sue smiled at this sureness. Then the smile died as she saw Nibs' face. He was all pup now, with a pup's pathetic watchfulness of every change in her expression, a pup's sense of the finality of her decision. For just one minute she delayed.

"All right, Nibs," said Miss Kirkpatrick, "if it means that much to you we'll go."

Half an hour later a glorified Nibs came out of his room in her apartment.

"Oh," cried his aunt, "you've put on your very best evening clothes, have you? Why didn't you wear just a Tuxedo?"

The boy flushed.

"Is this too much dressed up?" He looked down uneasily at the cherished braid on his secondhand suit. "Of course I don't want to look as if I were showing off or anything. I thought everybody dressed this way in New York. You see, the guy that sold me the suit had got rid of his Tuxedo to another fellow."

For some strange reason a little mist came to Sue's eyes. Her tone, however, was bright and cheery.

"It's not a bit too dressed up," said she. "And I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get into a dinner dress and we'll have a regular party."

As she sat in front of her toilet table a few minutes later Miss Kirkpatrick might have been gratified by her reflection. The black-velvet dinner dress, which had just cost her two hundred and fifty dollars, showed throat and arms of firm white. A flush had effaced the fine lines beginning to show on either side of her mouth. And under the side sweep of Marceled brown hair eyes that were usually just alert had become strangely, softly, brilliantly alive. A something that did not come from the massage and the lanolin tissue builders for which Miss Kirkpatrick always found time—one had to keep looking young in business—suddenly linked her with the ringleted, tulip-skirted sisters of the past. But she was not thinking of herself just then.

"I'll surprise him with it," she was thinking to herself as she brushed an errant bit of powder from the neck line of her velvet dress. "I'll give it to him for Christmas. Then he can't offer to pay me back."

When they arrived at the Eldorado Elsie and her uncle were not yet there. Miss Kirkpatrick drew a sigh of relief. She even yielded to Nibs' importunities and tried a fox-trot.

"Fine and dandy," he kept assuring her. "All you need's a little practice. Honest, you're light as a feather—now three steps—shoot!"

She had not danced for three years. Indeed she frequently confided to Miss Boswell and Miss Tuthaul that youth was a period where you waited round to be asked to dance by men that could never dance and that for her part middle-age meant a comfortable immunity. To-night, however, the music, the guidance of that strong young arm used to waving about fifty pounds of ice—above all, the sense that this arm was her nephew's—exhilarated her tremendously. She never wanted to stop. And as she joined Nibs in his athletic clapping for an encore a flush of excitement made her look really beautiful. This flush was still there when five minutes later she gravely inclined her head in acknowledgment of her introduction to Mr. Christopher Henry.

By the time that Mr. Henry and his charge arrived the orchestra had launched into the first strains of the Missouri Waltz.

"How about it, Elsie?" said Nibs promptly, beaming down on an Elsie in a cloud of rose tulle, an Elsie whose leaf-gold hair was wound about her small head in two heavy braids.

They sailed off together and Miss Kirkpatrick's heart sank. She was alone with that man. She looked out at the floating couples; she looked down at the polished table; and finally she made herself look at Mr. Henry. The effort cost by this ultimate direction took away that something which had linked her briefly with her sisters of the past. As John Knox might have stared at Mary Stuart, as Louis the Eleventh might have watched his cousin, Charles the Bold, Miss Kirkpatrick and Mr. Henry faced each other in silence.

"Er—care to dance?" growled he at last.

His verb hardly expressed her resignation to what seemed the milder penalty. Through every measure of that melting waltz, of which Mr. Henry availed himself to plod over her new satin slippers and to select with unerring precision the most over-populated areas for his performance, Miss Kirkpatrick's face was set with pain. But through the pain arrowed one precious silver thought.

"He can maim me all he likes," thought she to herself, "but at least I don't have to talk."

That reflection sustained her through five more dances and at last Nibs was moved by her silent suffering out of his care-free pursuit of pleasure.

"Well," said he breezily as he took possession of her for a one-step, "how are you getting along, Aunt Sue?"

Her only reply was a little grimace.

"Aw, he isn't such a bad bird—when you get to know him. Of course Elsie says he's in an awful humor to-night. He put on that dress suit of his to please her. And say, Aunt Sue, wasn't it lucky I wore mine to-night? Elsie says she just loves to see men in evening clothes."

The young girl from the country town who had dreamed of a New York of evening clothes and top hats and caped overcoats and who had insisted on her uncle's conformity with the dream! The comfortable New York bachelor who had been stirred out of his club, where the maximum of dress effort demanded was the slobbiful dinner coat! With a swift, dramatic conclusiveness Sue joined the pictures. She thought of Mr. Henry hunting for long-buried shirts and collars and waistcoats. She thought of him swearing softly, but intensively, as he fixed his studs and fastened his collar button. Just to please the little country niece! Well, really it had been rather nice of him. And as she saw the big man bumping Elsie into the most impenetrable phalanxes of the dance she detached him once and for all from the red carpet and the heavy lace curtains of the Dyckmann restaurant. He had become for her at last a real human being.

It was in fact as a human being that she addressed him the next time they were alone together. She told him about her work. He told her something about his as a lawyer in a large banking corporation. There were no more experiments in dancing; and before the next hour was over Miss Kirkpatrick was admitting to herself that it was very refreshing to get a man's point of view occasionally. With no sense of self-immolation she assented to his suggestion that they repeat the party sometime later in the week.

The next night Nibs went out to spend the evening with a school friend on Long Island and his aunt took her way to the club. Theoretically she was glad to be sitting once more in the familiar dining room with the soft creamy walls, the flowers on each table, the cozy little lounge tables, one of which she and her friends always strove to secure. Yet—wasn't there something a little cold about its daintiness, a little arid about its immaculate comfort? Sue was annoyed to find herself looking about with the speculative eye of a stranger.

She was still more annoyed with herself on the subject of her two friends. Dear old things, it was good to see them again after four whole days! But—she had heard so often about Adeline's accompanist and Phyllis' chintzes which she couldn't match any place! And she knew before they opened their mouths what they both thought about Fiume, prohibition, the Balkans, the labor situation and the place of woman in modern life. When indeed Miss Tuthaul came to her speech about Nora, the waitress, who was probably going out to-night with the nice young man from the garage, Sue neglected her part of the service. She didn't say a word. Puffing on her long monogrammed cigarette, she looked out into space and thought of how Nibs had looked yesterday night as he had stared down at the cherished braid on his secondhand trousers. What was he doing just now, she wondered? And suddenly the thought that he wouldn't be home to-night to greet

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her gave her a queer little ache. It was then that Sue first faced the disaster which had befallen her.

"I'm going to miss that boy," she admitted to herself grimly.

On the Friday following this she and Nibs and Elsie and Mr. Henry made up their second party to the Eldorado. This time Miss Kirkpatrick took up without any dread the burden of Mr. Henry's society. The fact of it was that there were several things which she had planned to ask him. One was European credits, a subject with which she had long been wrestling. Mr. Henry obliged her fully and as she followed each sentence with that restless mental curiosity of gaze which informed her face she realized that talking to Elsie's uncle involved no more strain than talking to Miss Boswell or Miss Tuthaul. At the end of an hour she accepted almost reluctantly Nibs' benevolent offer of a one-step. The boy beamed down at her gratefully as they danced.

"Say, Aunt Sue," he commented after a few minutes of silence, "you're doing a great job on that bird. Oh, yes, and I gotta swap for you too. Elsie says he says you're a very intelligent woman"—he separated each syllable impressively. "He says he can talk to you just like he can to a man."

Sue never winced, but she acknowledged to herself that in the one instant after the word "swap" she had hoped for a compliment, not an epitaph.

"An intelligent woman!" Heavens, was she that old? The long mirror in which she just then caught a glimpse of herself said that she was not. Sue realized a little painfully that her trouble must be a deeper-seated one than age. At all events she showed no resentment toward the author of the epitaph.

"But," she was saying to him half an hour later in reply to something he had just said, "your democracy amounts always to an oligarchy of some kind or other. There's always a ruling and vicious minority to enslave the ignorant majority. That's why I'm for the acknowledged minority rule—there's really more chance for benevolence."

She was advancing this argument with just as much enthusiasm as though she did not sun it regularly every week at the Xanthus Club. Mr. Henry looked at her angrily.

"Rot!" said he. "I was just reading in Green's History of England last night about the importance of preserving the forms of freedom, even when their efficiency seems to have departed. If the English Parliament had not kept up during periods of ——"

"Hello, Aunt Sue!"

Nibs' gay call to her as he guided Elsie right in front of the table where she and Mr. Henry were seated prevented Miss Kirkpatrick from benefiting by the whole of her companion's intellectual contribution. Her eyes followed the young couple to the far end of the room. Dear boy, how radiant he looked to-night! Really very handsome, too—with the big frank blue eyes and the heavy sweep of his parted brown hair, rather like a sweet old-fashioned daguerreotype! And then her delicate mouth moved in the faintest smile.

"Upon my word," she thought to herself, "you'll be thinking next what a strong well-shaped nose he has!"

With that new something in them which linked Miss Kirkpatrick briefly with her ringleted sisters of the past, her eyes returned to Mr. Henry. She was ready to take up now the theme of the Stuart Parliaments.

Mr. Henry, however, was not. In wide, deep bewilderment he was staring at the pretty woman in her black-velvet dinner dress. That magic moment when Galatea first said "How do you do" could have wrought no greater change in Pygmalion than had Miss Kirkpatrick's deflected softness of gaze in the New York clubman.

He leaned his arms on the polished table. He hunched his powerful shoulders, kept powerful by a rigorous course of athletics—in business one had to keep fit—toward her and started to speak. Then he changed his mind.

"Miss Kirkpatrick," he growled at last, "why have you never married?"

She was naturally startled. The change from the Stuart Parliaments had been abrupt. Still the question had to come sometime. Various luncheons and dinners encircled by business lines had convinced her that the world was filled with indignant males who resented a business woman's independence of their sex. Now she gave her usual answer.

"Oh," said she with a smile, "his rocking-chair always squeaked or he wondered why he hadn't worn his rubbers."

The explanation usually satisfied, even when it did not content. Mr. Henry, however, did not accept it with the hearty laugh which other business men, conducting their impersonal research, had vouchsafed her.

"Rot!" retorted he grimly. "If you had been a different kind of woman you would have thought his rocking-chair a part of the celestial choir and your heart would have ached because he was risking his life on the damp paving stones of Broadway."

Miss Kirkpatrick was much too intelligent not to have made this surmise herself. Yet in astonishment she regarded Mr. Henry. How could he have discovered this?

"Well," said she a little wearily after a moment's silence, "what of it? Why am I not a different kind of woman?"

His brows drew together sharply as he deliberated. When at last his answer came it surprised her even more than his previous words.

"Because," said Mr. Henry slowly, authoritatively, "you're a woman without any talent for love."

She raised her glass of lemonade and touched it with her lips. It was merely to gain time for an important decision. Should she be angry or merely amused? She decided finally on the latter course.

"Well, well"—she gave a soft, well-trained little laugh—"you're not blaming me for that, are you, Mr. Henry—any more than you would resent my not being able to sing in grand opera?"

Perhaps Mr. Henry had been expecting a different kind of answer. At all events he stared at her in a strange, baffled way. She was quick to seize her advantage.

"Tell me, Mr. Henry," she asked, "why haven't you married?"

"Easy! When I was young and in the mood I had no money. By the time I got the money I had no mood."

"Nonsense! If you had been a different kind of man you would have married on your twenty-five dollars a week, paid down your first installment on the little bungalow in the Jersey suburb and helped your wife train the wistaria on the back porch."

"I couldn't have been that mean to any girl. It wouldn't have been right."

"But if you had been a different kind of man you would have been irresistibly wrong."

Again Mr. Henry could find no reply. This being the case, he located a new premise.

"But now I ask you, Miss Kirkpatrick—what kind of life is this for a woman?"

"You mean your kind of life?" interpolated Miss Kirkpatrick sweetly.

A few minutes later, when Nibs and Elsie came up to the table, they found Mr. Henry working surlily on a large black cigar and Miss Kirkpatrick taking the last few puffs of her superior cigarette. They were looking studiously out into the room, but it may have been clear to even two such preoccupied observers that some glances which never meet may be intended for each other.

That night when they returned to her apartment Sue looked about the room rather wearily. The Chinese rug for which she was still in debt, the great bronze electrolier that was an exact copy of one in a Venetian palace, the inlaid ebony table descended from Early-Victorian days—why did all these luxurious touches, which made her abode like that familiar to most of us only through the rising of the first curtain, fail to give her a sense of well-being?

"Nibs," said she, slowly taking off her moleskin coat and laying it upon a chair, "I think I'm a bit tired."

"Aw, Aunt Sue!"

She caught the look on his face.

"No, no," she cried quickly, "I don't mean that. It isn't you, dear—why, I've enjoyed every minute of your visit. Only," she hesitated a moment, "well, it's this way. Monday I've got to make a speech ——"

The boy interrupted her with an exclamation.

"Gee," he exclaimed, "and I got marked sixty last term in public speaking!"

The admiration in her nephew's eyes and voice was very sweet to her just then. With a swift involuntary appeal that surprised herself she wheeled about to him from the long mirror into which she had been looking.

"Oh, Nibs," she cried, "you don't think I've led a bad sort of life, do you?"

"Bad? Well, if I ever got to making eight thou a year ——"

"Oh, no, no, Nibs—not that"—and her voice was really warding off something—"it isn't the wretched money! But I have done a big job, haven't I—a man's job? My life hasn't been wasted?"

The boy stared at her in alarm.

"Why, what is the matter, Aunt Sue?" he inquired anxiously. "As if everybody didn't think what a success you are! Why, Elsie's just crazy about you! She says if she could only have a career like you!"

"Elsie," repeated Miss Kirkpatrick bitterly. "Elsie!" In her heart she was saying, "Not if that benighted uncle of hers is still alive."

She paused for a minute and in that minute she regained her composure.

"Well," she said, sitting down in the great chair under the Venetian electrolier, "I was going to tell you about Monday. I'm going to make a speech then on the opportunities for women in a department store. It's to be given before the most fashionable women's club in town and it's really awfully important—not the speech itself, you understand, but what it will bring about."

Nibs nodded. He was proud to be taken for the first time into this business confidence.

"You see, Nibs, what I've been working on all this year is to build up the Downington dressmaking department. It got awfully run down and a number of rich women who used to come to us took away their trade. Now I want to get them back—the carriage trade, you see, means so much to us. It isn't that Newport and Fifth Avenue money is worth more than Central Park West money, but it's that we can say to the unfashionable rich, 'Ah, that is the model Mrs. Astorbilt was admiring this morning'—it's an advertisement."

"Gee, to think of any woman knowing all that"—this was what Nibs' silence said to her every minute and she drank it in as balm.

"Well, one of the ways to meet the fashionable rich is to make speeches at the clubs and help along their pet welfare work. And"—her eyes sparkled—"I hope to do a great deal by this speech of mine on Monday. I'll meet the very women we want to get as patrons for the dressmaking department. And then after Christmas, when we are going to have private showings and teas in the dressmaking department, I expect them to come."

To Nibs' awed enjoyment there was lacking only the one perfect crown.

"Gee," he breathed, looking down at her with his hands in his pockets, "if only Elsie could hear you now!"

"Elsie!" repeated Miss Kirkpatrick bitterly as she had just a moment ago. Then she recovered her composure. "I'm telling you all this, Nibs, to explain something. You know that Mr. Henry asked us all to go to the theater to-morrow night—well, I just can't go. I've got to stay home to-morrow night and Sunday and prepare my speech."

The boy's face fell.

"Aw, Aunt Sue!"

"But you won't mind, Nibs." Rising from her chair, she looked up at him a little wistfully. "You'll have Elsie, you know."

"Yes, but it's more fun to have you too. Besides, what'll Mr. Henry do? He'll have a slow time with just us two."

"Oh," said Miss Kirkpatrick lightly, "I think Mr. Henry will be given strength to meet the blow."

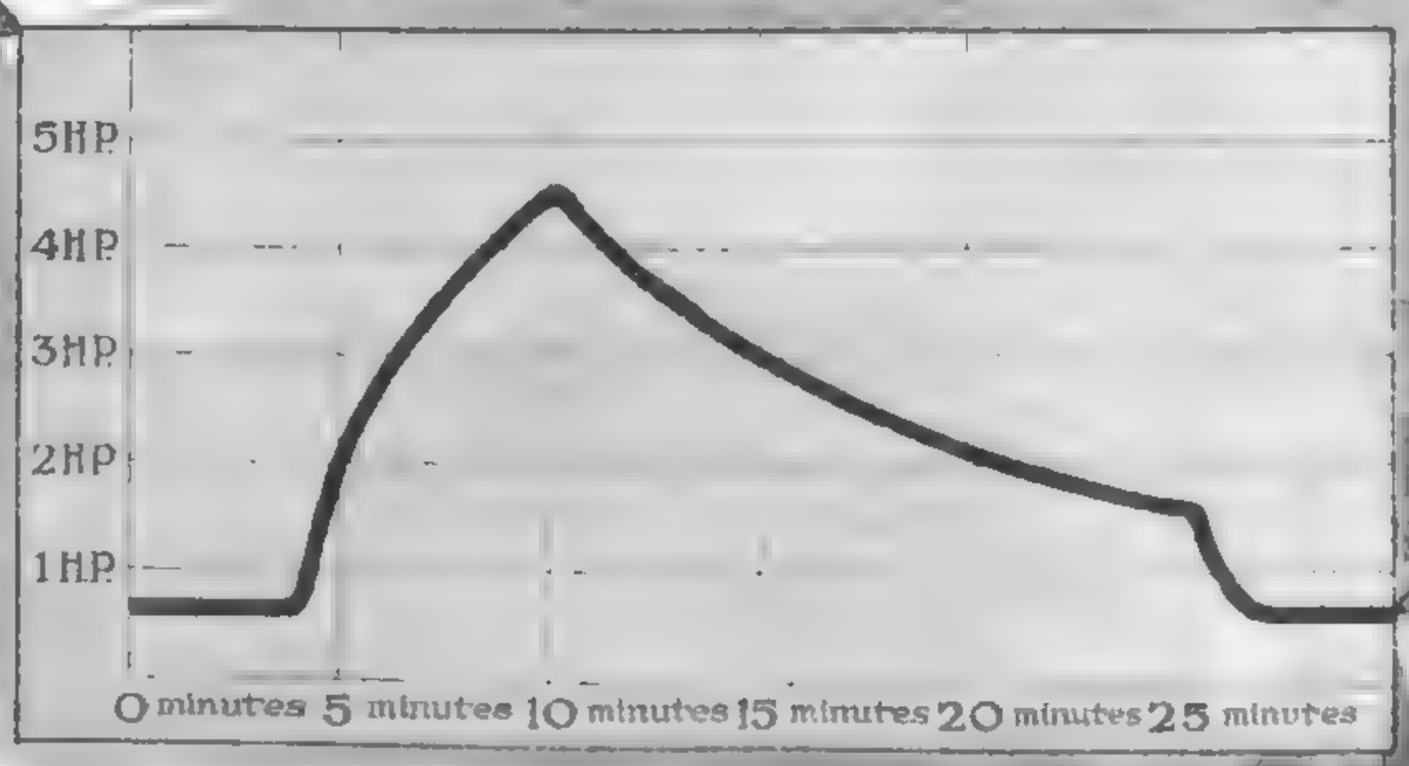
Later on in her own room Sue tried to apply herself to the first paragraphs of her Monday speech on the opportunities for women in the department store. It would not have surprised Ibsen and Euripides, but it would doubtless have been a great revelation to the women of the fashionable club whom she was to address. For as delivered before the mirror between dabs of the lanolin tissue builder which Miss Kirkpatrick never neglected—in business one had to keep looking young—this was the way it ran:

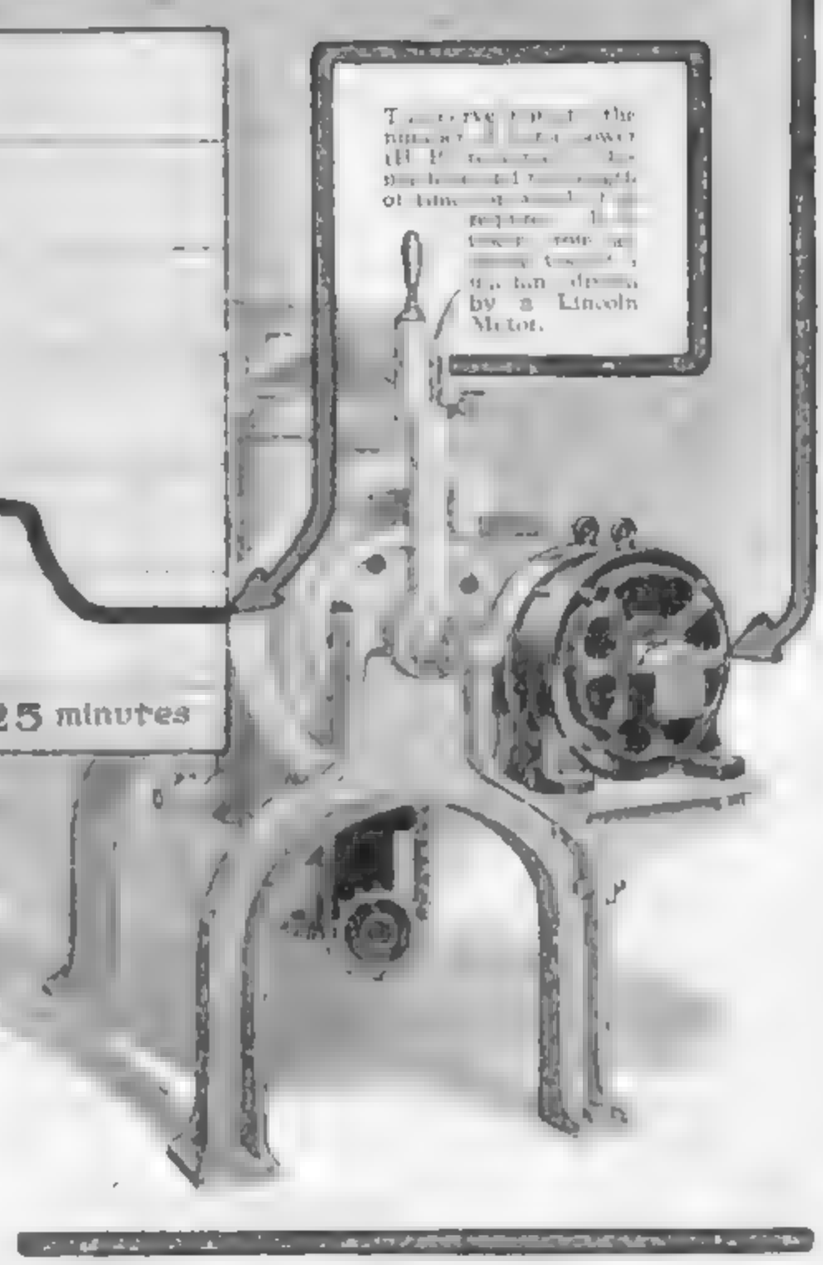
"Of course he wouldn't think much of my life. Oh, no, the only success a woman can possibly have with him is that she should marry somebody—anybody—everybody. Building up a big business is nothing compared to producing several children

(Continued on Page 142)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

Fitting Lincoln Motors By Chart





Before a machinery manufacturer equips his machine with a Lincoln Motor that machine is tested by Lincoln Engineers and a chart made of its power requirements.

The chart shows how much power is needed under all conditions—shows whether the demand is a steady, hour after hour pull, an occasional surge of great power for a few seconds, or a gradually increasing load.

With this data Lincoln Engineers can fit the motor to its job. Out of such charts have been developed the special types of Lincoln Motor which are standard for elevators, punches and shears, pumps and other different drives.

Whatever the machine needs there is a Lincoln Motor to fit it and a Lincoln guarantee that it will render satisfactory service.

When you buy machinery, buy the motor with the machine—and specify "a Lincoln Motor."

"Link Up With Lincoln"

Lincoln Engineers have charted the power requirements of many machines in the following classes:

Bakers' Machinery
Brick & Clay Machinery
Cranes
Crushers & Pulverizers
Conveyors
Elevators & Hoists
Fans & Blowers
Foundry Machinery
Ice Machinery
Machine Tools
Paper Machinery
Presses
Pumps & Compressors
Punches & Shears
Textile Machinery
Woodworking Machinery

Lincoln District Offices

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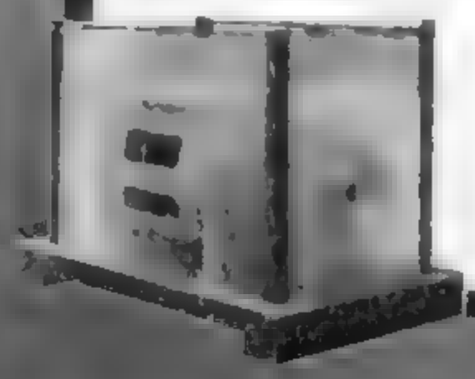
Also Sold By The Fairbanks Co.

Lincoln Motors are the only motors sold by the 22 branches of The Fairbanks Co. under their famous Fairbanks "OK"

This Lincoln Motor operates under water at exhibitions and conventions for over 3 years without damage to windings.



The Lincoln Electric Company

General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.

The Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

Ignorant!

Doesn't look it, does he?

But he is; ignorant as a savage.

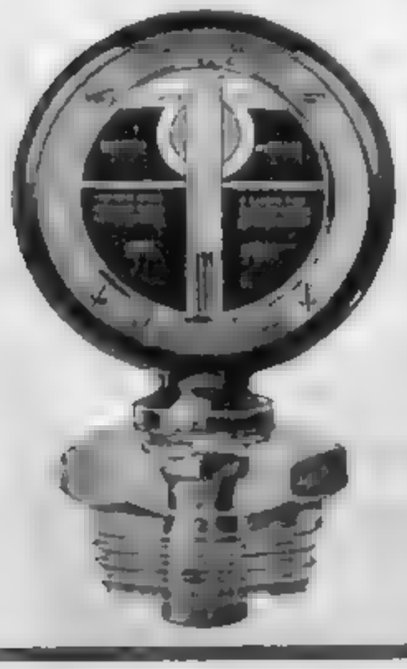
Ignorant of the fact that 80% of his engine troubles are due to downright foolhardy lack of knowledge of the heat conditions of his motor.

Ignorant, because he still believes he doesn't need a BOYCE MOTO-METER. Because he still trusts to sight, hearing and smell.

He'll learn, though, that it pays to have a BOYCE MOTO-METER and *know* the facts about his engine condition, just as he does about his business.

BOYCE MOTOMETER

keeps you constantly posted as to the thermal condition of your motor. Its ever-visible red ribbon of fluid indicates plainly whether your car is running too cool, too hot, or at its normal temperature. Unfailingly indicates motor trouble 15 to 20 minutes before *you* can detect it. Helps eliminate premature wear, burned bearings, scored cylinders, and other motor ills and expenses. Over two million in use.



Your garage or dealer carries BOYCE MOTO-METER or can get one for you. Choice of six models for your car's radiator cap—$2.50 to $15 (in Canada $3.50 to $20). Dashboard type—$18 to $50 (in Canada $24.50 to $67.50).

Special booklets on BOYCE MOTO-METER for pleasure cars, trucks, stationary engines, tractors or motor boats are yours for the asking.

THE MOTO-METER CO., Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 140)

who look like their father's homeliest sister. And how a great big self-indulgent creature like that does hate to see a woman smoke or have money enough to pay for her own dinner or do any of the things that he does! What kind of life is this for a woman? Ugh! He's the kind of man that wants all the luxuries for himself and the very last luxury is looking up to women—for not doing the things that he does."

The next evening as she sat alone in the front room of the apartment the same thread of thought persisted in obstructing her more vital thesis. All that day Mr. Christopher Henry's words had been coming back to her and each return brought a stronger tide of resentment. By the time that the offending gentleman himself was waiting with Elsie and Nibs for the rising of the third-act curtain Miss Kirkpatrick had worked herself up to an ultimate stoniness of heart.

"Well, I'll never see him again—never! I can't help it whether Nibs minds or not. Let me see—oh, yes! I should say of course that the first requisite for success in the department store is interest. One must think, breathe, act one's work. A woman without any talent for love! The impudence of that! I wonder what special gifts he thinks he has? I have seen girls serving in a department store and I have seen them serving time. Of course it is perfectly evident that if Susie behind the counter is thinking all the time how she is going to please Jimmie she will not be pleasing her customer. My, how glad I am I had the excuse of writing this speech to-night! If he only doesn't believe it!"

And then suddenly with a gesture almost violent Miss Kirkpatrick threw down her pen. She tore up such extracts of this speech as had been committed to paper. It was absolutely no good. She couldn't get up and utter such piffle even to society women. What was the matter with her? Perhaps after Nibs was gone she had better spend a few days in Atlantic City.

It was now eleven o'clock. Restlessly Miss Kirkpatrick moved about the room. She tried to soothe herself with a cigarette and wouldn't soothe. At last she went to the window and threw it open. It had been raining heavily all day and now a dense white fog poured down over Waverly Place. It flowed thickly like milk between the dark branches of the trees on Washington Square, which she could see as kneeling beside the window she looked up the street.

"How beautiful!" thought Sue with that wonderful gift of hers of being touched by outside impersonal loveliness. And how good the damp air felt as it touched her forehead! It was so grateful that she wondered if she were feverish. Quite suddenly she wished that she were, for as she knelt there three figures emerged from the chalky fog into the lighted entrance of the hotel. And at the sound of Mr. Henry's barytone voice ringing out in a hearty laugh Sue felt utterly, unreasonably forlorn.

The next day Sue did not spend as that previous Sunday. She allowed Nibs to conduct his own sight-seeing and immediately after breakfast settled down to her speech. It was nearly noon and she was getting it well under way when the telephone rang.

"Hello! Yes, this is she. Oh, yes!"

These words had taken up a very brief period of time, but in that time Miss Kirkpatrick's face had changed from provisional smile to determined hostility. It did not soften during the remainder of the conversation and when she went back to her desk her text was once again marred by a few extraneous comments.

"Wanting to see me on a matter of business," she fumed. "Acting just as if nothing had happened—as if I'd be grateful for another chance to be insulted! Well, Mr. Henry will find out before he is done with me that there's another talent I don't have! It's for stupid, boring New York clubmen. As if I'd ever see him again as long as I live!"

She quite believed it too. And perhaps under other circumstances she might have been worthy of the belief. But the deity who must have undertaken just at this moment the collapse of Miss Kirkpatrick's dignity arranged the very next morning a combination of events that might have tested an even firmer resolution.

She and Nibs had just paused at the office for the morning mail. The aunt was just breaking it to her nephew that they were not going to the Dyckmann that morning for breakfast, that she was getting awfully tired of the place, that Jean was utterly spoiled and the whole service gone off, when Nibs was called to the telephone booth.

He came out with wide frightened eyes.

"Mr. Henry's been taken awfully sick," he cried breathlessly, "and Elsie wants to know if we won't come up right away."

Something made Miss Kirkpatrick's eyes widen in response and the hand on the office desk certainly trembled a little. Perhaps, however, this was due only to the special kind of consternation which showed in her very first words.

"But, Nibs," she protested, "I can't take the time to go up there now. This morning at eleven I have to make my speech before the club and before that we have an awfully important conference at the store."

"But, Aunt Sue, you don't understand! Mr. Henry's awfully sick. He fainted when he tried to get out of bed this morning. And Elsie's there all alone. She's frightened to death—why, she was kind of crying through the phone."

The incredulity in that young face—Miss Kirkpatrick thought it was that which had so moved her. It had been nine days now since Nibs had come to her. Every one of those days, she felt proudly, had advanced her in his admiration. The decisions of that strange new tribunal had heretofore been favorable. Now, however, if it were to be proved that she could leave Elsie—she knew that the final verdict rested upon this one point.

She gripped the edge of the office desk to hide the trembling of her hand. And those who blame her for her next words must remember that the one exclusive emotion of twelve years is not lightly shaken off.

"Nibs," she cried desperately, "I'd come if I possibly could, but I can't! The merchandise manager has called this conference this morning ——"

But Nibs did not wait to hear more of an earth-rocking event. Without another word he had moved off to the elevator. As if carved from granite, his aunt watched him leave her. Then with a sharp little exclamation that was almost a cry she ran over to join him. She thought it was to keep that precious, oh-so-much-prized affection that she was going now to see Mr. Henry.

She still thought so as she stood for the first time in that comfortable, even luxurious, apartment of his. She had no reason to depart from her theory during the next half hour. In that time she called up three doctors. None of these could come immediately. With the fourth she was imperative.

"But it is very important," she said in her crisp tones born of long years of business command. "You must come at once. This is a dangerously ill patient." Then turning from the phone she smiled down on Elsie and her nephew, surveying her with awed eyes from a big double-down couch. "This one will be here right away," she assured Elsie. "Don't worry—he's right round the corner."

"Oh, Miss Kirkpatrick," cried Elsie suddenly, "you're so wonderful! I just don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come! How do you talk that way over the phone? She just sounds like a queen, doesn't she, Nibs?"

Nibs' eyes beamed with pride.

"You bet! I tell you when she says anything to a waiter he just hops."

There was silence for a few minutes and Miss Kirkpatrick looked at her wrist watch. It was only a quarter to nine. If the doctor came when he said he would she might yet make the conference. She was tapping her foot nervously when suddenly Elsie rose to her feet.

"I'll go and see how Uncle Christopher is now," said she. At the doorway she paused and looked at Miss Kirkpatrick a little wistfully. "Perhaps he'd like to see you," she said.

"Oh, no, no—please don't suggest such a thing, Elsie!" cried Miss Kirkpatrick swiftly. "I'm sure it would be the worst thing in the world for him to see strangers."

In a few moments, however, Elsie returned with a sentence. Uncle Christopher had asked to see her. An instant later she was stooping—with knees that trembled under her—over a very-much-altered Mr. Christopher Henry.

"Beastly head," he muttered, "can't move it." That was his only greeting, his only preliminary. Then with fever-glazed eyes he stared at her moleskin coat. "What ish that?" he asked thickly.

She thought that he was delirious. Heavens, what was it—typhoid, pneumonia,

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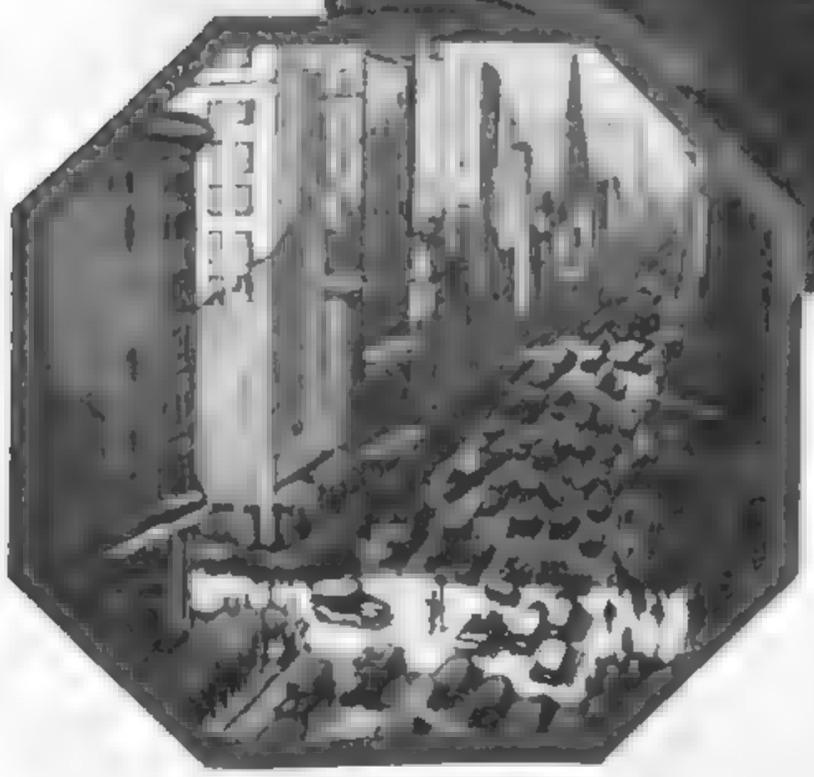
Columbia Six



A Car of Poise

The charm of perfect poise! You will recognize it instantly in Columbia Six enclosed models.

How we admire it in an individual! That assured, confident appearance which distinguishes the business leader from the failure—the successful debutante from her boarding school sister.

Today with the motor car playing such an intimate part in every activity the confidence that springs from owning a "correct" car is fully as vital to business or social success as that which comes from faultless clothes.

"Perfect poise" well expresses the looks and actions of the Columbia Six.

The artistic moulding of the body lines—the richness and perfect harmony of the furnishings and fittings—the responsiveness and thorough dependability of the car—the knowledge that every mechanical part will function promptly and correctly at any time in any weather—these give to the Columbia Six and to the Columbia owner real poise—a sense of correctness and fitness for even the most distinguished occasion or company, that is a source of lasting delight.

Poise has been achieved in the Columbia as in an individual, by careful study to perfect each detail—both of appearance and of basic character.

Radical, bizarre effects, today common in motor car designing, have been avoided.

Columbia "poise" comes from sound, fundamental qualities that make it lasting—care in designing—goodness of materials and thoroness of workmanship.

Prices—Five-Passenger Touring Car, $1695; Four Passenger Sport Model (Five wire wheels included), $1845.00; Two-Passenger Roadster (Five Disted wheels included), $1845.00; Four Passenger Coupé, $2850.00; Five-Passenger Touring Sedan, $2850.00. *Prices F. O. B. Detroit.*

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT
U. S. A.

For the Mechanically Inclined

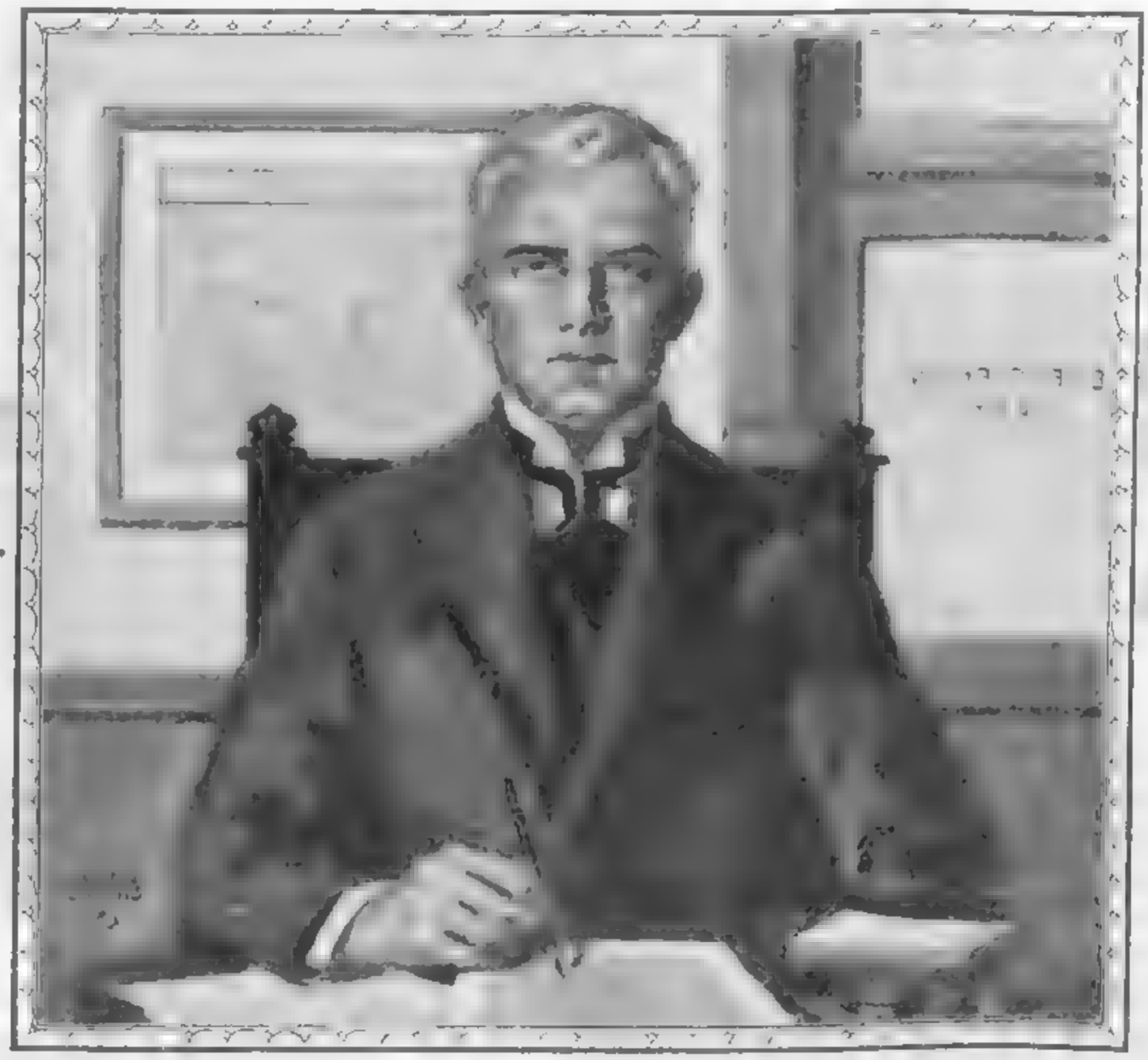
When you examine the mechanical details of the Columbia Six you will find much of the confidence which the Columbia Six inspires comes from the elimination of most of the troubles of motor car driving. For example, Columbia thermostatically controlled radiator shutters have banished cold weather troubles, such as hood-covers, hard starting, slow warming up and increased gasoline consumption.

Specifications

Timken Axles—Continental Red Seal and Rutenber Motors—Detroit Pressed Steel Company Frame—Radiator with "Sylphon" Thermostatically Controlled Shutters—Spicer Universal Joints—Borg & Beck Clutch—Durston Transmission—Detroit Steel Products Company's Springs—Gemmer Steering Gear—Auto Lite Starting & Lighting—Atwater-Kent Ignition—Stromberg Carburetor—Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery—Painting and Trimming by American Auto Trimming Company—Pantasote Top—Firestone Tires.

Gem of the Highway

A FORECAST



Sectional View, Knife Blade Type, showing famous "Drop Out" Renewal Link and the Winged Washer, the feature making fuse renewal a matter of only a few seconds.

At this time when rehabilitation of factory equipment is paramount, the records of ECONOMY renewable FUSES in the past are promising indications of future efficiency and savings.

In thousands of industrial plants, in government departments, in stores, hospitals, mines, homes and wherever efficiency and economy in operation of electrical equipment are considered, ECONOMY renewable FUSES steadily maintain their reputation for cutting annual fuse costs 80%.

But not only the Efficiency Engineer, planning far ahead to keep factory maintenance costs down to the lowest point, finds in ECONOMY renewable FUSE Service a definite means of cutting costs and gaining added electrical protection—every fuse user now enjoys the same benefits of economy and efficiency.

ECONOMY renewable FUSES are
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Improved by the Maker
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Buy ECONOMY renewable FUSES, all capacities, all types, from all leading electrical dealers and jobbers.

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Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the non-renewable fuse with the 100% guaranteed indicator.

ECONOMY *renewable* FUSES

(Continued from Page 142)

appendicitis? It had been so many years since she had had any experience with sickness that the swollen scarlet of his face appalled her.

"What is what?" she whispered.

"That fur thing. Whash it called?"

"Oh, this is moleskin." She was still humoring his delirium. "Do you like it?"

He tried to nod his head. Then, with gaps between his words, he made clear what was the business matter upon which he had tried to see her yesterday.

"Elsie admired—your coat. Will you get—one—for her—see? My Christmas gift—can't get it—myself."

Through quick, understanding tears Sue looked down at him. Solemnly she nodded her head. Yet the tears were not all for him. And the pang that went through her as she learned that he had not been wanting to see her for her own sake, because he was sorry that he had offended her, was too sharp for self-deception.

She lingered for a minute beside him. She looked down compassionately at the tossed pillow. His whole room was in frightful disorder. Involuntarily she looked about for a push button. Then with a final little glance of pity—anxious but inept as that of any man—she left the room.

Half an hour later a terrified Elsie tiptoed out of the sick room.

"The doctor says it's pneumonia," she whispered. Then with a little cry of distress she added: "Oh, I know it's just because he would go out on Saturday night without his rubbers! Somehow he got it into his head he wouldn't wear them any more, and he's used to them. That's one of my childish impressions about Uncle Christopher—he was always so particular about his rubbers."

Without a word Sue stared straight ahead of her. There was a touch of humor even in this situation, but once again Sue failed to get out on the curbstone and watch herself pass. All she could think of was her little speech to Christopher Henry that other night at the Eldorado—"His rocking-chair always squeaked or he wondered why he hadn't worn his rubbers."

The two young people stood there talking together in whispers and still Sue did not speak. At last Nibs noticed her silence, her white tense face. He came over and sat down beside her on the double-down couch.

"You don't need to stay now, Aunt Sue," he began anxiously. "You've missed your conference, I guess, but you'll have lots of time to get to the club for your speech. Elsie and I can get along alone till a nurse comes."

Not a single shadow of the carriage trade which she was abandoning crossed his aunt's face.

"Speech be hanged!" said Miss Kirkpatrick with that forcefulness of expression which she occasionally used to Miss Tuthaul and Miss Boswell. "I'm going to stay."

Eleven days later Miss Kirkpatrick again sat on the same double-down couch where she had made her tremendous choice. The floor and the tables and the chairs were to-day strewn with tissue paper, with red ribbon and Christmas seals. Across these evidences of a Christmas celebration deferred until this New Year's afternoon Miss Kirkpatrick looked to where Mr. Henry, sitting up for the first time since his illness, lay propped amid the cushions of a deep-hearted rocking-chair. He was wearing a brand-new brown-velveteen dressing gown and his huge paw, bleached now almost to delicacy, was folded about a brand-new book.

He stared across at Miss Kirkpatrick and then he stared back at the book.

"The Life of the Bee," he mused with a puzzled little smile. "Now why do you suppose Elsie selected that for my Christmas present? Do you fancy she's been brooding all this time upon my ignorance of zoöphytes?"

"Perhaps that's it," retorted Sue with a smile. "You know we modern women are demanding that a man should be more than a companion for just our lighter hours."

He grinned cheerfully. During these bidaily trips to see him she had discovered a sense of humor—more appreciative perhaps than creative—which had surmounted pain and fever and even a husky fellow's feeling that sickness had made him ridiculous. It was only one of the unsuspected virtues with which he had surprised her. Now as the grin went out there was something of boyish eagerness in his face.

"Say, Miss Kirkpatrick," he said, "she really liked it, don't you think—I mean the fur coat I gave her?"

"Oh, she was simply crazy about it!"

"You don't think she had the least inkling of it?"

"Dear, no—I saw to that."

He gave a grim little laugh.

"Do you know," said he, "that's the first honest-to-Christmas gift I ever gave Elsie in my whole life? All I've handed her out before this year was a filthy check—a miserable twenty-five-dollar check that I didn't have to spend any time over. And do you know what a pig I was? Every time I'd write it I'd think to myself, 'Twelve blessed months before I have to do that again!'"

"Why," gasped Sue, "that's just the way I've always been with Nibs! Until I got him a Tuxedo and some new scarfs and things this year I was just too stingy—stingy of any thought and care, I mean—ever to get beyond a check. And I just went round crying over the snowshoes and wonderful penknives and all the things he would have loved so when he was a little boy."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Henry, gripping his book a little tighter, "but in my case it was worse. My brother—Elsie's father—never could get along. I could have done so much for Elsie all these years."

"My brother-in-law makes just half of what I do," returned Sue bravely after a minute's hesitation. "I never did a thing for them."

"But I never did a thing for anybody," growled Mr. Henry. "All I cared about was work and going to my club and having my rolls hot in the morning. I never gave. I squandered. Jean over at the Dyckmann is hoarding my savings. I always overtipped him and every other waiter, not because I was generous, but because I was afraid of what he'd think of me."

Miss Kirkpatrick smiled ruefully.

"I've sometimes thought," she sighed, "that my only mourners will be the New York waiters. You see, I always asked about their colds and their children."

"Not because you cared, but because you liked a nice, cozy, pleasant atmosphere round you. Huh, don't I know?"

Their eyes met over the recital of this parallel experience and, conscious at last of the humor of it, they both burst into laughter.

"Suppose," said Sue—and the laughter still rippled through her soft voice—"that you let me read you about some decent citizens."

With that she came over and took the book from his hand. Quite at random she opened it and began reading:

"'Why do they thus renounce sleep, the delights of honey and love and the exquisite things enjoyed, for instance, by their winged brother, the butterfly?'" She continued with the famous rhapsody upon the virgin workers of the hive until she came to the sentence, "'Is it so certain then that the new generation whereunto you offer your lives ——'"

It was at this point that Christopher Henry stopped her.

"Why," he roared, "that's it—that's the very thing!"

Sue looked up at him in surprise.

"What's the very thing?"

"The whole point of us—of you—of me. Why, we're bees, Miss Kirkpatrick, miserable slaves of the hive!"

"Miserable!" she laughed. "I prefer our other biographer."

"Wait a moment! We're bees all right in that we work like fiends and that we've let all our emotions atrophy. But just look at the difference! Those blooming bugs haven't got any individual emotional life, but they have got a community one. They're working for the race—it's the new generation whereunto they offer their lives ——"

"Ah," interrupted the woman, "but that, after all, isn't quite fair. That's what hurt me so the other night at the Eldorado—that you didn't seem to see that I really had benefited the race, even though I haven't married. You can't build up a big business, you know, without helping to build up the world."

"Sure you can't!" he retorted energetically. "But now tell me honestly—you've worked because you liked work more than anything else in the world, haven't you? Of course you have. So have I. There hasn't been one bit of self-sacrifice about it. What's more, we haven't renounced the honey—the rewards of our labor—not by a darned sight. We've spent that on being

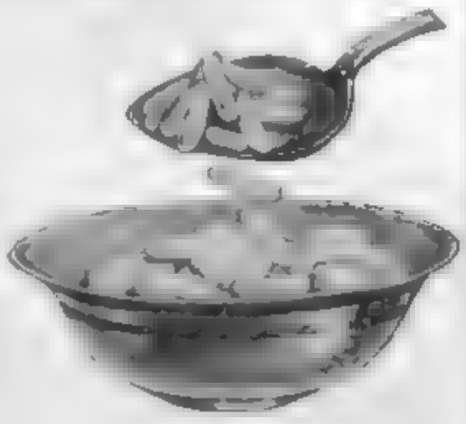
Surprises

You Can Serve With Bubble Grains

Some morning serve Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs in this way:

After crisping, douse with melted butter. Then add your cream and sugar.

It will taste like a dish of confections. And men enjoy it just as much as children.



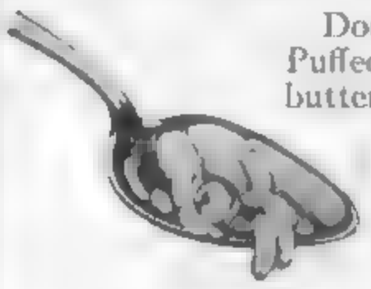
Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust. That's why we have pies, tarts and shortcakes.

These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust. After a test you will never omit them.

For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They are four times as porous as bread.

Children need whole wheat. They need the minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way they will revel in it.

After school surprise the children with these tidbits:



Douse Corn Puffs or Puffed Rice with melted butter. Let them eat like popcorn. Children can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' content—they so easily digest.

Scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs like nut-meats on ice cream. A famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this.

Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make the candy porous, light and nutty.

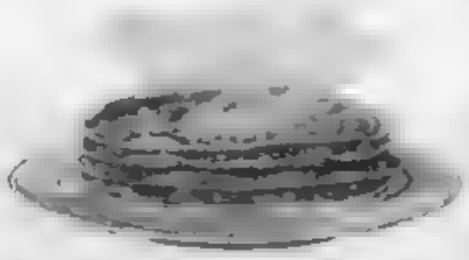
Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

All steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell blasted by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and complete.

These are the greatest grain foods in existence and you should know them all.

Like Pancakes Made With Nuts



Now we make a pancake flour containing ground Puffed Rice. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like flavor. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. You never tasted pancakes such as folks make with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

SOLUBLE (INSTANT) Barrington Hall Coffee

This is famous Baker-ized Barrington Hall in instant form. Medium size jar equal to one pound of Baker-ized Barrington Hall Coffee.

Anybody Can Make Perfect Coffee Now

A half teaspoonful of famous Barrington Hall in the form of powdered crystals—add hot water—a steaming cup of deliciously perfect coffee is ready instantly.

Would you like to try making coffee in the cup—to pour on the water, see the crystals dissolve, taste the coffee and prove to your own satisfaction that Soluble Barrington Hall is better, more economical and far more convenient?

In case your grocer has not yet received his shipment, send 40c for a Standard 25-cup tin. If you are not delighted with Barrington Hall in instant form, the money will be promptly refunded. Will you try it?

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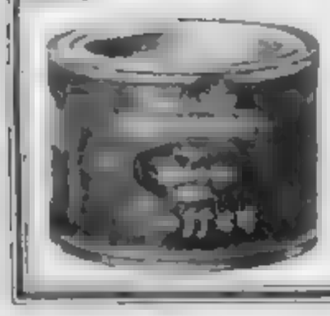

MAIL THE COUPON

Enclosed find 40c for which please send one standard tin of Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee to:

Name

Address

Grocer's Name

Grocer's Address

comfortable—on taxis and waiters and good clothes and—" with a grim look at the couch on which she was sitting—"double-down upholstery. Now those bachelor-girl bees you've been reading of work—just like us—and they haven't got an ounce of sentiment in their lives—just like us. We're all single fellows together. But the difference between us and the others is that they're single for a purpose and at a big cost of fun. We're single because we like to be."

Sue looked up at him thoughtfully.

"I see," she said at last. "You think we've taken over the most social civilization in the world and made it individualistic. And you don't think any work I've—we've done ——"

"Can atone to society for the formation of a class of loveless workers? No, by heavens, I don't! So long as we can't transplant the queen bee to our human hive, so long as motherhood is not intrusted to one single person in a community, we can't take over the single-fellow worker. We're cramping the world's style if we do. We're working against the community—not for it. We've got to mix personal love and work together—we human bees—or we get to be just machines. And the more machines in this world the worse for society. Why, as if you and I couldn't both of us have done our work as well and better if we had had some real affection in our lives!"

He had put his finger on it at last—that little difference between being efficient and being effectual—which had been haunting her of late. And it was characteristic of the woman that she met the truth intellectually and not emotionally. She was glad to see with her mind what was the matter with her.

The man stared into those blue eyes that had been following what he said with so much alert intelligence. Suddenly the bleached paw closed tightly about the arm of his rocking-chair.

"Don't!" cried he fiercely.

"Don't what?"

"Don't look as if you were talking about the Baltic Provinces, as if nothing under God's sun or moon could touch you but some abstract consideration of European politics!"

He hesitated for a minute and his face grew tense.

"Miss Kirkpatrick," he asked abruptly, "do you have any idea what happened to me that night at the Eldorado?"

Only the most experienced could have detected any difference between this bright quick glance, which she now gave him, and its predecessors.

"You started to prepare your bee thesis then, didn't you?"

"Don't be flippant! This means too much to me. I saw you look at your nephew while he was dancing. I hadn't thought of you before that as a woman at all. You were just something to talk to. But that—well ——"

He drew a long breath. She attempted—but could not quite finish—one of those bright quick glances. And it was to her downcast head that he addressed his next words.

"I got that little picture of you then—not as a single fellow, not as a pretty work machine, but as a real woman, one that could love if she just let herself ——"

"Ah," interrupted Sue bitterly, still without raising her head, "but you said that night that I was a woman without any talent for love."

"I didn't mean that!" he cried eagerly. "I was excited, indignant. Somehow it seemed all wrong then that you should go on in the old way—my way. Not that it was wrong for a woman—not that it was any worse for you than for me—we were both failures as human beings, you see. As if I would set myself up to you! But when you looked at that kid—I'll never forget it—just as if you loved everything about him I knew then—it was only a matter of practice with you. Working, living alone—you had got out of practice in love. You had got into the wrong groove, see?—just as I had been doing until Elsie turned up. I couldn't bear your going back to the old way then.

"I wanted you to keep on practicing—after all, that's what you have to do with two of the great big things in this life—religion and love—first get yourself in the track of them and then keep on working to stay there. Oh, I know I'm talking like an ass! But if you could just understand how I feel about it ——"

There was a long silence during which Christopher never took his eyes from that small downcast head with its rippling sweep of light-brown hair. When he spoke again the big white hand on the arm of the chair shook ever so slightly.

"You thought I meant just marriage," he began huskily, "but I didn't. I'm not that stupid and—male. I wanted you to go on loving somebody—anybody ——"

Then for the first time in these long minutes Sue raised her eyes to his. As he saw what was in them his own eyes changed.

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "I wanted you to marry me! I still—want you!"

That instant he leaned forward and that instant his rocking-chair uttered a plea of its own. There is no use to put it in that pretty way. It squeaked. Blushing to the roots of his hair, Mr. Christopher Henry consummated his romantic declaration with a terrified grin.

Sue stared at him in bewilderment, almost in horror. Then suddenly she remembered.

"But I don't mind it a bit," she laughed. "It really sounds—rather—nice."

And with that soft, tender little laugh she was drawn at last into the circle of her ringleted and tulip-skirted sisters.

From Civil War times down, Wilson Bro's Shirts That Fit have been the choice of well-dressed men. Shown two of our pure silk broadcloths which dealers have in white and a delightful range of new three-tone satin effects for 1921. A great shirt for youth seekers—equally good for business wear!

Wilson Bro's

THE EASIEST NAME FOR A MAN TO REMEMBER!

YOU men who are accomplishing things have little time to shop—you want to find a thoroughly reliable brand of personal furnishings, then standardize on it and telephone your orders.

Under this name and label, you can fill dresser or bag with Shirts and Furnishings that leave nothing to be desired.

Where you see the name "Wilson Bro's"—on Shirts for all occasions, on a complete line of Men's Underwear for all sections and seasons, on Hosiery, Pajamas, Gloves, Garters, "Strate-Cut" Scarfs and other intimate things—you know that for fifty-odd years fabrics have been improved, factories developed, styles designed and perfected to give you the maximum of comfort, appearance and wear.

Shirts and Furnishings bearing this label are *always* ample and honest in material, made under sanitary conditions, correct in design and fit, fast in color and generous in value.

Half a century of friendly co-operation has put Wilson Bro's Shirts and Furnishings on many shelves in most men's-wear stores. Ask for them at yours.

A profitable name for *you* to remember!

MEN'S Wilson Bro's FURNISHINGS

CHICAGO NEW YORK

©

Wear, Washing *and* Your Clothes

Why do clothes wear out? Is day to day use a principal factor? Has laundering a weakening or strengthening effect? How much has the quality of the manufacturer's work to do with wear? What can reasonably be expected of a given piece of fabric?

In behalf of housewives whom they serve, these questions have been searchingly delved into by modern laundries.

Tablecloths made of real linen, well woven, can be laundered as many as 100 to 150 times before showing wear. This is the average in modern laundries handling linen that has been finely made and properly cared for by the housewife.

Curtains wear out so most at the point where they beat against the sash of the open window.

Flaws often appear in curtains at the point below the shade, where they are most exposed to dust-laden air and the action of the sun's rays. To check these corrosive influences many housewives have their curtains laundered oftener than cleanliness alone requires.

If a few drops of a harmful fluid, like the solution in an automobile storage battery, have fallen on a cloth, holes will develop during the first washing.

A new starched collar, such as is commonly worn by men, can be *continuously* washed in a modern laundry as many as 40 times before it will begin to fray. But if a collar is *worn* between washings, it can be laundered only 20 times or less.

Personal apparel and household linen are bleached, dyed, woven, tailored, packed, shipped, stored, unpacked and used before they reach the laundry. If at any stage there has been poor workmanship, misuse, or abuse, "it all comes out in the wash."

But when you have purchased with judgment, and used your things with care, the cleansing methods of modern laundries will help you prolong their usefulness.

There are modern laundries in your city that make an art of clothes conservation. Send them your family washing.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

Executive Offices, Cincinnati

A PLEA FOR YOUNG MALE PARENTS

(Continued from Page 19)

scout? Am I right, Jimmie, or am I? I leave it to you as man to man. What did I say, Jimmie, about Hughie right here at this bar being always a gentleman under all circumstances? Righto! You said all of it right there, Jimmie, and you haven't said the half of what I said about good old Hughie.

"No, no more, Hughie; too much is plenty. And, Hughie, it certainly is a wonderful feeling—how!—it certainly, as you were saying, is a wonderful feeling when a man realizes for the first time under these circumstances the wonderful feeling that he is a fath—no, Jimmie, I just had one with Hughie and I naturally want to keep my head clear during the present circumstances and there's nothing like becoming a father to pull a man up short and show him he's gotta cut out the rough stuff and get down to brass tacks.

"Well, of course if you put it that way, I'll go you one, Jimmie, but I just dropped in for one or two at the outside. There! I'm through. Believe it or not, Hughie, that's my last drink till my son is twenty-one. Is that the right spirit under the circumstances, Hughie, or is it? I ask you. I leave it to these other gentlemen along the bar, Hughie, if I'm—tell the gentlemen, Hughie, that if they'll pardon me for intruding under the circumstances I'd like to have them join me in just one more health to the little fellow. Just explain the circumstances to the gentlemen, Hughie. Thanks—same to you, gentlemen, and many of them! And that's been my argument, Hughie—what you said—right along. Am I right or am I right?"

Ed's drinking may have gone no further than that in the old days; just a little cheery and cheering gossip, interlarded with a bit of harmless and necessary stimulant, among friends who were in sympathy with him. If the young father were of a sensitive, moody nature he may have remained chatting in Gilligan's until he had begun to brood, we shall say, over the injustices heaped upon the Indians by the early American colonists; may even have wept passionately while reciting to Hughie the red man's many wrongs; or if the young father were of a more cheery cast of mind his reaction after his terrible ordeal of the night might have taken the form of going out from Gilligan's and hiring the local brass band to follow him immediately to the house in order to serenade the young mother and child by the bedside. He may have done either of these or similar things after a rejuvenating visit to Gilligan's rather than stay there until he had imbibed too freely. It did not necessarily follow, however, that he stayed there until he got drunk. My only argument is that when a young father liquored up at Gilligan's in the old days or gets fish-eyed in his own cellar in these days of absolute prohibition, after going through the tremendous mental and physical strain of having a child, not a soul is to blame but the horde of in-laws who drive him to it against his will.

Driven to Drink by Winifred's Folks

Not content with driving him to drink and then upbraiding him for his wholly justifiable hang-over—as if he had wished the hang-over on himself—all the in-laws, and as the days and weeks of parenthood progress even the mother herself, straightway start right in to demonstrate to him, especially during the baby's infancy, that there is some debate in their minds as to whether or not he is even related by marriage to his own offspring. Winifred, it is true, does soften toward him at intervals to the extent where she permits him to hand out fifteen bucks once a week to the starched and superior being known as the "trained baby nurse."

In some more humane households the young mother also is good enough to grant him the weekly boon of dropping all his own work and other affairs on the nurse's day out so that father can give his whole day to standing by with the gold safety pins during stormy moments or rustling along the kitchen clothesline in search of some simple little garment or other, which though of slight intrinsic value may be absolutely essential to a baby's well-being and therefore handy to have about the house when Precious is young.

Nevertheless, throughout that nerve-cracking day upon which he is permitted to understudy the nurse, giving the best that is in him when fetching and carrying from the clothesline or standing tense and ready with the gold safety pins, he cannot keep back the feeling that Winifred is constantly murmuring to herself in a patronizing way: "Poor old Ed! If he only had a little more brains he'd be half-witted." At best he is made to realize that in knowledge of handling infants, in the matter of intelligence in general, he has far to go intellectually before he can hope to match wits with a baby that at least knows enough not to offer fool suggestions.

It is not until the child has passed its tenth—sometimes as late as its twelfth—month and eighth tooth that the young father is first graciously recognized as being vaguely related to the baby. Then it is that at some trying moment or other an exasperated mother—who has learned suddenly, let us say, by the sense of hearing that baby has thrown down and broken whatever breakable thing Winifred had given to Precious to quiet him—turns to father and in a single sentence gives Ed the accolade of fatherhood, admits him at last to a place in the family circle.

Allowed to be Bogey Man

"Ed," she cries, "that's just plain temper in that child and if he's old enough to display temper he's old enough for you to begin to punish him!" Then to Precious: "No, no, no, no, baby! Dadda will 'pank! Dadda will 'pank!"—indicating to Precious meanwhile that this horrible thing, which at last has been installed in the only job open to it in an otherwise-pleasant family circle, is none other than Repulsive Ed, the Iron-Handed Spanker. And Winifred's sardonic pantomime and horrendous voice tones at the moment plainly are patterned after the manner which probably was assumed by some other humble character of history when long ago he growled at the one-time Bad Boy of Europe: "There's little ole Elba, Mister Bonaparte, just looming off our sta'b'd bow, and that's where you get off, kid—get me?"

From now onward father has his position in the home, from that first "Dadda will 'pank" right on up to and after the age of baby talk has been passed and Winifred has reached that stage where she is wont to intone portentously: "Just wait until your father comes home this evening, young man! He will attend to you!"

He! Gosh—the way she says it! He is the stake and the pile of oily fagots in the path of Savonarola. He is mumps personified, the walking embodiment of sublimated stomach ache. When he is not opening the street door nights to enter and attend to one he is probably having the time of his life opening a little door leading from the Sing Sing death house and cheerily calling out, "Next!" He is human prickly heat and has cornered all talcum. He is something fierce.

It is not alone the pardonably motherish young mother and her female band of vicious brigand relatives that foster and heap all this ignominy upon the scarred head of the altogether necessary father of the child; the whole false philosophy and absurd scheme of things is egged on by entire regiments of rank outsiders who don't know enough to mind their own darned business. It's a conspiracy. Even the family doctor himself, who starts in by daring to bar a man from his own wife's bedroom and gets away with it, works hand in hand with the rest of the outfit. Then while the baby is being nourished up to the progressive point where it can get croup and mumps and everything, along comes the modern child specialist and further encourages the deviltry.

The nearest I ever came to getting a glance of recognition from the baby specialist who comes to our house was one day when I had the effrontery to step into the nursery, whereupon he looked me over coldly for a second and then intimated to the nurse that he could not go on with whatever it was he had to say to her until the room had become less crowded.

Juvenile Shoe System
Standard of the World

A Beautiful Boot
for Misses

THE illustration shows a new last creation of the Juvenile designers. Beautiful in every line, distinctive, but retaining the orthopaedic features.

It combines all of the characteristic Juvenile Shoe System principles of shoemaking: Goodyear Welt, fifteen eyelet lace boot, of full grain rich mahogany calf, felt padded tongue, wood pegged heels and our famous flexible solid oak soles.

You can be sure of better style and longer service if you buy Juvenile Shoe System footwear. This boot is sold under the following registered brands:

Sport Walks, Seminary Girl, John Foster, Kute Kix, Little Wizard

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name

The Quality is Higher than the Price.

THE JUVENILE SHOE CORPORATION
Winter Veith
SAINT LOUIS *President*

During the high cost period, all Juvenile Shoe System footwear will be Factory Rebuilt at $2.00 per pair. Write us for particulars

Here's a Belt

that's shaped to your body

Superficially, the Braxton looks like any other belt, but inspect it—wear it—and you'll quickly grasp why it is the pre-eminent belt with those men who are mindful of style and comfort.

The Braxton is a belt that's shaped to your body—instead of pressing, it *rests* easily and naturally on the hips. Handsomely finished leather, durably sewed and smartly grained, with snaps for interchangeable buckles—that's what you see when you look at the Braxton.

Unrestricted freedom at the waist; a straighter, neater hang to your trousers; a shirt that isn't forever creeping up—that's what you enjoy when you wear the Braxton. A belt that will outlast any other; a belt that will retain its looks and style all the while you wear it—that's what you get when you buy the Braxton.

When you buy a belt say "Braxton"—on sale in all the better men's shops.

The Perkins-Campbell Company, Cincinnati, O.

BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

PATENTED

The Braxton is shaped to fit the body

Sometimes I catch myself wondering why men of the high-powered scientific caliber of Dr. L. Emmett Holt, Dr. Roger Dennett, Dr. Crozier Griffith and other specialists who have given so much intelligent thought to the borning and breaking of children never seemed to have worked back to the discovery that there can be no children without fathers.

Do you ever remember having seen the word "father" used once, even once, in all the best-selling baby books written by Dennett or Griffith or Holt? Neither do I. So far as I have been able to learn after careful attention to their published works during my own long and lonesome months of parenthood, Emmett and Roger and Crozier just pull the covers off their typewriters some rainy Tuesday between office hours and start right in on the plans and specifications of a new book with the clear assumption that all babies are either born fatherless or, so far as a male parent is concerned, are born only posthumously to worthy widows.

A Baby Book for Fathers

They write whole chapters about mothers' comforts and requirements. The entire child-health literature extant is written for, to, round and about mothers. All of which, I admit, is admirable and helpful, but far from sufficiently fifty-fifty. Come to think of it, I do mistily recall that in one of these popular baby books the author does concede indirectly that sometimes a baby may be cursed with a male parent, but he dismisses the annoyance in a line—just a warning word or two to the effect that in houses where there is a young baby the male brute must never be permitted to smoke. But does the author add a paragraph—or an entire chapter, as he would in case he had temporarily placed a ban on some similar necessity of the mother's life—in which he figuratively puts his arm on the father's shoulder and tells him gently where in thunder the poor devil may smoke during the long and stormy winter nights when his own home—and now Gilligan's—are closed to him? You can bet Doctor Author doesn't. But where mother's simple joys are concerned—ah, that is different! Just let it enter the learned doc's mind to write, say, that potential mothers must avoid all stimulating drinks and immediately he is ready to tear off a whole chapter on the given subject: "Substitute Beverages for the Mother Who Likes Her Beer."

But not father. If the brute insists upon smoking, throw him to the wolves, bean him! Enter, officer! There stands your man! The whole thing is nauseating. The generous view to take of the attitude of mind of these baby-specialist authors is to assume, I suppose, that they take it for granted that mothers and their female relatives know without being told all about handling fathers, know the art in that instinctive way that enables all female maternal ancestors and relatives of a new baby to decide instantly from which side of the house the child got its cussedness and why the male parent is better fitted by Nature than the female to root the six A.M. bottle out of the ice chest on cold winter mornings or from which parent Precious inherits its fine head and astounding intelligence—any of these female gifts of divination which owing to the lavishness with which they are showered upon all mothers and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts are all distributed before father can be endowed with any of these gifts at all. That is the only broad-minded view to take of the literary baby specialist's calm and passive acceptance of the absolutely discredited biological theory now so widely prevalent that parenthood presupposes only mothers. That is a theory which never will stand the test of scientific experimentation. Why? Because it never has, that's why. Fathers do not go round exploiting parenthood, that is all. Who cackles all over the chicken coop when the absolutely undeliberate egg is laid? The rooster? And largely because of the father's modest reticence every father must put up with the abhorrent and paradoxical domestic ruling that though all babies must have a father no father may have a baby.

I should like to get out one of those baby books myself, or at least what one of these ultrascientific medical men refer to as a scientific original thesis, and perhaps I shall some day. It would be from the heart and written by a father for fathers, the material all based on my own experiences as a practical parent. Our first is about a year old now—seven and one-half months, to be meticulously precise, or virtually a year old—more than a year old, I might say without stretching the truth, when it comes to the matter of the size of the garments he requires and a mental and physical growth which as compared to our neighbors' children at times almost frightens us. And though my book, or original medical paper, would be addressed primarily to fathers I would fashion my effort with the humble hope always in mind that out of it our young mothers everywhere would learn that the real head of the house is really deserving of a more exalted position in the domestic scheme of things than his present job of Ugly Ed, the Horrible Headsman.

Already I hear all the scornful chortles and chuckles and guffaws rising from the whole learned tribe of Dennetts and Griffiths and Holts when they hear that a mere layman father hints at intruding upon their particular quarter section of science. For be it known that in so ultraethical a profession as medicine even a father of nineteen children is still but a layman father, never a professional—and what word in the language carries with it more scorn and contempt to the syllable than the word "layman"? Just how much intensive study and practice of the more or less simple and common calling of being a journeyman father is necessary before a man is graduated out of the ranks of lowly layman fatherhood and becomes a professional father—and therefore in the eyes of the ethicized properly equipped to write about the art—never has been stated by the professionals of medicine.

They keep the layman out by deducing from extravagant numbers. When they do turn out an original paper for one of their trade journals they have a habit of stopping everybody at the start by beginning breezily: "The following skaffalascis on the metacynosis of incipient perionrhionon-metafaciaomniapaxvobiscum, or warts, is predicated upon eighty-two thousand seven hundred and ninety-one true cases observed by the writer and is substantiated by a wide experimentation with a grand total of one hundred and twenty-one thousand two hundred and eighty-nine cases of the undeniably germane degustibusnonestdisputandum, or wens, observed in Vienna by Klinkenfoos and Ga Blatz."

Absurd on the Face of It

If the professional had dared to utter a peep in print after monkeying round just a tablespoonful—heaping—of what are vulgarly known as warts the rest of the professionals would make him give up his union card and beard. As for fatherhood, they undoubtedly still would refuse to consider a male parent a professional father even after he had reached that blasé stage of siredom where the father, following a cursory glance into the latest crate of triplets to arrive, remarks lightly, "Let's keep that light one nearest the wall—what?"

They persist in the absurdity that no other male knows anything about children or knows how to be a father unless he has spent at least four years learning what might be termed the refined elements of the druggist's trade, combined with a course in a sort of esthetic variation of the butcher business, plain and fancy needlework and catgut tatting, guinea-pig breeding, how to make jars and tubes of germs come to a jell and the science of being able microscopically to differentiate at a glance the cock-eyed cocci from the loose ravelings of one's whiskers. If a note of bitterness seems to creep into these remarks, reader, pray bear with me. In recent months of parenthood I've been mixed up with these lads sufficiently to get their number; that is all.

And then after a given youth has messed round a medical school for four years, and perhaps as an interne has devoted another year or two to trying to force a beard and mustache under glass in a hospital solarium, this bird—now being all of twenty-six years old and theoretically childless—is supposed to be so thoroughly equipped professionally that he can stalk into my own house at trying moments and tell me—me, a regular father—to step away back and sit down! The Room becomes His Room for days before and after the child is born. But me, I'm barred! And when he is not present in person to run not only The Room but the whole household he emphatically lets it be known that he has temporarily sublet the entire works to a white-enameled Catharine of Russia disguised in porcelain as a trained nurse. (Continued on Page 153)

Millions of White Teeth

Are Seen Nowadays—Ask About Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You see glistening teeth wherever you look among careful people now. They are conspicuously attractive, and you know they are cleaner and safer.

Ask about them. Millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. Every day thousands of new people start it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Ask if Pepsodent has done it, when you see teeth to admire. If so, see what it does for your teeth. Write for a 10-Day Tube.

People are Fighting Film

Teeth grow cloudy because of a film. And dental science finds that film the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. Dentists call it bacterial plaque.

It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day, month after month, it may do a ceaseless damage.

How It Ruins Teeth

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. And they cause other serious troubles, local and internal.

That film has long been known to dentists as the teeth's chief enemy. Dental science has for years sought a way to fight it. It was removed, from time to time, by vigorous cleaning in a dentist's chair. But the vital need, all dentists knew, was a daily film combatant.

Now It is Found

Now science has met that need. It has discovered an efficient film destroyer harmless to the teeth. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question. Countless dentists who have watched it now advise it. And millions of teeth every day are benefiting by it.

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to quickly prove it to all people, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to anyone who asks.

This is to urge you to get it.

Pepsin is Applied

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now found a harmless activating method. And that gives us a harmless film destroyer which is wondrously efficient.

It Proves Itself

Pepsodent needs no argument. You can test it without cost. See what it does, read the reasons, then judge it for yourself.

Do this for your sake and your children's sake. Ending film is of supreme importance. Let your own teeth show if this new method does it.

Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT OFF REG U S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists and used on millions of teeth every day. Druggists everywhere are supplied with large tubes.

Watch Them Whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. This ten-day test will be a revelation.

313

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 969, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

Giants on the Job

16 Minutes vs. 45 Hours

THIS Toledo Crane, at the Power House of the Toledo Railways and Light Company, unloads, crushes and delivers through hatchways in the roof *50 tons of coal every 16 minutes!* Average operating cost, about one cent per ton!

The average time for 50 tons unloaded by hand is 45 labor hours! Average operating cost, 50c per ton.

Such are the records being written daily in American industrial plants—large and small.

Toledo Cranes return their cost quicker than any other shop equipment. *They save time, labor, space, money.*

The name Toledo guarantees dependability and durability. It means economical simplicity, precision in design and construction and a leadership built on service.

Any capacity—5 to 400 tons—for any requirement.

Our engineers are at your service. Our bulletins will be mailed at your request.

THE TOLEDO BRIDGE & CRANE CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

"ELECTRIC TRAVELING"

Toledo Cranes

(Continued from Page 150)

The first inkling I get from him that he knows the child was not born out of wedlock is when I see that he has got my name absolutely right on his unitemized bill. Even then he gets the address wrong, for his bill is proof positive that he fancies that usually I am to be found down at the New York subtreasury looking after the bullion bins—and no fair searching me when the quitting whistle blows. One gets that impression when the bill to father comes from a mere general practitioner. In the case of one celebrated specialist in baby borning, whom I everlastingly know, he sent his bill while laboring under the silly notion that after I had tidied up my pet bullion bin at the subtreasury each evening I always caught the five-fifteen commutation to Philadelphia and slept in the Mint.

And as the trained nurse is an apt confederate of the doctor in ridding the house of fathers and other vermin, just so does she also become impregnated with the specialist's loose habit of being careless with other people's money. Once I asked the nurse who was good enough to take me and my affairs off my own shoulders when I had a baby, to pay for some things she said she wanted at the druggist's shop with a fifty-dollar bill I handed her. I told her I wanted the bill changed. She didn't change it. She disfigured it savagely beyond recognition. And when the druggist's van backed up to our door with the stuff for mother and child, was there one tube, jar or flask in the cargo that was worth a tinker's dam to father? I just merely ask you; that's all, I'm only asking.

A Knights of Labor Rule

If the medical profession could only be made to see that fathers will always perforce remain a scorned institution just so long as the doctor himself is the arch conspirator in the propaganda to shove fathers into the outer darkness of ignorance, then perhaps the male parent could be led into his own. If the children specialists would turn out between mother books just one volume or one series of snappy articles for the Sunday newspapers or the lay magazines on the general subject of What Every Young Father Should Know, and written in English instead of medicoese, maybe the outcast father would begin to get somewhere.

But here again medical ethics blocks the path of progress. One of the first union rules of the Baby Doctors' Association of Knights of Labor, in fact of the whole ultra-ethical caboodle, is that when one writes an original paper one must publish it in a medical magazine clandestinely. It may be that there is a lot of good stuff for fathers published in the medical papers, but I believe the time has come to make it public. The only occasions on which the profession unbends to the point of submitting themselves as physicians to the—to them—pitiless and painful light of publicity is when they begin to mobilize at the bedside of a public character. Then only do they dare to forget themselves long enough to take the public into their confidence to the extent of issuing a series of plainly written and perfectly frank bulletins:

"10:00 A.M.—There is nothing to be added about Governor Grubb's condition.

(Signed)

Kane,	Swensen,
Splittendorpff,	Isaacson,
Blum,	Applegate,
De Laurens,	Smythe,
Spitz,	Baffingphone,
Kunkle,	Kelly,
Murphy,	Plimpsole,
Deitzheimer,	Guff."

Too often have I during years of newspaper reporting had my hours of watchful waiting rewarded by just such reassuringly authoritative bulletins, lavishly slipped to me every hour on the hour through the front-door key hole, not to be appreciative of what even these doyens of ethics will graciously consent to do for the public when some greatly loved and revered public official begins to take the count. From the first morning bulletin running "There is nothing to be added," on through the midday signed statement to the effect that "Governor Grubb remains the same," and thence to the night bulletin that says "No further bulletins concerning Governor Grubb will be issued to-night," I have been graciously helped in my work by some of the greatest medical guessers in the game. Never, so long as a newspaper edition was going to press, have I known their secretaries' typewriters to weaken, even though the great doctors themselves—cut to their ethical souls as they are by seeing their names brazenly displayed in front-page newspaper boxes *ad nauseam*—finally throw up their hands in disgust and let the newspaper boys in their own poor unethical layman way fashion a final bulletin which alas must run:

"1:04 A.M.—And in conclusion we, the attending physicians, regret to remark while tiptoeing out that Governor Grubb, acting absolutely against our combined and emphatic advice, insisted this evening upon trying to relieve the tedium of convalescence by picking at the covers and amusing himself by practicing several difficult strains of the death rattle. We have therefore thrown up the case en masse and regretfully must refer anyone anxious for further details about Governor Grubb's condition to the management of Finnigan's Funeral Parlors. It's up to Finnigan.

"(Signed) ATTENDING PHYSICIANS."

But will these same scientists make half as much fuss over a live father as they kick up over even a dead governor? And supposing they could be induced to waive the union rule which says they must not publish their writings publicly, there would still be that union corollary which makes it mandatory upon all scientific baby sharks to write their stuff in medicoese—a protective and precautionary union rule designed to prevent the layman from grasping what an original paper is about in case the medical publication in which it is concealed accidentally should be placed by a careless maid on the waiting-room table, which in all doctors' offices is sacred to A Pictorial Trip Through the Yellowstone, a snappy volume entitled Complete Report of the Sixteenth Annual Medical Congress at Atlantic City and a stack of last year's copies of Col. George Harvey's Weekly War Cry. The writing medical men, if they would win and hold even an audience of young fathers hungering for a word of cheer and advice from them, must first of all get away from a present-day medical literary style which by comparison makes any paragraph in a Henry James sentence seem as simple as McGuffy's First Reader.

Try This on Your Phonograph

I give you a brief extract of a sentence or two from a paper which I heard a noted children's specialist read recently before the New York Academy of Medicine. I had to be there. I am a reporter. Nevertheless when I learned the specialty of the man reading the original paper I detached myself from my work to give my whole attention—being a father—to an expert about to read his thoughts and discoveries about a malady common among children as well as adults. Before he had got down to the scientific part of his paper at all he opened up right at the kick-off with the following introductory paragraph—and this is a stenographic report from which I quote. Listen:

"Futile and abortive efforts, gentlemen, have been made to interpret the somatic, or ontogenetic, cycle of the furuncle from one point of view; for its analytic presentations are positive and evolutionary in character, and reversely its synthetic are negative and involuntary in character, and mechanically they are necessarily reversible with respect to the first half-phase and the second half-phase respectively; for in the first half-phase of the somatic cycle from germ cell to midlife the synthetic processes of anabolism dominate catabolism—a positive centripetal dynamic dominates a positive centrifugal with an increase in cell potential, centrifugated or expressed in an increase in mass and in extension as to space, differentiated through structure and function, hence negatively involuntary and positively evolutionary in its presentations. [Polite applause.] Catabolic processes dominate anabolic; analytic, synthetic; involution, evolution; and centrifugations, centripetations. This seems obvious." [Hearty applause and cries of "Hear! Hear!"]

Not to me, brother, was it obvious, and I didn't yell "Hear! Hear!" One might just as well say that the explanation of why millions of grown-up Americans voted for William Jennings Bryan is obvious. All I wanted to yell as the doc read on and on was the good old oratorical interruption, "Louder and funnier!" And when the learned specialist in baby talk and things

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1—I expect to buy a home this year / next year.
2—I expect to build about _____
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4—I do / do not own a lot.

Name _____

Address _____

had delivered his last wallop and the seconds were trying to sponge and fan the English language back to consciousness I made bold to climb over the ropes and ask the new champ what subject he had in mind when writing his paper, if any. The title of his effort, he said pityingly—after cautioning me not to quote him—was self-explanatory: "The Cosmic Mechanical Principles of Furuncles."

Patiently I explained that even then I muffed him, especially the "furuncles" part. And it took me a long time to pin him down to admit point-blank that furuncle is a slang term in the scientific world for plain, homely, home-grown boils on the neck. But the word "boil" must not appear once in his paper on "boils," it seemed, because "boil" is a word of one syllable, except in some stretches of the Middle West, where the preferred pronunciation sanctioned by the best local usage is "boy-erl."

But enough, perhaps too much, has been devoted in the little space at my command to hopes for help for the young father at the hands of men of science. Instead let me call brief attention before concluding to the ominous fact that in these days of social unrest even the young male parent may be driven just so far and no farther. As I write these lines the only classes not on strike are the American fathers and the American tramps—and even the Amalgamated Order of American Hobos, according to late newspaper dispatches from Chicago, contemplates walking out in protest against their present winter living conditions—if they can achieve the thing without walking. All that is necessary now is to have the fathers organize and cease production and the tie-up by the producing class will be unanimous.

That would be a strike which would bring mothers and their in-laws up sharply and make them realize the inexorableness of the mathematical truism that even a better half never assays more than exactly fifty per cent. Let the young mother and her female in-laws reading these lines pause and consider what the plight of Eve would have been if apples had always disagreed fatally with Adam, notwithstanding the fact that Eve was so prominent among the mothers of her time that she was virtually the whole thing at every mothers' meeting held in her day.

Spare the Mothers

And what was Eve herself, according to the chroniclers of her time? Merely a by-product of Adam and properly set down in the history of her period just for what she was, a parasite. Turn to those same chroniclers of the good old days of Genesis, you who doubt that the present exaltation of the so-called better half is an artificial and therefore false development of an effete civilization, and read for yourself in best-remembered passages of our earlier history just how much the old historians bothered themselves about the maternal parent:

"And Henoch begot Irad, and Irad begot Maviael, and Maviael begot Mathusael, and Mathusael begot Lamech"—so on down the page until there was not another beget or begat or begot left in the crude and poorly equipped type fonts of those primitive days. Henoch, Irad, Maviael, these, the first fathers, were properly regarded as the real begatters of the race in the beginning, each being looked upon, and properly, in the days when biblical babies came, as the real base of his own domestic triangle, not treated, as he is now, as a mere *tertium quid*.

I am not one who in the—to coin a phrase—last analysis advocates that mothers should be abolished, but I do believe that the time of unrest has come when she is about to be shown where she gets off. Particularly must her in-laws and the average nurse be shown, not where they get off but get out.

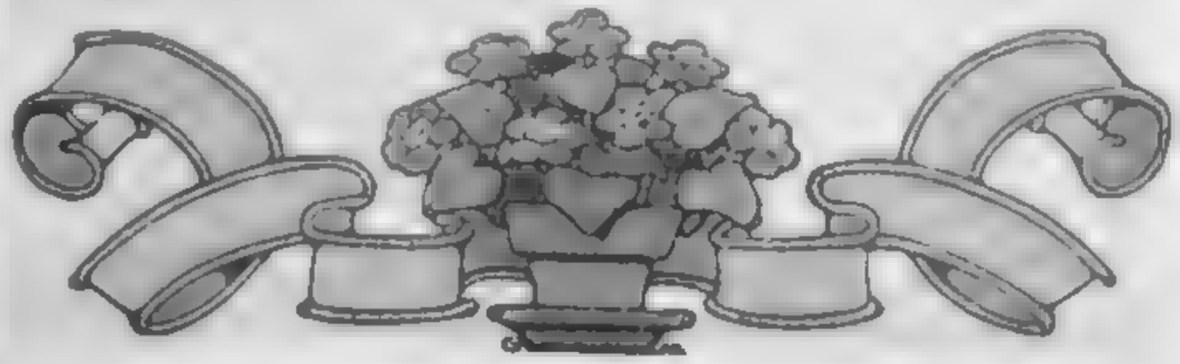
In parting with my readers nothing would give me greater pleasure than to leave a few helpful words of advice and cheer with the thousands of young fathers who, I am sure, are wistfully scanning these lines with the fervent hope that out of my own experience as a parent I will concretely show them the way to back up their own strivings for a place in the domestic sun with a proper display of convincing paternal efficiency. I am afraid, however, that I shall have to disappoint them. For one thing my knowledge at first-hand of a father's duties and prerogatives at the actual time his baby is born is slight, owing to the unfortunate fact that immediately after our baby was born and for some days thereafter I was not in close touch with domestic events. I had had no intention that morning of leaving the estate for so long a time, but merely set out to talk over some pressing matters with the local hotel keeper in the river town which our estate surrounds on three sides. I shall go into more details about my estate in serial form later, incidentally—or immediately after my gifted colleague, Mr. Cobb, has exploited the last of his little leasehold literarily up to the hedge where the estate proper begins. And during my jaunt down toward the village I met up with a neighboring young landed gentleman motoring home from the city to breakfast in the gathering day.

The Blot on the 'Scutcheon

Needless to say, I told him of my anguish of the preceding night during the birth of my first-born and he decided to delay his breakfast long enough to pick me up for a spin to a near-by country club to talk the whole great and glorious happening over, and one thing led to another all morning, and in the late afternoon we decided to motor home from the country club by way of Manhattan; and some place in the city we got out and I lost my friend in the crowd and I decided thereupon that it would be restful and soothing to return home leisurely up the Hudson on a river steamer that stops on signal at my dock, and when I woke up a steward was pounding at my stateroom door and I was in Boston. I must have boarded the wrong boat.

And then when I hurried out to the Copley Plaza to freshen up a bit before hurrying back to New York by train I ran into a man whose name, I think, was Buckalew. Then when I did manage some days later to tear away from this Buckalew person, who had fastened himself upon me, and go home, I ate something—probably on the train—that must have been canned. At any rate I lay prostrate on my sickbed for more than a week, with no message from my wife, no word from my own child only a room or two away, in all that time. By the time I had struggled to my feet again the baby had advanced to the point where it had been christened—and without consulting me. While I lay helpless, spoken to only by my servants, racked and torn with stomach troubles, they had named the child Gideon!

In our domestic circle I am not permitted for some inexplicable reason so much as to refer to those hideous first days of fatherhood. Wherefore I do not feel fitted to write authoritatively about matters that have to do with the initial stages of fatherhood. And now our baby, as so often happens in the present deplorable state of American domesticity, has precociously advanced mentally and physically to the point where it is able to creep and hide under a bed whenever I open the door. Our tiny Gideon already has been cruelly taught to look upon me as the one blot on its young escutcheon. Nevertheless I have observed and studied the child as closely as I have been permitted to do so and have written down and elaborated much data, but I do not feel that the rehashing here of what I have learned about our own infant would be of use to other young fathers, inasmuch as I have yet to observe at first-hand anything at all about an ordinary average child.



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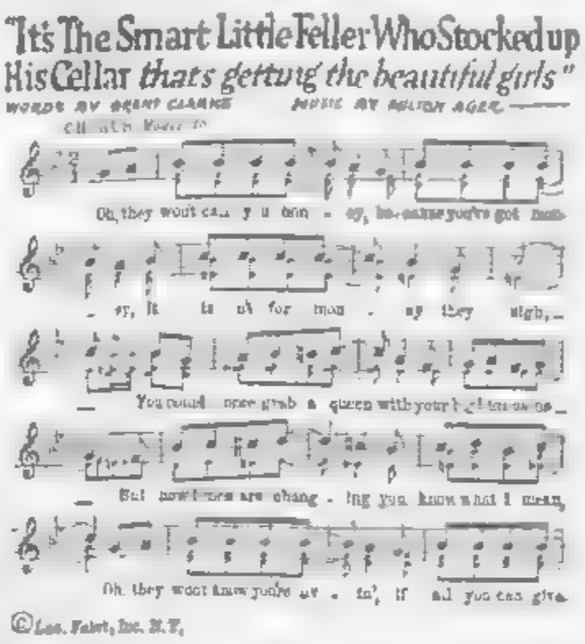
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WORDS BY BRENT CLARKE
MUSIC BY MILTON AGER
Oh, they won't ca.. y u tom - my, be-cause you've got mo-
- ney, It is ok for mon - ey they sigh,
You could once grab a queen with your
But now times are chang - ing you know what I mean,
Oh, they won't know you're av - 'ra', If all you can give
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Chorus Moderato
Let's all be good pals to - geth - er,
Heart to spir-it that should fill the wire.
Let's smile in all sorts of weath - er,
Treat ev-'ry bo-dy fair and square, Re-mem-ber,
we should be thank-ful to be here, to
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By George Barton and Jeanie Lucille
CHORUS Tempo moderato
First she's a babe in a cra - dle, Then a
child at her dear mother's knee — And her
years are the tears she may shed on the years, While
com - ing years to be —
As she grows old or lies counting life's beads, And
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who stocked up his cellar, that's getting the beautiful girls"

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Love's Rosary

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"Don't Put a Tax on the Beautiful Girls" "Taxation Blues"
"I Know What it Means to be Lonesome" "She's Just Like Sal"
"The Wedding of Shimmie and Jazz" "Alabama Lullaby"
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It's a little thing that makes or mars your comfort in the early morning hours. To give satisfactory heat each radiator must be completely filled with steam, and it's the little nickel air valve that causes this result more than all the pipes and boiler put together. The boiler may generate steam, the pipes convey it up to the radiators and still no effective heat is obtained.

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HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

Hoffman Valves are all metal and non-adjustable; they are built right, then tested; they cannot be tampered with; they are sold throughout the country by progressive heating contractors.

Hoffman Valves let all the cold air escape from the system and the radiators when steam is generated in the morning.

Hoffman Valves close instantly when the steam reaches them. There is no gradual noisy constriction.

Hoffman Valves turn back all the water to the system. There is true siphonic action.

There is a Hoffman Valve for every type of a steam system, but if yours is the gravity one pipe type send us $1.90 for a No. 1 Hoffman Valve and you can test it thoroughly on your worst radiator. Your heating contractor can then Hoffman-equip your entire system.

Hoffman Equipped Radiators don't bang or thump because the steam has all the room—there are no "air pockets."

Hoffman Equipped Radiators heat quickly and thoroughly because they can be completely filled with live steam.

Hoffman Equipped Radiators won't leak on rugs and hardwood floors because escape of water is stopped by the valve.

Send to our New York Office for "More Heat from Less Coal," a booklet which tells about coal wastes and how they can be eliminated. In a non-technical way it explains the reason for most steamheat faults and how to do away with them. It will be mailed upon request.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC., 512 Fifth Ave., New York

Los Angeles
215 W. Seventh Street

Chicago
[illegible] N. Wells Street

An Unqualified Guarantee

The satisfactory operation of Hoffman Valves is guaranteed for five years. If, for any reason, you are dissatisfied new valves will be furnished or your money returned, whichever you prefer—without quibbling.

COAL OIL JOHNNY TOWN

(Continued from Page 17)

pictures and for art in its other and various and Fifth Avenue forms. Probably nothing was sadder during the early days of the war than the countenance of the proprietor of a gallery for the sale of Old Masters and such, and the aggregate countenances cast more gloom than the institution of super-taxes did in high financial circles, which was practically all the gloom there was. There was nothing stirring. Not an Old Master changed hands or a tapestry moved except when the woebegone owner of it dusted it off.

Now what? Cheero is the word among the art dealers, and the rush of them to get from side streets to Fifth Avenue so they may be on the path of the new money brigade amounts to a riot. Walk up the street and look for yourself. Not only are the galleries that formerly held place blooming with dimmed pictures of the son and heir of the Right Honorable Sir Percival Branksome, Bart., of Branksome-on-Branksome, Brank-brank, which was painted by a distinguished but now dead academician and which shows the son and heir to be suffering from hookworm or something similar, but every vacant store almost has been grabbed by other gallery gentlemen who desire to display their musty canvases of such authority and antiquity as may be for the enticement of the producing proletariat. They are coming in from the byways to get their share of it and that is what they are getting. It is conservatively estimated that since this era of throwing money at the birds began the art-gallery birds and their associated birdlings who cater to the newly rich passion for whatever the industrious masters turned out years ago, or what the dealers say they turned out, you know—tapestries and furniture and porcelains and such—have disposed of practically all the contents of the baronial halls and châteaux, and so forth, that they had on hand and are feverishly ravishing other baronial halls and châteaux, et cetera, for further supply.

Ten-Dollar Theater Seats

We've got the money, by heck! And the minute we get that we become patrons of art, if you get what I mean. No matter; if you do not get it the gallery gentlemen do.

While on this subject of art and our patronage of it, let us consider the drama in its present-day aspects as regards the spenders. The drama is also getting the money. You see, when the spenders have finished their dinners they have no other place to go than the theater. They haven't a single resource for an evening's entertainment other than the play. So mother puts on her ermines or sables and father crowds himself into his evening clothes and his pumps and away they go. There are forty-five or fifty theaters in New York playing so-called dramatic attractions, and several movie palaces—one of them that holds five or six thousand people and gets a dollar and ten cents for an unreserved seat on the ground floor—and it is a pretty poor stick of a show that doesn't draw to capacity—and a pretty poor stick of a show that does usually, it may be remarked. Anyhow, seats at a good many of them have gone up to three dollars and three and a half dollars apiece and the prodigals rush in to buy at that price, paying the agents' commissions gladly and such further premiums as may be extorted.

One firm of managers set a price of ten dollars a seat for an opening and they had to call out the police reserves to hold the mob in check when the sale opened. Probably those managers are now kicking themselves that they didn't charge twenty. They would have sold just as many. Fifty and a hundred dollars for a table at the midnight contraptions is paid so often as to cause no comment. The spenders in New York laid down seven hundred thousand dollars for the shows given in that city on Thanksgiving afternoon and evening and the shows on the Friday night and the Saturday afternoon and night following—seven hundred thousand dollars for three nights and two matinées. That's about the way it runs, sometimes smaller and sometimes as much. Figure that up on the basis of a season that began last August and will run to next June, if not later. Three and a half dollars a seat, with war tax additional, to see a show—any show—a mere bagatelle. These theatrical managers are not so smart as they are said to be. They could just as well get five dollars a seat. The spenders would be glad to pay it, and think better of the shows. The more a thing costs the better it is.

Wherefore, we come to the matter of rents. I met a despairing person on the street the other day who has had an office for the conduct of his business in a downtown office building. He was scurrying about for a place to put his filing cabinet. He told me that his rent had been raised in the downtown place one hundred and sixty-five per cent, a five years' lease required and a deposit of two years' rent in cash in a designated bank at the moment the lease was signed. Otherwise it was the cold curbstone for him. So with everybody else in the building. So with many others in other buildings. Extraordinary demand, the landlords said. Many men moving into New York to do business at the center of things and spend at the same center the money they made back in the bushes.

Real-Estate Profiteers

And these men have brought mother and the girls. Hence the same situation exists as to house rents and apartment rents. Every man who lives in a rented place has his tale of woe. The newcomers do not care how much rents cost them. They insist on being in New York. A man and wife from the West were tolerated at a hotel at thirty-five dollars a day for a suite. They finally fell upon a friend's place, an apartment, and the friend was friendly enough to let them cower into it for five hundred dollars a month honorarium—but briefly. Then ensued the search for a place of abode. The wife heard of a new apartment. She hurried to the place. All there was to the new apartment was the blue prints. The old buildings on the site had not been torn down even. The agent had a cubby-hole left that could be had for nine thousand dollars a year. The wife went to talk it over with the husband. Desperate, he said to take it and they would make shift somehow until the building was completed. The wife hurried back. She had been away for about two hours. When she arrived breathless with her deposit money in her hand at the place where the blue prints hung on the agent's wall she was too late. The agent told her that a man who had made some money in war contracts came along fifteen minutes after she left and signed up for ten thousand dollars a year for an apartment that existed only in the blue prints, not so far advanced as a hole in the ground even.

The sad Iliad of such experiences is as long as from New York to Mexico. One more: An apartment house in the Fifties was up for a few floors. A family looked at the plans. There was one suite that might do. The agents wouldn't be quite sure, but thought that seven thousand five hundred dollars a year might get it. However, that quotation was tentative. A week later the price was tentatived to eight thousand dollars a year. Finally the demand became so insistent, the agents said, that the tentative price went up to nine thousand dollars a year. Then this family quit. Probably by this time—as that was a few weeks ago—the tentative soaking is ten thousand dollars, maybe twelve thousand dollars. Normally the suites in a place of that class would bring about twenty-five hundred dollars a year, but not now, with all these Coal Oil Johnnys about.

Profiteering? Certainly! But aided and abetted and encouraged by the prodigals who are blowing in their substance as if forever after money can be picked from the trees. There are two principals to every profiteering proposition. The first is the person who asks the high prices. The second is the person who pays them, and one is equally culpable with the other. But that, of course, does not apply to the folks newly endowed with money. What is money for if not to spend? Why buy government bonds when almost any jeweler will let you have a wrist watch for eight hundred and twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents? Or thrift stamps, with silk stockings at thirty-two dollars a pair?

Did you know that the higher-priced hotels—not the highest-priced, because they haven't reached their ultimate triumphs in charging yet—the higher-priced hotels have trained corps of assiduous-and-alert dog

"Mama, What Is Peanut Butter?"

Can You Say?

You will say, perhaps, that peanut butter is toasted peanuts crushed. But there's far more to Van Camp's Peanut Butter.

The Van Camp scientists, for two years, studied Peanut Butter. They learned by tests which kinds of peanuts yielded the richest butter.

Then they blended varieties, each with different flavor, until they found the most delicious blend.

They found that roasting must be stopped at exactly a certain point. So the nuts are cooled now in a sudden draft.

They found that nut hearts—or the germs—give a bitter tinge. So they are all removed. And every skin is taken off to clarify the butter.

A Twice-Better Peanut Butter

Took Two Years
to secure a blend and flavor worthy of Van Camp's.

It will give you a new conception of delicious peanut butter.

They have thus secured the utmost in a peanut butter. And, to protect the flavor, they seal all the jars in a vacuum.

Let the children taste Van Camp's, then take their verdict on it. We make it to please them.

If they like this Van Camp flavor, get it for them always. For peanut butter is a great food. Poor grades cost almost as much as Van Camp's. Let them have this multiplied delight.

No product goes out with the Van Camp brand until our scientists pronounce it the finest of its kind.

VAN CAMP'S

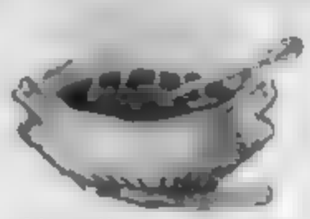
Peanut Butter

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Pork and Beans Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Pork and Beans
Baked so they easily digest, yet mellow and unbroken.



Van Camp's Soups 18 Kinds
Based on famous French recipes, perfected by our scientific cooks.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

"Now my feet won't hurt"

If your feet ache, or if you have a definite foot trouble, wear Wizard devices in your shoes and get *immediate relief*. This is more than an assurance, it is a practical certainty, as thousands have proved.

The Wizard system is not a new method but a new *means* of correcting foot troubles. The cause of most foot troubles is well known—callouses, bunions, fallen arches, run-over heel, etc., are nearly always due to unnaturally strained positions of certain bones of the foot. Relief lies in supporting the bones in natural place. This is the *purpose* of all foot devices—but the Wizard *way* of accomplishing this will be a revelation to you.

Wizard

Adjustable Foot Appliances

A—Wizard Arch Builder
B—Showing location of Arch Builder in shoe.

are soft, featherlight leather. *No metal is used.* The support is formed by soft inserts in overlapping pockets, which permit *immediate*, unlimited and *accurate* adjustment for the exact shape of your foot, and the *exact* condition of your foot troubles. This is a *patented* Wizard principle. The immediate relief and perfect comfort that Wizards give *from the first*, are *entirely* due to this principle. That's why you cannot obtain Wizard results from anything but Wizards.

If you have callouses

Wizard Callous Remover
A—Rubber inserts in pocket.
B—Arch Builder, usually necessary to connect in with Callous Remover

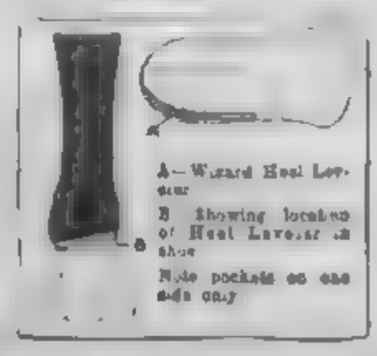
have Wizard Callous Remover fitted to your foot—and walk out of the store completely relieved. The soft inserts support the bones just back of the callous. This gives immediate relief and causes the callous to disappear.

If your feet ache

weak arch is probably the trouble. Wizard Arch Builder will give gentle support that brings immediate relief—then the arch can gradually be built up to normal. The overlapping pockets and inserts permit perfect adjustment for comfort, changing as the condition of the arch improves.

If your heels "run-over"

the trouble is probably due to a misalignment of the heel and ankle bones. Wizard Heel Leveler corrects the trouble, stops any pain, and prevents shoe heels from running over.



A—Wizard Heel Leveler
B—Showing location of Heel Leveler in shoe
Note pockets on one side only

At shoe stores everywhere

there are experts trained in the Wizard system who can fit you with the proper Wizard device to give you relief and can also give you expert service in fitting shoes. If you can't locate the Wizard dealer near you, write us.

Send for free booklet

Physicians—surgical supply houses stock Wizards

WIZARD FOOT APPLIANCE CO.

1701 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

servants now? Oh, yes! Every newly rich milady must have a dog, and does—principally tiny mutts that retail for forty dollars an ounce or thereabout. Well, the miladys must take their dogs into the hotels with them and the precious things cannot be turned over to rude porters or venal bell hops. So the dog servant has been evolved out of the necessities of the affluent times.

Dogs, however tiny, must eat, and that fact has brought about the establishment of dog menus and dog meals.

A man and wife moved to New York from the West—a sane, conservative American man and wife, used to money and knowing the worth of it—and brought the family dog along, paying five dollars extra fare for the dog, by the way, on the train. They went to a large and orgulous hotel and in the due course of time the dog needed sustenance.

"Ring for a waiter," said the husband, "and we'll get the dog some scraps."

The floor waiter came and when asked to bring some food for the dog explained with some hauteur that he was the floor waiter and not the dog waiter, but would inform the dog waiter of the desires of the dog. The dog waiter arrived in course of time and the predicament of the dog was explained to him. The dog waiter wrote down the order carefully and departed. Presently he returned bearing a silver tray on which were displayed daintily various articles of food—some vegetables, some meat and a cracker or two.

"What's that?" asked the husband, examining the contents of the tray with interest.

"The service for the dog, sir," the waiter replied.

"How much is it?"

"One dollar, sir."

The husband took the tray.

"Get the dog a bone," he said. "I'll eat this. It's the best-looking meal I have seen in the place, and the cheapest."

Thus having touched in the sketchiest fashion on some of the evidences of wild and meaningless spending that are to be observed in New York—only some of them—we come to the real headquarters of the Saturnalia, which is Wall Street—the Stock Exchange. There is where the boys—and girls too—with new money have been rushing in the manner of the widely distributed class who press forward where angels fear to tread. Not that there are any angels in Wall Street, mark you, but where they would fear to tread if there were any—to wit, the market.

The Why Not Club

The market has been since our earliest days the place where it has been easiest to put money in and hardest to get money out. And it is particularly enticing for easy money. Any man who has sweated out his fortune with hot sweat considers before he cold sweats it into the market—considers and, unless he is congenitally a fall guy, refrains. But it is the Elysium for the boys with the easy money, the enchanted garden where ten dollars are made to grow where one grew before—so they say. As soon as they get a little ahead they hurry for Wall Street, and join the Why Not Club—the Why Not Club to which candidates are admitted on their own proposal and with the ritual which consists of walking a few times round the corner of Broad and Wall, pulling down their coat lapels, patting themselves on the bosom and reciting, "Jim Keene did it and Bernie Baruch did it and Dan Reid did it and Bill Thompson did it—and why not me?"

No reason at all. The game is there, wide open for all who want to play it and with especial advantages for the boys who have just made theirs. So they have been coming ever since the old game got on its feet again after the war and the moratorium, and they are coming yet—flocks of them—welcomed by the insiders with itching hands to put-up-more-margins graves. To make it easy and attractive they have increased fivefold the opportunities for getting in. The opportunities for getting out remain the same. The stock list nowadays has scores and scores of stocks listed on it that were not here in the old days; scores and scores of further opportunities to gamble. It used to be that the list confined itself to the railroads, the big industrials, the miners and some others. Now it bulges with every sort of thing.

If the newly rich boy doesn't want to gamble in a standard railroad share, say, he can take a flyer in Saratoga Potatoes, Limited; or Tide Motor, Preferred; or Goldfish Rights; or Cucumber Sunbeams, Common. As soon as the insiders realized just what it meant to them to provide a greater source of inlet—not outlet—for the lads of the Why Not Club they provided such sources of inlet in generous array. Step into any board room or look at the market reports in the daily papers. The lists are four times as long as they used to be—the lists of the stocks and the lists of the suckers, both.

It began back in the war-baby days, but they cleaned out that bunch expeditiously, and then the market dawdled and doldrummed along, with the professionals trying to skin one another, until this after-the-war splurge came into being. That was manna right from the skies. They set themselves to reap the harvest and they reaped it. It was a new lot of gamblers—a new lot of feverish, unskillful, amateur gamblers—and they didn't react in the old-accustomed way. They pulled a lot of new stuff on the professionals.

They kept on buying. Money came pouring in from all parts of the United States and from the newly rich abroad. Stocks soared. There was a great bull movement. Then when the professionals thought that things were about ready for the big melon cutting they began a few old time-tried stunts. They sold out on the suckers. They circulated bear rumors. They broke down stocks by sections. They felt sure that the new boys would run, squealing, and allow the professionals to cover at fancy profits.

Old Stuff Gone Wrong

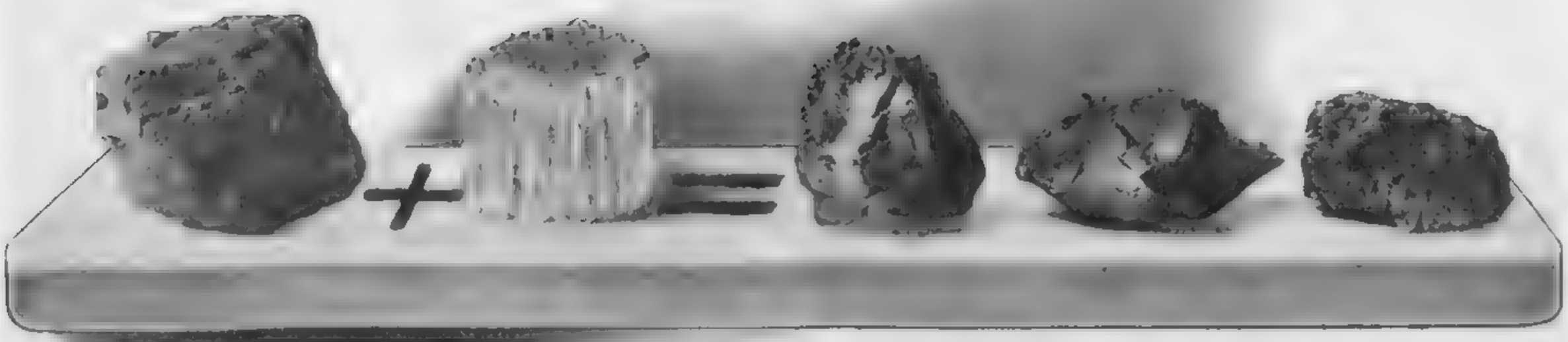
The new boys did nothing of the sort. They were too new for that. When the wild calls for more margins went out they dug down and put up their margins. They hung on, not knowing enough to quit. The market bounded back. The old stuff hadn't worked. Then call money went up to twenty per cent. That broke things some, but didn't break many of the new boys. The market bounded back again. The new boys were hanging on, making up margins and still asking, "Why not?" Then call money went up to thirty per cent. That shook out some more of the new boys, reduced their paper profits to nothing and tore into their reserves.

Did it dishearten them? Not a bit! They are lambs, right. They took their losses and are right back at it again as this is written—in late November—and sticking tight. Jim Keene did it, and Bernie Baruch. Why not? You can't teach a new dog old tricks. The fact that the new boys are hanging tight is the fact that predicates a considerable shrinkage in this promiscuous spending and extravagance, and about the only one yet discernible. Diamonds and art and clothes and imported automobiles may not get them, but old Isador Wall Street will—sure!

Imported automobiles were the last rampart of the old-time rich, and now that rampart is stormed. Time was when the possession of a flock of imported automobiles—I knew a man who had nine—was the absolute outward expression of money; not that the imported automobiles were any better than our native brand, but that they cost a lot more. Many millionaires in the war-baby days complained bitterly over the rush to buy imported automobiles by the boys who skyrocketed up with Bethlehem Steel and other rockets, but that complaint was but a murmur to the protest now. Imported automobiles are getting as common in certain circles as Detroit ones. The agencies for them, after five years of cobwebby quiet, are now bustling emporiums, and the people who are treading on one another's heels to make deposits and get on the lists are not the proud ones who used to claim distinction because they rode in a foreign car that didn't have a self-starter but did have two hundred and forty-seven grease cups instead of twenty.

They are not the ones who felt that it would be but justice if the price of gasoline was raised to a hundred dollars a gallon so that none but themselves might ride. They are the boys who are spending their money now, and the fact that one outlet is the imported automobile is proved not only by the activity of the agencies for those cars that were established but by the opening of new agencies all over the place. You can tell an imported automobile as far as

(Concluded on Page 161)



The proof that one plus one is more than two

IF every addition to the power output of America's industries called for a corresponding increase in fuel consumption, our boasted industrial progress would be a mammoth conceit.

A plant that can double its output only by doubling its fuel consumption adds far less than it should to the general wealth or to the bigger interests of those it serves.

Each year engineering contributes new devices, new methods and new knowledge that add to the great total of all technical knowledge and so tends to overcome the apparent necessity of applying twice the cause to get twice the effect.

Plants no longer need to double their coal bill to get twice the power. Roughly they less than double it and get twice the result, or they double the input and get better than twice the output—not by burning more fuel wastefully, but by cutting fuel losses through insulation knowledge and materials.

Johns-Manville Asbestos in its wide usage in heat insulation has become a great ally to fuel in accomplishing this. Nor does its use stop there, for in various combinations with allied materials it furthers plant efficiency, in packings that prevent leakage and prevent friction and again in high-heat cements so necessary to boiler furnace operation. More and more as knowledge gains, Asbestos becomes the bodyguard of fuel through products like these:

Asbestos and 85% magnesia insulations for steam and hot water piping; Aertite Boiler Wall Coating for boiler wall exteriors; High Temperature (Refractory) Cements for boiler settings; Asbestos Sheets and Blocks for insulating hot surfaces; Insulating Cements; Monolithic Boiler Baffle Walls—tight, durable, easy to install—prevent short-circuiting of hot gases; Sea Ring Packing—eliminates unnecessary friction between rod or plunger and packing.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities
For Canada, Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS – MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Package Electricity for every Flashlight

Put *This* Battery in Your Flashlight

THOSE who get the greatest useful service from their flashlights, invariably use French Batteries. They know from experience that these better batteries last longer, give better and brighter light, do not deteriorate between flashes, and have the vitality to revive after severe service.

You, too, should use these better batteries.

There is a French Battery for every flashlight case. Buy from this famous cabinet—at your dealer's. In unsealed cartons, tested as you buy.

FRENCH BATTERY & CARBON CO., MADISON, WIS.

Branches 2024 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill., 531 South Ervay St., Dallas, Texas, 33 Wareham Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., Atlanta Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., 543 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal., 221 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 71-73 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 158)

you can see it if you are wise on automobiles—and who isn't in these days? They are pretty nifty when it comes to proving that the man who owns one not only has money but has spent it. Wherefore the demand and wherefore the gloom of the accustomed rich who thought to get by by having the old one painted up a bit and the chauffeur's uniform turned.

Of course there are degrees of this new richness as of everything else, and there is no intention of conveying the impression that the rush for imported automobiles is as great as the rush for furs or diamonds, for a great number of the easy spenders have not been educated up to the imported automobile as yet. However, the news that there are such things is spreading and time will do the rest, no doubt. Once they discover that they are more expensive than the American cars they will jump to them avidly. The thing that costs the most is what they want.

New York is headquarters for the sort of spending that has been sketched here. The reason for that is that New York affords the greatest opportunity and has more outlets and more expensive and expansive ones for the dissipation of money. There are branches in all parts of the country. The orgy is nation-wide—world-wide indeed, for reports come from France and from England and elsewhere of a wild and meaningless outlay of money for all sorts of luxurious, nonessential and costly things, and no apparent recognition of the virtue of thrift or the necessity of saving or appreciation of the inevitable reaction and distress and contraction there will be.

It must not be thought that in thus touching upon a few of the high spots of New York's spending that all of it is being done by people who come to New York from outside. Not at all, nor half. The newly rich New Yorker, though he has lived for years where the gauds are brightest, is lured by them just as the newly rich from the West or South or East are lured; more quickly perhaps. New Yorkers are falling just as hard and spending just as recklessly as the countrymen. The mania is nationally ubiquitous—internationally indeed.

We boast we have no classes in this country, but we have; and the most definitely determined of these classes has been the money class. What has happened because of various causes—war causes, peace causes, what you will—is that a large amount of money has been transferred by these causes from one class to another class; from the class accustomed to money to the class unaccustomed to money. The beginning of every great fortune we have had in this country was thrift, and following that, money sense in its various manifestations, some good and some bad. Now money is an attribute that requires intelligent acquaintance before it can be handled intelligently. The man unaccustomed to money who gets a lump of it quickly or easily has no conception of it other than the spending of it for things he has not had hitherto and has always wanted, not especially because he needs those things but because the ability to get them and to show them proves that he has money.

Large sums of money have been transferred by the operations of various causes from one class to another class, and the class that has it now is not accustomed to it. That class has no money background, no money responsibility. Hence that class is spending it wildly, recklessly, foolishly, regardless of what the future may hold, for the gratification of the wish of the moment and without consideration of the demand of the coming hour. They do not realize that the prosperity they are cashing in now is an inflated prosperity, a bogus prosperity, sure to shatter on the reefs of hard times when deflation comes. It is a nation-wide, world-wide illustration of the parable of the grasshopper and the ant.

It is a universal exemplification of overconsumption, and preaching about it will do no good. It is of no use to point out that such a sunset glow of pleasure and luxury always has preceded a night of disaster in the history of the world. What do they care for the parallels of history, for the lesson of the reign of Hadrian or the French kings in the eighteenth century or the other lessons? We are spending in a fool's paradise, and it is probable that the only cure for the universal disease will be the drastic cure of hard times.

I write on the last day of November. The spending is in full and foolish swing. It may be lessened to an extent when this article appears in print, or it may still be in progress. It may be that the ominous signs of the cure for the disease will then be apparent, or they may be delayed for a long time. But it is quite certain that unless this overconsumption, inflation, reckless spending stops the hard times will come and that the lack of easy money will then be as notable as the quantity of it is now.

This is by the way. If the plumber's wife wants a dress that costs four hundred and seventy-five dollars she will have it up to the very last moment the four hundred and seventy-five dollars is in hand. What do we care for Hadrian or for any of the French Louies? Where indeed do we get that stuff? There is a jewelry store in New York that has a diamond with two hundred and five thousand dollars marked on the price tag. The owners expect to sell it before Christmas. Probably they will. It will be a fine little asset for some formerly newly rich lady when the soup kitchens are running. And a New York store advertised the other day—as casually as it advertised cotton socks—a chinchilla coat for twenty-five thousand dollars—and sold it right off the bat. And they tell me that many of the buyers of automobiles are paying for them with Liberty Bonds. Oh, we've got it good!

However, there is one glimmer of the return to sanity that may be reported. I took a taxicab at the Pennsylvania Station and rode in it to the Waldorf Hotel. The charge was twenty cents. Bulletins from my bedside are to the effect that I am doing as well as could be expected and that I shall probably be up and about in two or three weeks.

ESTABLISHED 1869
FIFTY — YEARS — OF — PROGRESS

HEINZ
Cream of Tomato SOUP

made with Real Cream

HERE is the richness of pure cream, which nourishes, and the appetizing taste of ripe tomatoes, which gives a keener zest to the food that follows.

No artificial thickening or meat stock is used—nothing but tomatoes and real cream. And Heinz tomatoes are sun-ripened, and gathered at just the hour when they attain their finest flavor.

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is perfectly prepared, ready for the table; smooth, rich and tasty. Just heat it. A fine example of Heinz quality.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

TEMCO

Trade Mark

Portable Electric Tools

Type "G" Bench Grinders

A general production tool for grinding castings, sharpening drills, cutters and other small tools. This type is portable, being mounted on base which can be easily carried to any part of the shop or factory. Also built in Wall type for mounting on side wall or pillar and in Pedestal type for mounting on floor. Motors fitted with high-grade ball bearings.

Shops, factories, mills and tool rooms need these grinders, as they increase the efficiency of workmen and the tools they use.

Write for the Temco Catalog and select a tool best suited to meet your requirements.

Drills, Grinders, Buffers and Garage Outfits. Write for Catalog.

The Temco Electric Motor Company
Leipsic, Ohio, U. S. A.

CONCERNING COUGHS AND COUGHERS

(Concluded from Page 40)

A very cold dry wind will sometimes cause congestion, but this is usually only if one breathes through the mouth. Such a congestion is a reaction. The cold air causes the small blood vessels lining the throat and bronchial tubes to contract, and afterward they dilate. This is the same process that may be observed in the flushed face or the tingling reddened hands after exposure to cold.

Chronic coughs may be due to other causes than dust and mouth breathing. A weak heart will cause a sluggish blood current and the blood will stagnate in the lungs. Then there will be a constant soaking of the tissues. In chronic kidney disease frequently there is the same result. In such cases the avoidance or cure lies in correcting the primary troubles.

A chronic or frequently recurring cough should awaken the suspicion of tuberculosis This disease, however, is often masked and there may be no cough or at least so little cough for a long time that though there may be great weakness and other profound symptoms the lungs may not be suspected. But where the cough is obstinate the lungs should be thoroughly examined.

Coughs that occur in the course of other diseases need attention, especially if they are of the dry, harassing kind, because they cause loss of sleep, mental unrest and add to the general distress. Such coughs call for a sedative.

Except in acute inflammatory conditions much of our coughing is unnecessary and can be controlled. You don't believe it? Have you ever been at the theater watching a thrilling play? Have you sat, looking, listening, almost breathless in the tense palpitating silence? Have you seen the interest suddenly die, killed by the introduction of something incongruous or by one of the actors? Then have you heard the perfect storm of coughs rising from all parts of the house, coughs people had been saving while they were enthralled?

Yes, much of our coughing can be suppressed and should be, because coughing will aggravate a cough.

THE NEW FAIRYLAND

(Continued from Page 4)

I have not by me that useful volume telling where everyone was born, so the bet is hereby offered to all takers. Let us leave Henry with his affirmation that "there are no evil spirits; but there is a missing link somewhere which leads to messages being garbled."

Remember that! There are no evil spirits in Henry's spirit world.

And again let me insist that a firm belief in the waiting heaven of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Henry Talbot would very soon result in the utter depopulation of this quaint [illegible] world.

No convinced spiritualist would linger here where an congenital toil is [illegible] the fate of man when across the border is another world, where "no living thing does anything against its own will," and where "we cannot make mistakes because the light is too strong."

Who would stay in a frame of too fallible flesh when a world beckons where the freed spirit need never again ache and will yet be something that needs to wear clothes and with power to do perfectly those things it has done here so clumsily, where we shall all be twenty-five years old and all beautiful after our kind? Why, I know people who will cross over merely to be rid of their rheumatism and others who will go to find at last the perfect golf course—for "there are games and sports of all sorts." In fact, all the people I know will cross for one reason or another—the moment they feel convinced that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has not been tricked as he sat in darkness in the medium's room and listened to spirit voices issue from the mouth of a tin trumpet held aloft by no human hands.

But just as it seemed that here at last was a neat way to foil the high cost of living—for over there are no economic problems, no worries about rent or coal or groceries or tailored garments—just as it seemed to me that I should accord my full approval to an over-there movement before the advent of a winter that promises to be unusually vexatious, what happens but that I fall upon a new book about over there and it tells a story so different that I think it may be well to pause. At least I myself have paused and I shall continue to pause until certain discrepancies are cleared up.

Conflicting Tales of Spirit Land

For this new spirit book, called The Seven Purposes, describes a land far different from the peaceful, placid, joyous, effortless elysium of Conan Doyle's messengers and the able Henry Talbot. Henry, you remember, said there were no evil spirits. But this new book has the place overrun with them. It indicates that their existence is the only problem with which good spirits have to contend; fighting these evil spirits is their only occupation. Everybody is engaged in the battle, young and old, male and female. It fills their spirit life to overflowing. And yet the well-informed Henry Talbot has never heard of evil spirits or of battles.

Remember, there is nothing else that Henry has betrayed ignorance about. He knows things so mysterious and fearful that he can only tell them to Mr. King and not to us; he speaks as one having large authority in the spirit land; he is a teacher—one holding the lamp. And yet he is profoundly ignorant of a condition over there which involves every resident spirit in the most exciting contest. He has never even heard of the evil spirits that constantly wage so terrific a battle against decent people both over there and here.

But why suspect Henry? Why not suspect the new lot?

Well, suit yourself. But if you can believe one and disbelieve the other of two witnesses who come with the same credentials you are more supple of mind than I am. As Doctor Doyle says, it is not conceivable that a spirit can be wholly mistaken about the sphere in which it is actually dwelling. And it is not conceivable that Henry Talbot and the chief spirit of The Seven Purposes can be so wholly mistaken as one of them must be, for it is as if an educated native of the United States should go off to some other world and say that on this earth we had no bad people and had never known a war.

Bored by Henry's Buttered Words

So then if one of these spirits is so outrageously mistaken about his own land it must be inconceivable, according to the cold logic of Doctor Doyle, that he is a spirit at all. And if one of them is not a spirit at all, which one is it? And why not both—since, whatever they are, they are obviously of the same breed?

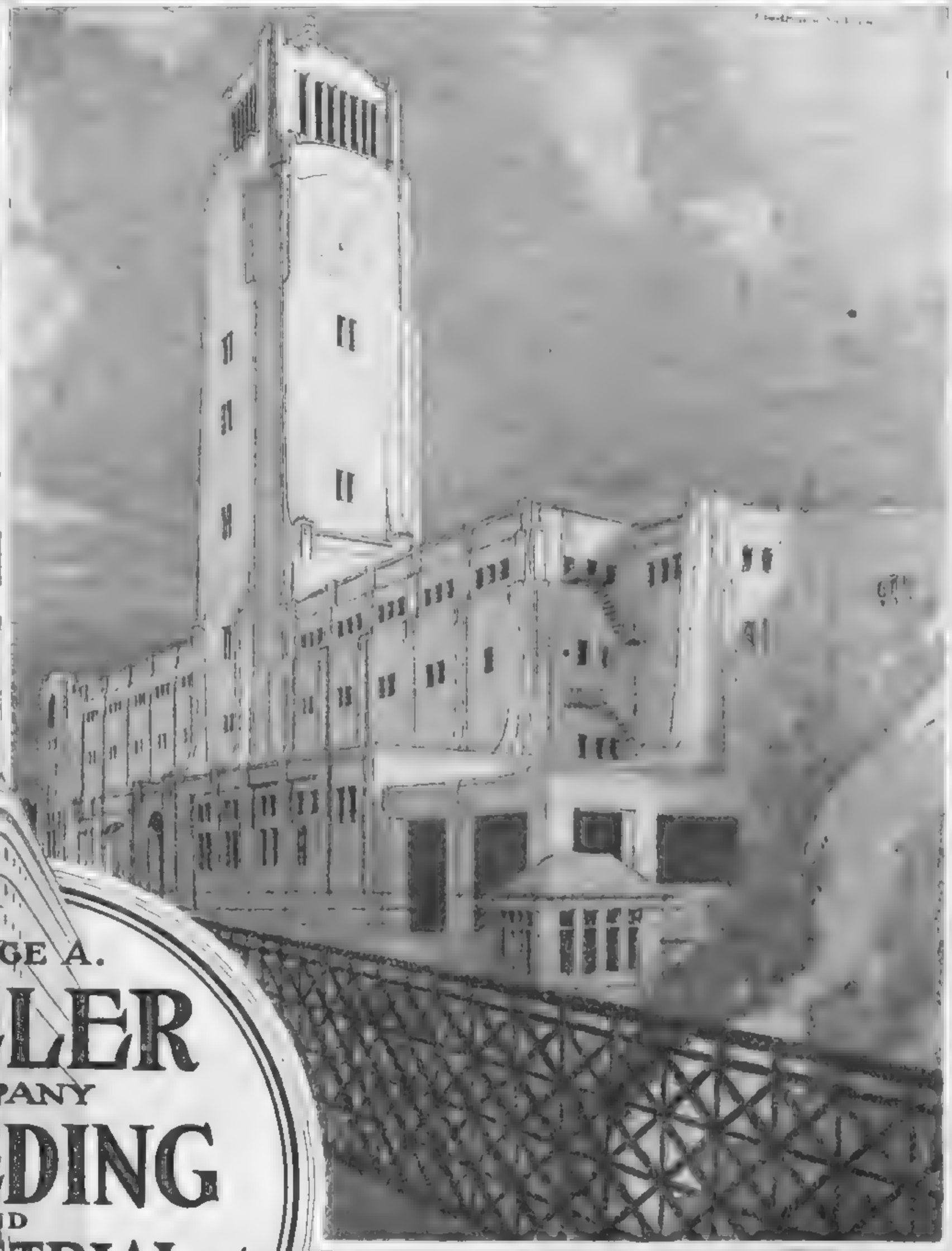
This is why I have been given pause in my flight to a better land. I think we should insist on some sort of general agreement as to the conditions over there before we trust the messengers who rap on tables. It would add much to their credibility if they could get together on simple facts about which no one could be mistaken. And so far these messengers fail lamentably to agree. They unite in telling us they are very, very happy over there. But after that, testing one by the others, they are the most universal and inveterate liars that have thus far engaged the notice of man.

But let us hear about these evil spirits. The book that tells of them is more vivacious than Henry Talbot. I confess that Henry occasionally got on my nerves as he pattered and chattered along with his buttered words about spirituality and waves of rhythm. In fact, though Henry did not admit it, my own control, Chief Wugalug, informs me that Henry's passing on to his present beautiful abode was brought about illegally by certain impetuous beings of the earth plane whom he had bored beyond endurance. But no matter. Let us hear about the evil spirits.

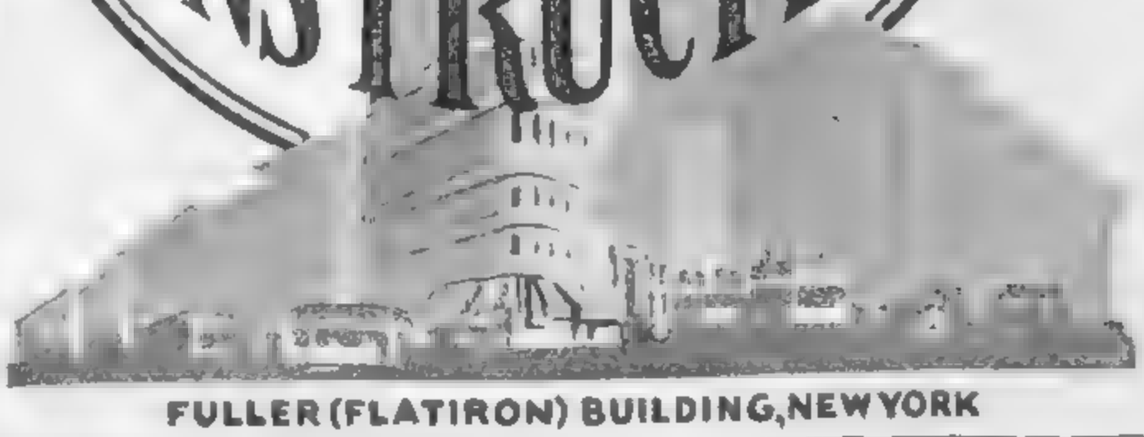
(Continued on Page 165)

Fuller-Built Landmarks

The Famous Pennsylvania Railroad Freight Terminal at Chicago



GEORGE A. FULLER COMPANY BUILDING AND INDUSTRIAL CONSTRUCTION



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HAYES *wire wheels*

It is really but a step from the preference for wire wheels, now become so general, to the more decisive preference for the Hayes.

Makers and owners of higher priced cars first began to single out the Hayes, because of certain very definite superiorities. Now you see this wheel on cars of all types.

Motor car manufacturers very evidently have convinced themselves of the great value of these unusual features.

Of those who use wire wheel equipment, the great majority regularly specify the Hayes.

Even casual observation in your own locality will reveal the breadth of preference for the Hayes.

The fact is that your own local conditions are really a reflection of the Hayes standing all over America.

Many owners will have their cars equipped with Hayes Wire Wheels during the period of winter lay-up or overhauling and painting.

Wire Wheel Division **Hayes Wheel Company** *Jackson, Michigan*

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Hayes Motor Truck Wheel Company, St. Johns, Mich.
Hayes Wheel Company, Ltd., of Canada, Chatham, Ont.
Hayes Wheel Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

(Continued from Page 162)

And first we will consider their origin, as explained by the good spirits.

"There was no great primary idea of destruction," say they. "A lot of idle force gathered together and finding itself behind the procession in strength, radiance and beauty, began envying and coveting and backbiting, and from that to destruction is a logical and inevitable progression."

Is it not, indeed? Is it not inevitable that a lot of idle force will begin to envy and covet and backbite and then take to destruction in its most pernicious forms? Don't you wonder that Henry Talbot didn't think of this himself, when it is so simple?

But let us be on with this book. It is said by the author to contain "revelations of too great moment to be withheld from public knowledge"—revelations of which the above is one of the most vital and of greatest moment. It concerns "an eternal battle between the purposes of progress and building and the purposes of disintegration." And the message is not only "significant and beautiful" but "so rational, so full of inspiration and hope." The author herself, who was her own medium, was astounded by this "remarkable series of communications"; her "mind was filled with blank amazement, wonder and incredulity." It is added by the spirits that "This is the first time in the history of the world when physical science has been sufficiently advanced to enable us to tell the people the truth in terms they would truly understand."

This speech itself deserves critical study.

It should also be said that while the good spirits were dictating this book to the author and urging its publication the bad spirits heard about it and were much alarmed. They feared that if these great truths should ever be published it would weaken their evil power, and by all sorts of mean little tricks they tried to prevent publication of the book.

Once the good spirits warned the author: "The forces of disintegration compelled us for the moment. We were not theirs, but they overpowered and used us." And there is talk of "a massed attack" by these bad ones, and again they boast to the author: "We have stopped you now."

But how idle their boast, as the book itself proves, bound in boards and bearing the imprint of a hitherto rather conservative firm of publishers.

So let's see what the bad spirits didn't want us to know and what the kind good spirits said would prove to be a new gospel. Well, it consists of purposes—good purposes and bad purposes. The book is at times a bit obscure, but I shall try to make the message simple here. It is like this: "The Force Beyond Perfection is Purpose. Life is Purpose. Purpose is Force. Force is Personality."

Simple enough so far.

Then we learn: "Truth is one of the fundamental Purposes; Beauty is a subdivision of Building. Justice is fundamental. All are part of the Eternal Purpose, but the great Purpose is Unity."

The Seven Purposes

Having mastered this, and remembering that the bad spirits fight against the Eternal Purpose, it will be easy perhaps to understand further details of the purpose. As this: "Freedom demands free purpose and free purpose demands Justice." Or it may be put this way: "The Eternal Purpose of United Construction." Or again: "One Purpose are all to serve—Progress."

You begin to see it all now, do you not? In short, The Seven Purposes are Progress, Light, Truth, Healing, Building, Production and Justice, with Progress greater than all. And one of these each of us must serve; he must serve "the constructive forces to construction of great purposes or the disintegrating forces to the long struggle that can have but one end, however distant—construction."

So far, so good. No nice person would be against construction. This seems to be "Why we so insistently urge the discovery of Purpose and the beauty of Construction" because "the forces of disintegration are gathering for a battle of wits and morals."

Remember, it is not so plain as this in the book. I am vastly simplifying it for you.

To proceed: "The fundamental Purposes are common to all men; they are the foundation from which the forces of Eternal Purpose start. As a commander divides his army, so are the eternal forces divided into The Seven Purposes for the eternal conflict."

But we learn that the purposes of disintegration are more than seven, consisting of malice, envy, doubt, falsehood, ignorance, lust, cupidity, fear.

And don't get the notion that these are mere John Bunyan personages, mere qualities personified. They are actual forces—personalities—that disguise themselves shrewdly "before daring to enter the consciousness of men."

No, indeed, these are no shadowy, impalpable attributes. The author insists upon "the actual existence of intelligible, invisible forces, constantly doing battle for and against spiritual progress." It was these forces that basely tried to keep her book off the press, and furthermore the time is at hand "when great conflicting purposes will meet in combat for the control of men."

Sometimes, I notice, it is said that this conflict will be eternal and again it is said—perhaps by the same spirit—that they will "fight until all purposes of destruction have been conquered and transformed and the Great Purpose rendered free to progress to greater glories without end." Which again sounds reasonable, especially when we remember that "Building, Light, Freedom, Faith—these are what the forces of Construction stand for."

Spirits Explain the War

But whether it is to be eternal or not, there is much fighting just now. One David Bruce, who says his work is Justice, Light and Progress, also fights.

"We fight perpetually and love it," says David. "It is a wonderful thing to fight with the great forces. Most of those in your life fight in confusion, and doubt and suffer. But here we unite ourselves to a definite and constructive purpose and the fight is glorious."

As to the character of this fighting, another voluble spirit, Frederick, is asked: "How does Purpose combat forces of Evil?"

This is easy for Frederick.

"It is done by overpowering them as the sun dispels mist, separating them into smaller particles or units, and when that is impossible by driving them like clouds before a high wind. Mostly we rout them—we mass ourselves and our purposes against them and theirs when we fight in the open here."

Is not that a vivid battle picture—or is it?

The purposes, good and bad, are told of in twelve "lessons" that are said to come from "General Headquarters." The messenger says of these: "We are giving you things never told before."

I have read the lessons repeatedly and I agree with this. Outside the Koran I have chanced upon no assemblage of words that seem to mean so much, to be so fraught with messages of vital import; and all so clearly and simply put that a little child can understand it. What I mean to say is, a little child can understand it as well as you can. When you have read the lessons you will know much that you did not know before or, any way, you will know much that the author says the bad spirits did not want you to know.

But the spirits in this book chat about other things besides truth, light and building. They tell us a lot about the late war. It was the evil spirits that started the war; and they fought with Germany until they saw Germany must lose; then they deserted her.

That's the kind they are—the lowest of the low. And while this war mystery was being cleared up one of the sitters, a broad-minded person, we perceive, asked the communicating spirit: "Aren't there some good Germans?"

Many of you will be delighted to know on the best of spirit authority that there are none. For that, in effect, with a great many fine words, is what the spirit said. Isn't it all wonderful? And though Henry Talbot reassured his editor, who had been worried lest infinite space fill up with spirits, one Maynard Holt in this book indicates that Mr. King's fear was not without a basis.

"There is," says Mr. Holt, "a large and growing population here of the undeveloped which is one of the reasons for our keen desire to purposize the world."

Can't you see Maynard looking over the crowd and measuring up infinite space again to make sure of his figures and sending out new parties to purposize the world.

Common Sense and Digestion

The routine use of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal aids digestion by stimulating the flow of saliva which is so essential for the proper digestion of food.

Business men and business women often attribute to other causes a decrease in their efficiency, when it is really due to a slight indigestion resulting from hasty mastication and insufficient saliva.

American Chicle Company
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"Good workmen know the difference"

"Hot? He was hot!"

"Activity, even of a practical and habitual sort, however, tends to produce fatigue when the work is done under unfavorable conditions."
—"*Psychology and The Day's Work*," *chapter on Fatigue, page 181.*

Louis Mozgola came near throwing a collet through the window. Hot? He *was* hot.

His hand had slipped against the rapidly whirring abrasive belt, and he had scraped his knuckles again.

Where Louis works, at the Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation, it is required that surfaces shall be finished like a mirror. This is done by holding them against a rapidly travelling abrasive belt.

Prior to the day in question (August 2nd, 1919), these belts had a joint which throbbed like a fast-beating pulse, scratched the collet, bothered Louis, and reduced production.

But that morning the foreman came up with a Manning salesman. They stripped off the old belt and slipped on a new one. Nothing was said. Louis went to it with another collet. The others looked on.

"By Jiminy!" exclaimed Louis.

"What's the matter?"

"Try it yourself and see. She's steady as a flywheel."

Speed-grits Uniflow Belts have banished the "unfavorable condition" forever from Louis Mozgola's work. Look at his smile in the picture above.

Good workmen know the difference.

Send for "The Difference Book," just off the press.

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DURUNDUM CLOTH

and is not purposize a lovely word? Little intimate touches like this make it all seem so real.

And now Mrs. B. asks: "Do dogs exist after death?" Only to be told: "They do not come as animals exactly."

This in face of assertions by Conan Doyle's friends and the informative Henry Talbot that not only dogs but all other animals exist after death and do as they like on the other side.

Again someone asks: "Do animals have souls?" This sitter is also told no—that there is "no persistence of individuality until birth as a human being begins it, and dogs and monkeys are not human." Yet later in the book we learn of a dog for whose death they had grieved. "He came and grew into a better force and some day he'll make an adorable baby."

I should say the reader is meant to take his choice in this matter.

Then from Frederick we have a gem of purest ray:

"Physical forces follow physical laws. Forces of Eternity affect them to some extent, but do not govern them." It is this Frederick who says: "It is a big gospel we are giving you; a gospel of hope and beauty and construction. We are all for Life and Building and Justice and Truth."

From another lucid spirit, one Mary Kendall, we glean: "Purpose is the force that draws. Force is the purpose that pushes." And she adds another axiom that might—or might not—have intrigued Euclid: "All combination of force adds by the sum of its participation to the original amount of force combined."

How little we should have suspected this at first, but how simple it seems after Mary has worked it out for us.

And this same Mary Kendall says that some of "my newly acquired vocabulary" has been taught her by William James. Of this teacher she says:

"He is still a leader of thought and accomplishment, but his instruction is dynamic. He is a very fine force and is doing magnificent work here, but he no longer smothers it in language."

Smart Sayings of Spirits

Mr. Kendall, Mary's husband, present in the flesh, professed to be "imbued with the vitalizing quality of this touch with the unseen," and presently he asked his spirit wife: "Is yours a place or a state or both?" Mary replies: "Both; the state is fluid and the place is ephemeral."

"I believe it," exclaims Mr. Kendall, who we are told has deeply studied psychic matters. "That is more nearly an explanation than anything I ever heard before."

After that we are not surprised to learn that "Truth in your life is comparative, while here it is absolute but not dogmatic." Also that "Everybody was pure spirit once and will be again."

And perhaps you would like me to play over a few of the epigrams culled here and there from the sayings of our spirit friends:

Brotherhood is made beautiful by unity, not by schism.

No man is free who commands not himself.

He who is not for progress is against it.

Growth is always struggle.

There are many phases of development, each looking onward to the next.

When material things are left behind purpose continues to progress.

Force is what moves things.

Sincerity is the crowning virtue.

Faith is a positive force; doubt, being negative, hampers us.

And perhaps it was these profound and striking truths that the evil forces wished to prevent the author of The Seven Purposes from disclosing. At least I have been unable to find any others in the book that any fair-minded evil force could possibly object to. In fact, these are about the only sentences in the book that have any meaning to the ordinary human mind as at present constituted.

So here, by one set of spirits is a world beset with evil forces and a grand battle waging forever against them. And that pretentious purling old fluff, Henry Talbot, says there are no evil spirits. Here is one spirit world where all our pets and domestic animals survive, though another set of spirits declare that animals do not pass over, except one dog who will presently become a most adorable baby. Sometimes it almost seems confusing, does it not? And they will disagree, even in the same book.

Mary Kendall says they see much further into the future than we do, but that they are not allowed to tell us many things. On the other hand, Frederick says they do not see much further than we do.

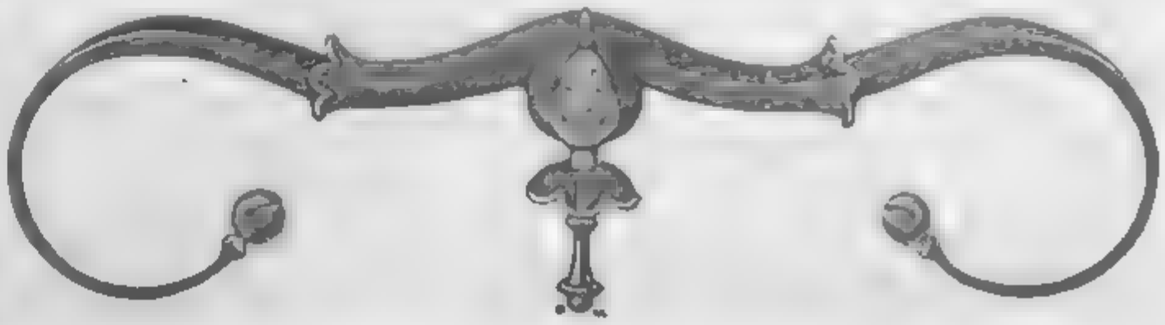
Mary Kendall mentions her new scientific vocabulary with some pride, but Henry Talbot uses a great many words to assure us that none of the real set over there descends to language, since they have thought exchange. And one of the spirits in The Seven Purposes says they have no hands, but Doctor Doyle's friends indulge in athletic sports and piano playing. And forever they all talk of the big work they are doing, of the "tremendous but fine task." But never can we get an inkling of what they do.

Not a Gospel to Bite On

I think if a band of explorers came back from some remote region of this present earth, flatly contradicting each other as to its most obvious aspects and features and people and customs, that even Sir Oliver Lodge and his fellow scientists would hesitate to yield any of them implicit belief, especially if they pieced out their observations of fact with such bits as that a lot of idle force gathered together and began envying and coveting and backbiting. I think if these reports from the other plane had come by any less dubious channels than the medium's darkened room, the voice from a floating trumpet or the automatic pencil, that our scientists would have submitted them to a more drastic analysis. I do not believe they would then have heralded the reports as a new revelation.

"It begins to look like a gospel, doesn't it?" says one of the thrilled listeners in The Seven Purposes. But surely, if so, a gospel for the lazy minded and the morally irresponsible. For I beg the readers of this literature to note that the new gospel, so called, demands nothing of its devotees but the fullest yielding to impulse. "No living thing is obliged to do anything against its will." I would like also to point out that though the words "spiritual" and "spirituality" are constantly in the mouths of these spirits and their mediums they are all, nevertheless, a grossly and inveterately material lot. Their talk—and I have lately plowed through a couple of hundred thousand words of it—is invariably of material things. They insist that they have only spiritual bodies, but garments are needed to cover these, and they rest, sleep and eat; nor have I found a single utterance from any of them that by any stretching of the word could be called spiritual. Further, they are a vain, windy, lying, bombastic lot, with their shoppy patter and their ecstasies of flubdub and yapwhoodle. A gospel, indeed! The old-fashioned meeting-house gospel has something in it you can bite on, but searching for substance in this windy, wordy mistiness of the Conan Doyles and the Sir Oliver Lodges is like trying to find the bones in a cup custard. And no matter what impressive physical phenomena attend the manifestations of these spirits, no matter how definitely they seem to set aside the known laws of matter, their very contradictions show that they cannot be those they pretend to be.

Sir Arthur was right. Too much attention has been paid to the telephone bell and not enough to the message.



Think of the Convenience—Refrigeration *Without* Ice!

Users write us they consider Isko, the Electric Cold Maker, the greatest convenience for the home since electric light.

They say its dry, clean, even cold is as far ahead of the damp, fluctuating temperature of melting ice as the safety match is ahead of the flint and steel.

With Isko, the household is no longer dependent on the frozen millpond. Efficient refrigeration is now a matter of turning an electric switch.

Once Isko is installed, there is no ice card to put out, no ice bill to pay, no drainpipe to clean, no drip-pan to overflow, no dragging of ice across the kitchen floor, no worry that food will spoil over week-end or holiday—Isko's cold is electric cold, dependable, never-varying.

For table use and beverages, Isko freezes pure water into crystal-pure cubes.

These are some of the conveniences of Isko. Think of the trouble it would save you, the worries it would prevent!

Everybody will want an Isko when hot weather comes. To insure delivery it is well to order *now*.

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Duplicator Manufacturing Company, *Chicago*
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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 46

of the institution and pay over to the Smithsonian the net profits therefrom. As a result of such steps the idea found its realization through the organization of the Research Corporation, which body was substituted for the Smithsonian Institution as the custodian of the patents.

The charter of the Research Corporation is unique in that it contains provision that no dividends shall be paid on the stock and that the entire net profits shall be used to supply means for the advancement and extension of technical and scientific investigation. The business of the company has been extremely profitable and an experimental laboratory in charge of experts has been established. The corporation is not only working to widen the field of use for its precipitation processes but in various ways it is lending aid to the utilization of those inventions or discoveries which offer sufficient promise of promoting the application of scientific discovery to the industrial arts. The outlook is sufficiently bright to justify the belief that Doctor Cottrell's early dream will come true and that the company handling his initial discovery will finally be able to do for the industrial arts what the Carnegie, Rockefeller and Sage Foundations are seeking to do for the sciences, for medicine and for the improvement of social conditions.

But if you ask Doctor Cottrell to-day to tell of his precipitation processes you will discover immediately that his mind is now elsewhere. This very fact brings out the dominant characteristic of the man. His aim in life is to initiate—to develop a vision into a reality. When the clouds of doubt and uncertainty have been cleared away and the scientific effort has resolved itself into a commercial success his interest subsides and he quickly seeks new fields to conquer. This fits in with his idea that a man can't follow scientific pursuits with the full force of his mind and tend shop at the same time. He feels that one must choose between science and dollars, and as for himself it has long ago been evidenced that he wouldn't trade one year of his professional career for the lifetime management of a mountain of money.

When I say that Doctor Cottrell has a hobby and then tell what it is I am sure none who know him will contradict. His chief interest lies in taking hold of an idea that has unrecognized merit and then cultivating the scheme until it becomes so big and strong and straight that those who first laughed at its infant weakness are forced to bare their heads in respect to the finished plant. Out at the University of California ten or more years ago the familiar comment that was often heard about the campus when a question of any description came up was, "Oh, go over and talk to Cott about it! He probably doesn't know anything concerning the subject but he will put some idea in your head before you have talked with him many minutes."

Down in Washington they call his office the asylum for "bugs." At any rate, whenever a caller shows up having a far-off look in his eyes he is headed toward the room where sits this man from the Golden State.

Some years ago Buckner Speed, a noted chemist, and one of Cottrell's friends, went to him and asked for help in the problem of trying to free California crude oil from its emulsified water. Let Mr. Speed himself tell of the interview. Says he, "Instantly his mind worked with a snap. 'Why,' he said, 'it's the same problem. For air put oil; for smoke particles substitute the minute water particles,' and then his favorite expression—'What will happen if we put a high electrostatic stress on the oil?' Then in his characteristic quick manner in a few minutes there were thrown together a beaker of oil, a spark coil and two pieces of copper—and lo, the demulsification of the California oils had been solved!

"Within a few minutes, on a block of paraffin under the microscope there was spread out a drop of the emulsified oil with two electric wires touching its edges. When the spark coil was put in operation the water drops were seen to arrange themselves in the field of the microscope like the iron filings between the poles of the magnet, to dance about and jiggle themselves into larger drops; and in these few minutes of experimentation the problem was solved by which millions of barrels of unmerchantable California oil were rendered fit both for refining and for fuel purposes."

Just now Doctor Cottrell has new hobbies. One is the production of cheap oxygen. If his hopes can be realized there will come a revolution in industry hardly less important than that resulting from the discovery and development of the steam engine. Cheap oxygen would revolutionize the steel industry; it would permit the burning of millions of tons of coal not now merchantable; it would—but there, the benefits would be too varied and numerous to mention. Oxygen now costs two hundred dollars a ton—what would happen if it could be produced for one dollar a ton? Let the reader answer.

Back in 1904 he first experimented with a liquid-air plant and became impressed with the ultimate possibility of producing very cheap industrial oxygen. At the same time he was equally impressed with the crude thermodynamics of the present system. Other work, however, forced him to divert his attention from this problem and only the coming of the war permitted him to return to his old love. To make the story clear we must step over to England, where Sir William Ramsay and others were working on the rare gases of the atmosphere in an attempt to discover some gas that might be produced for use in airships. The investigations led to the conclusion that helium, because of its absolute inertness and non-inflammability, is the proper gas for use in balloons. Of all known gases it is the next lightest to hydrogen, having about ninety-two per cent of the latter's buoyant effect. It also shows only about half the rate of diffusion and consequent wastage through the balloon fabric. It reduces the fire hazard not only from incendiary bullets but from atmospheric electricity, and eliminates the greatest drawback to the development of lighter-than-air craft.

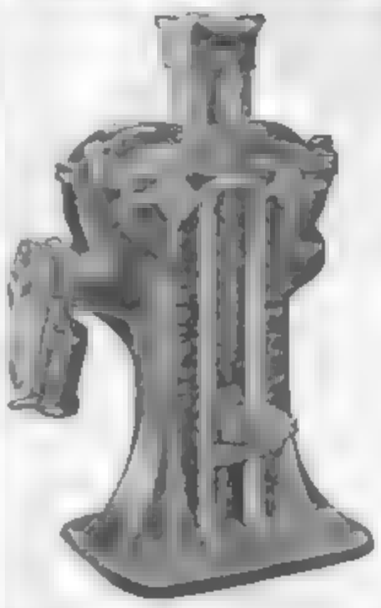
In 1917, when the United States entered the war, Sir William Ramsay was dead, but Doctor Cottrell, who had been privileged to read a letter from Sir William sent to a friend in this country dealing with helium, had become interested in the subject and was instrumental in having the matter brought to the attention of the officer in charge of the balloon service for the United States Army. Up to this time in the whole world there had probably not been more than one hundred cubic feet of helium separated as a pure substance and its usual price in the small lots in which it was sold was at the rate of about seventeen hundred dollars a cubic foot. About this time Doctor Cottrell was called into conference with the British Admiralty and found that the officers in this body entertained no hope that helium could be produced for less than sixty dollars a thousand cubic feet, which they felt to be practically prohibitive for the program in mind. It was here that Doctor Cottrell turned to one of his many friends who had been classed among the impracticable dreamers. This man—Fred Norton by name—was a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He had an idea for the separation of air, but had been unsuccessful in securing the necessary financial backing to bring the process to large-scale production. Mr. Norton was called to Washington and was engaged by the Bureau of Mines to act as a consulting engineer.

The story relating to the development of helium production by the United States Government for war purposes is a tale of many trials and tribulations. It is the usual story of skepticism and doubt that invariably accompanies the launching of every new idea. The outcome of the matter was that three plants were built to produce helium. Two of the plants were located at Fort Worth, Texas, one hundred miles distant from the source of natural gas, which was to produce the helium. The Norton plant was the last to be built and was located at Petrolia, Texas, in direct proximity to the wells.

That the production of helium was accomplished in successful fashion at the earlier plants is evident from the fact that at the time the armistice was signed the first shipment of 147,000 cubic feet of ninety-three-per-cent helium was on the pier about to be loaded aboard ship for Europe. At pre-war prices this proposed shipment represented approximately $250,000,000 worth of gas.

Doctor Cottrell feels sure that the Norton plant, which is now practically complete and which differs from the earlier and more

MODEL 21-A TEN TON REES DOUBLE WORM GEAR DRIVE JACK LIFTING 5 TON WHITE TRUCK OF GULF REFINING CO.



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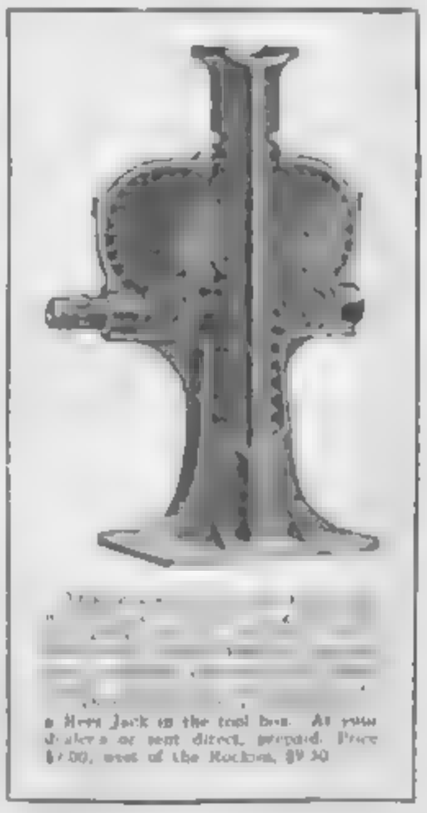

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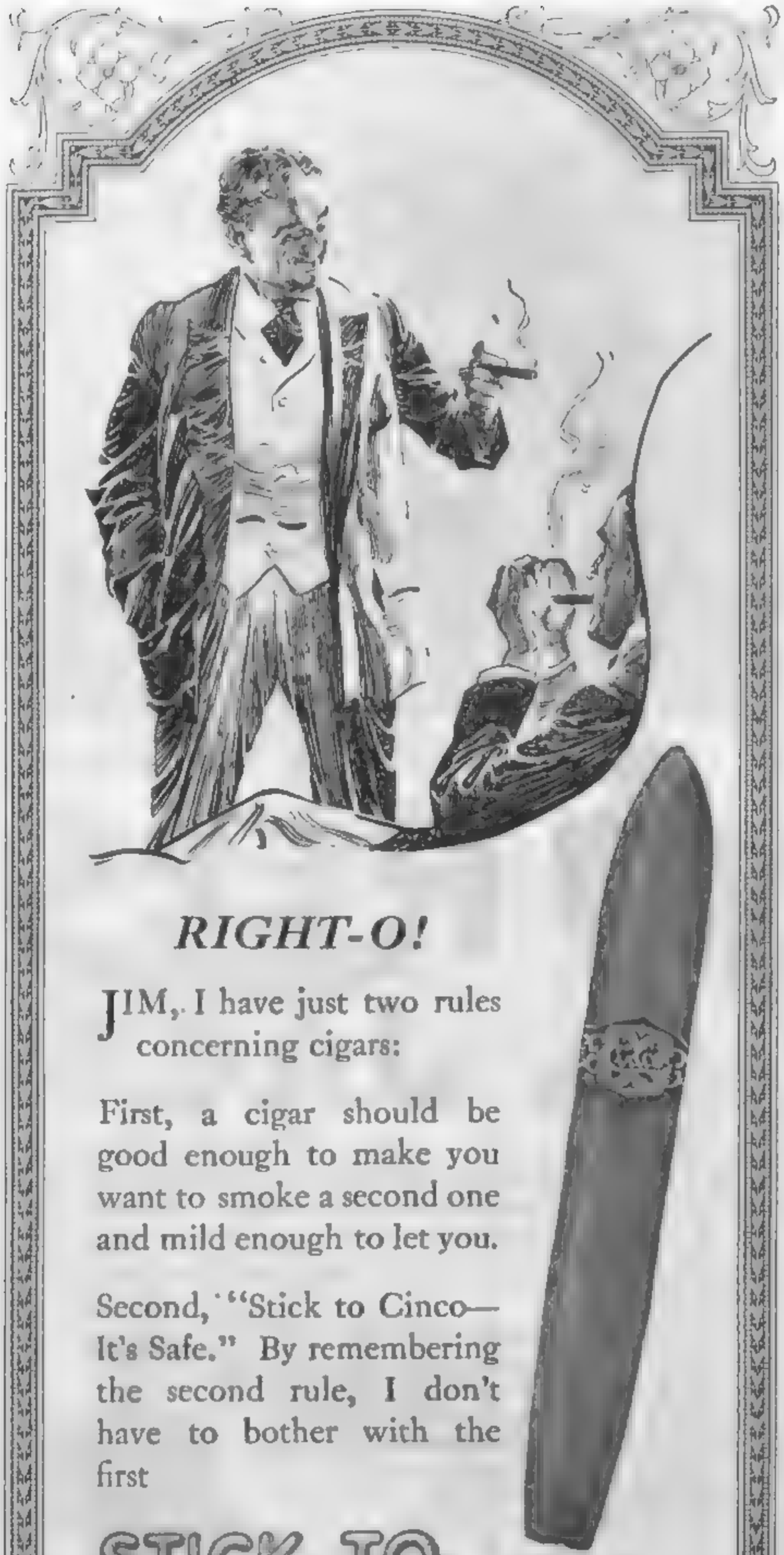
RIGHT-O!
JIM, I have just two rules concerning cigars:
First, a cigar should be good enough to make you want to smoke a second one and mild enough to let you.
Second, "Stick to Cinco—It's Safe." By remembering the second rule, I don't have to bother with the first
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Cinco
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IT'S SAFE
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hastily constructed installations, will provide results that will greatly advance the present art of separating the atmospheric gases, if it does not wholly solve the problem of producing these gases in large commercial volume and at a very low cost.

Now that the demands of war have ceased it is necessary to find peacetime markets for these products. Fortunately the Government has shown its determination to go ahead with the development of lighter-than-air machines for travel over long distances, and consequently there will continue to be a real demand for a large quantity of helium. However, the high spot in the situation has to do with the fact that these plants, which were built to extract helium from the air, can be easily and quickly converted to the production of oxygen. In fact, the process of extracting helium is more difficult than the separation of oxygen, for the former requires a much lower temperature in its separation.

Doctor Cottrell is giving the same enthusiastic attention to this quest for cheap oxygen that he has always given to problems of such large moment.

It is his idea that oxygen will be produced on such a large scale that before long it will be possible to pipe the oxygen at moderate pressure straight from the separating plant to the furnace or other point of consumption.

He believes that the reason there has not been more actual development along this line is due to the very magnitude of the project. It is of course true that the production of oxygen on a large scale would mean the complete reorganization of the sales and business policies of many companies. For this very reason the metallurgist has never thought of oxygen as being within the possible range of his operations except for such purposes as acetylene welding and burning out frozen tap holes.

Let the reader consider for a moment the tremendous efforts already expended to concentrate up to the limit ores and all the other raw materials entering a furnace and then remember that we are still adding the oxygen with four times its weight of inert nitrogen, all of which reduces the intensity of the chemical reactions and causes waste of valuable fuel, to say nothing of additional expense due to excessive size of equipment.

Several months ago Doctor Cottrell went abroad as chairman of a small committee of engineers and scientists that had been assigned the task of collecting metallurgical and chemical information for the Government. Incidentally he was charged with a good many other odd jobs for various government agencies, possibly the strangest of which was to look up, particularly for the Smithsonian Institution, the present status and degree of practical success of the different projects for an auxiliary international language such as Volapük, Esperanto and Ido.

He said, "I found that the experiences of the war and the facing of post-war problems had awakened a new and serious interest in this subject in many important quarters. For instance, the Parliamentary Committee appointed under Mr. Asquith's régime to inquire into the position of modern languages in the education system of Great Britain, in its report of 1918, after considerable discussion of the possibilities and need for an auxiliary international language, states, 'It might well be worth the while of the government, in concert with our Allies, to appoint a committee to inquire into the potentialities of artificial languages such as Esperanto and its rivals. A universal language needs stability and this cannot be attained unless by some extensive international agreement.'"

At the present moment and as a sort of minor companion for his oxygen work the doctor is an enthusiast concerning the possibilities and benefits of a new language that will serve as a medium of common intercourse on special subjects between the peoples of all the leading nations. Of course it is not his idea that right away such a language is to take the place of our present form of speech as a basic tongue, but should be used in the preparation of international catalogues and for providing common words to express thoughts of worldwide importance. Here again we find the man championing an idea that has been pronounced by many as impossible of fulfillment.

Someone once said, "Show me a man without enemies and I'll show you a man who has not accomplished much."

I challenge the truth of the statement and place Frederick G. Cottrell on the table as Exhibit Number One. A philosophical Englishman recently defined a friend as "The first person who comes in when the world has gone out." His definition fits, not just what this American scientist thinks, but what he lives. Cottrell works for the joy of it and not the wages; he feels with the people, but does not follow them; he is alive to the best in human relationships and clings to ethics that are of to-morrow, not yesterday; he is plain, without vanity, and prefers the dimmer light back of the scenes.

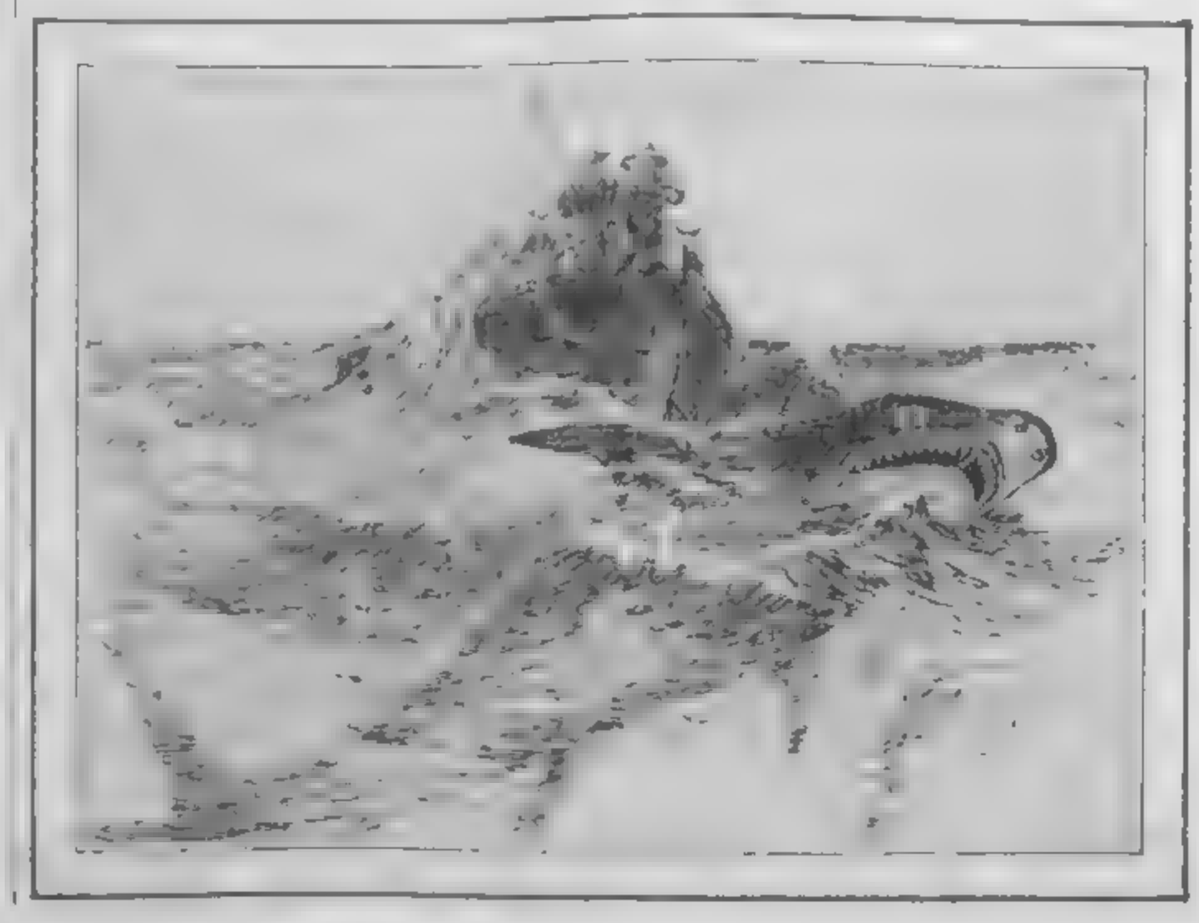
Out at the San Francisco Exposition, where he was in charge of a scientific exhibit, he was the recipient of a call from five of the great men of the nation.

"Come to lunch with me, gentlemen," he said, and led the party of distinguished persons out of the building to the little old flivver which carried the eminent guests to a downtown hotel. Fortunately the trip was made without Cottrell having to ask any of his wealthy friends to take off their coats and help him change tires or fix the motor.

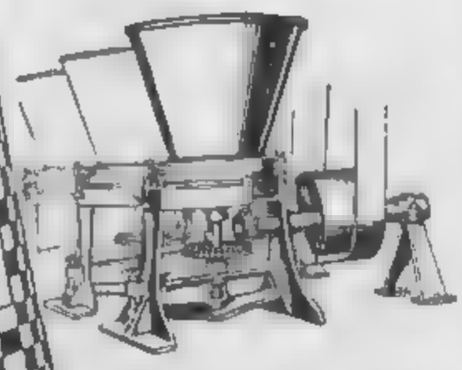
Cottrell may dream, but he makes his dreams come true, and best of all no one is crushed in the scramble. One of his friends says, "Tell him the lights are too low and he'll likely reply that David wrote his Psalms by the light of a flickering torch. If you complain of the cold he will probably reply that our forefathers walked barefoot in the ice at Valley Forge."

Such is the character of this California inventor, who only a few months ago was awarded the famous Perkin Medal by the Society of Chemical Industry in recognition of his original and valuable work in applied chemistry.

This good old U. S. A. is a grand place for a lonely human to pitch his tent, but would be even better if we had a whole army of these Cottrell fellows.



The Inspiration that Created



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Chlorox is the only tooth paste milled in White Russian oil.

Chlorox soaks the tartar off of the teeth, leaving them so shining, clean, disease cannot attack them.

Chlorox is milled so smooth in oil, it cannot mar the most delicate enamel.

Chlorox is a massage cream for the gums as well as cleansing paste for the teeth.

Chlorox is especially useful to children who are having their teeth straightened.

Chlorox does not harden in the tube.

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Chlorox is the Result of an Inspiration Received from a Family Dentist

"If," said he, "you will provide a child with an efficient daily mouth cleanser and let me examine his teeth once a month, I will guarantee that at the end of twenty years, he will not have a single cavity."

Dental care such as this is impossible for every one. The forty-six thousand dentists in the United States are not sufficient to give such service, even if people were so inclined. Consequently, a tooth paste that would make unnecessary these monthly visits, yet keep the teeth perfectly clean and remove initial tartar formation, would fill a distinct dental need. With this in mind, we commenced our experiments to develop such a tooth paste. After twenty years of exhaustive investigation we are ready to tell the American public about Chlorox.

Why Chlorox is Milled in Delicate White Russian Oil

Oil is even a more efficient cleanser than soap. It is an age-old friend of humanity. It has been used from the earliest times to cleanse and give tone to the body, though never before to cleanse and safe-guard the teeth.

Just as the oil in facial cream cleanses the pores of the skin, the oil in CHLOROX tooth paste cleanses the crevices of the mouth, not only in the teeth, but under the edges of the gums.

The penetrating oil with the tooth brush carries the faithful polishing and antiseptic agents of CHLOROX tooth paste to the most remote parts of the mouth.

Because of its searching cleansing qualities, it is especially valuable to children who are wearing appliances for straightening their teeth.

The oil in CHLOROX tooth paste soaks the tartar off of the teeth. It penetrates through and under the edges of the porous deposits of salts and lime left by the saliva, and urged by the tooth brush, they drop gently off the enamel with no wear on its delicate surface.

The oil in CHLOROX tooth paste makes it a massage cream for the gums as well as an efficient cleanser for the teeth. Brush the gums gently down over the teeth. This exercises them to healthy hardness.

The oil in CHLOROX tooth paste lubricates the gums and prevents injury by the tooth brush to the delicate overhanging tissues that cover where the tooth enamel ends and the root of the tooth begins. The oil releases the tartar from under the edges of the gums.

Tartar left under the edges of the gums lacerates them, making them an easy prey to disease.

Oil makes CHLOROX an economical tooth paste, preventing it from hardening in the tube.

Oil makes CHLOROX the smooth tooth paste that cannot wear the frailest enamel. CHLOROX tooth paste faithfully used from babyhood will insure perfect teeth, set tight in healthy pink gums.

CHLOROX tooth paste faithfully used at any age is the ideal mouth cleanser.

The Reasons for Chlorox

It thoroughly cleanses the film or mucine plaque from the teeth by the use of a non-abrasive polishing agent.

A tooth paste that will remain soft in the tube until it is entirely used and thus be economical.

A tooth paste that will first soften and then, with the aid of the brush, remove tartar formations found on the teeth as the result of past neglect.

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"Chlorox will prove our words in your mouth"

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Enclosed find 10c, for which send me a "Two Weeks' Supply Tube" of Chlorox.

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This postman knows the secret of longer-wearing shoes—

His shoes are lined with "Red-line-in"

OF all classes of workers, postmen are the hardest on shoes. All through his working day, the postman must walk, walk, walk, and the strain upon the leather and seams of his shoes is hard and continual. So that shoes that last longest with postmen, as with other people, are shoes that cost less in the end.

A strong shoe lining holds the shoe in shape and reinforces the leather and seams. This increases the wear. An unbroken lining makes for comfort and saves stockings. The strongest shoe lining in test, the heaviest in cotton, the most satisfactory in wear, is "Red-line-in."

A large wholesale shoe dealer says that the shoes he sells lined with "Red-line-in" lining, give 20% more wear than shoes made with ordinary lining. This means $2 more service in a $10 pair of shoes.

It is easy to tell shoes made with "Red-line-in." There is a RED THREAD running through the lining every two inches. Be sure to examine the lining of the next shoes you buy. "Red-line-in" lining imparts *dollars worth more wear* to your shoes.

If your shoe dealer cannot supply you with shoes lined with "Red-line-in," give us his name on a postal card, and we will send him a list of manufacturers who can furnish him with "Red-line-in" lined shoes.

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SHOE LINING
It will give you information on matters of shoe comfort and economy you probably never thought of before. Write for it.

'Red-line-in'
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING

Makes shoes wear longer

THE ODD CASE OF THE SECOND BACK

(Continued from Page 32)

just 'old 'im whiles Jerushy 'ere beats the wind round to my orfice."

The carrion curiosity of Mrs. Murfree's friends revolted Straight. He said nothing about the illness of the fugitive lodger, but went instead to his room. When he had made a light he saw a folded bit of paper lying just inside the doorsill. Straight spread out the note and read:

"*My courteous friend:* My advisers always have warned me I talk too much. This night I repeat my old error in your presence and undo whatever security I may have gained in London. Though my illness is acute, yet does my folly drive me out to bury myself in some other hole. If you have charity do not attempt to run me down; I may die before you can succeed. For your gentle behavior to one counted the world's worst enemy the grateful thanks of WILHELM, I. R."

Christopher Straight sat before his gas stove until morning, sucking at his pipe and pondering the abstract problem of his duty toward the state under these extraordinary circumstances. Fate had pitchforked his way. Also he summoned to his vision a tall gaunt man with a shriveled hand and a throat closed against speech who prowled through midnight wet, seeking some new hole to hide him—a man calling himself "Wilhelm, Imperator, Rex."

Two days passed and no Mr. Zweich appeared at Suydenham Walk to claim his baggage. The trunk with the portraits of the Kaiser went to the basement and a music-hall ventriloquist moved into Mr. Zweich's room. Still Straight had come to no satisfactory conclusion regarding his duty to the state. He purposely postponed clinching the issue until he could find a few hours' liberty from his office on Saturday half holiday.

When that opportunity came he went to the British Museum and was directed to the document room, where under glass the holographs of great men from Becket to Bryan live forever. After a search he found what he sought—a letter to King Edward VII signed "Wilhelm, I. R." Straight brought from his wallet the note he'd found under his door, spread it out on the glass above the letter to Britain's wise king. Stroke for stroke and shading for shading the handwriting of one matched that of the other.

Following Monday found Straight knocking at the door of the somebody of importance who was his superior in the Foreign Office. He had all the assurance of a man come to tell another he was wanted on a long-distance telephone call from Mars. But doggedly and with true British persistence in a sense of individual responsibility the assistant secretary had fought out with himself over the week-end all the pros and cons of possible scoffing and possible applause to attend his revelation of a great irregularity—a singularly flagrant irregularity—in the conduct of an important endeavor of government. Straight was received with just the proper balancing of condescension and tolerant interest meet for a somebody of importance toward a secretarial clerk.

He sat before a smoky grate of coals and bull-headed through his story, from Mr. Zweich and his Lutheran hymn chanting straight to "Wilhelm, I. R."

His superior wore a silver-mounted tiger's tooth on his heavy watch chain. One hand slowly twisted this charm on its swivel as the recital progressed as if the great man were industriously winding up his official aplomb against any unseemly demonstration of mere emotional—and consequently human—interest.

"Ah, very interesting," said the person of importance when Straight had done. The tiger's tooth got a final definitive twist. Straight rose to go.

"Of course, my dear fellow, you appreciate this is quite beyond the province of the Foreign Office—quite. Our work may be said to have been finished when Holland acceded to the former Kaiser's extradition. The Home Office now—I mean to say, you might write a report of these circumstances you have outlined to me—quite a complete report, you know—and submit it to me. I shall turn it over to the Home Office. And—ah—by the way, Straight, you might attach to your report that interesting note purporting to have been written by the former Kaiser. Um—yes—that will be all, I fancy."

The clerk bowed himself out and returned to his own cheerless cubicle down the dim hall. He felt a great relief. The chief had let him down very easy and all that; asked him to write a report. This, Straight knew, would be bound with a piece of pale-pink tape and laid away in the appropriate pigeonhole to acquire age. Nobody would read it of course. Yet his conscience was clear; his duty to the state was accomplished.

A fortnight passed. The trial of William Hohenzollern opened in ancient Westminster Hall. At the first solemn sitting of the court in these surroundings, rich in tradition of centuries and upon a case so unprecedented, the press of all the world had risen to the event with a crashing orchestration of trumpets and pipes. Imaginative crayons of word artists limned the ghost of Charles I—who had been tried and condemned in this hall—a ghost in somber black-and-gold armor to stand behind the chair of the German; caused the arras cloaking the walls to sway to the touch of Catharine of Aragon and Warren Hastings. With Dryden's minstrel, moralists and leader writers echoed solemn apostrophe:

—fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate.

So for a week, and then the exaltation passed, novelty died.

Came a sudden requisition on the Foreign Office for certain memoranda dealing with one of the involved issues of

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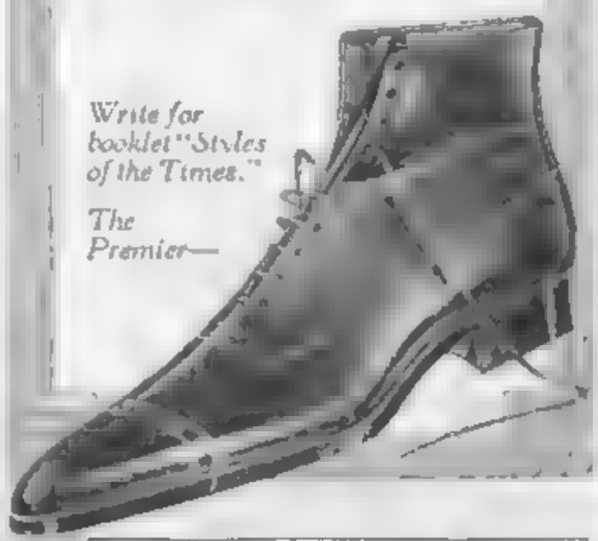

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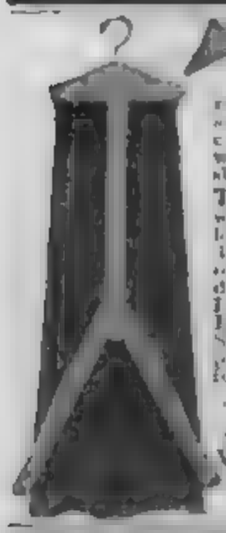

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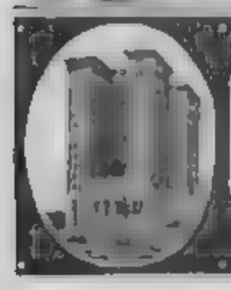

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extradition and jurisdiction. Christopher Straight was delegated to burrow through the archives of Department C, Subsection Seven, find the desired documents and deliver them to the proper crown officer at Westminster.

This he did, keen for opportunity to have admittance to the trial.

It was midafternoon when he presented himself at the door of Westminster. Long since the visitors' gallery had filled and a cordon of policemen denied admittance to all but officials. A pass won him through and a solemn-visaged attendant tiptoed ahead to conduct him by a side passage to the great trial hall. The attendant swung back a heavy door, waved the Foreign Office clerk through.

A vast dim vault, smelling of age, heavy with the weight of years of undisturbed air, sucked him into its vortex of silence. Dim lights, which only made the twilight dusk ponderable, revealed blending masses of blacks and grays—the black of judicial robes, the gray of curled wigs; behind and beyond a Gothic rail spectators' faces showed in long rows of putty-white; beneath a red-and-gold canopy, heavy as the drape of a catafalque, sat the five who judged. Straight's roving eyes picked out the spare white-headed figure of a man sitting a little apart and to the right of the judges' dais. He knew this was the man come to judgment—the man called William Hohenzollern.

Straight delivered his memoranda and found an unoccupied seat within the rail.

A voice thin and pattering as the trickle of rain in an eaves pipe was droning interminably. It hardly bruised the silence. Straight heeded it not at all. His eyes and his thoughts were on the gaunt man with the white head who was sitting a little apart, marked from all the rest in that great hall—the one who was the pivot upon which all this weight of solemnity and enginery of ritual turned. Who was he? What manner of man this one who dared the greatest hoax of history in sacrifice for a craven master?

The clerk from Downing Street felt a wild impulse battering at the armor of his self-control. He should stand before those five who judged and say: "You are being made fools. This man is an impostor, whom you are crushing with this pompous engine of the law. The real criminal is abroad in London. I talked with him no later than a fortnight ago. In a note addressed to me he signed himself in proper person and ——"

A voice cracked the ancient hall's deep hush. It came suddenly, stridently. Its timbre was strained and harsh. A figure had risen amongst the first row of gallery spectators—the figure of a tall white-headed man who carried one hand stiffly in a pocket while with the other he gesticulated wildly at the judges under their canopy.

"Stop this trial! It is a farce! Your prisoner there is not Wilhelm von Hohenzollern! He is Wilhelm Mueller, actor of Berlin. I am ——"

A great stir and buzzing in the dim hall. Spectators craned their necks, half rising from their seats. The gray pool of wigs rippled. There was a sound of hurrying feet—a single voice shouting an order.

"I am Wilhelm, former emperor of Germany"—the voice had risen to a guttural scream—"I am the prisoner of the world! Look upon me, Wilhelm von Hohenzollern!"

Two bluecoats were by the side of the interrupter. Straight, who had been gazing spellbound at the man he last had seen sick and well-nigh helpless in Mrs. Murfree's second back, saw the withered hand whip out of the pocket to battle against the officers.

"Wilhelm Mueller!" came the desperate cry from the gallery. "Wilhelm Mueller, I, your emperor, command you—declare yourself—declare I am that Wilhelm whom ——"

The voice died in a noise of scuffling. The officers dragged a struggling man beyond sight.

Straight looked from the gallery to the man who was prisoner of the court. He had not moved, had not turned even his head. White-faced, he looked steadily up at the five. And line for line, feature for feature, his was the face of Mr. Zweich, erstwhile lodger in the second back at Mrs. Murfree's—the face of the shouter from the gallery.

Two days after the incident in Westminster Hall Straight read in the Times this paragraph:

"The German unknown who on Wednesday created a scene before the International Tribunal in Westminster Hall by declaring he was William Hohenzollern and the prisoner at the bar merely an actor of Berlin was adjudged insane by His Honor, Justice Mayfield, in Westminster Court yesterday, and committed to the asylum at Highcombe. The police could find no record of him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly

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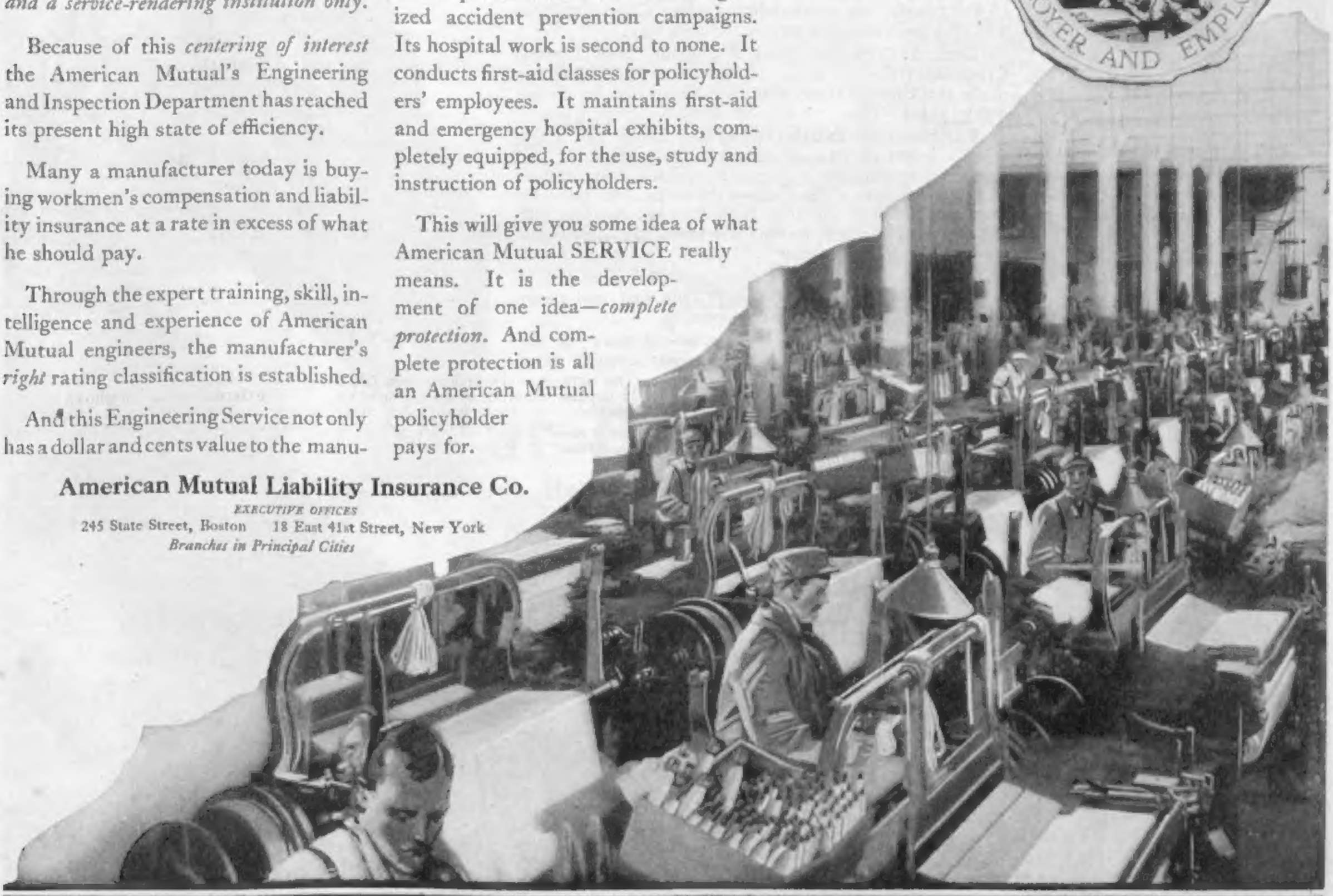

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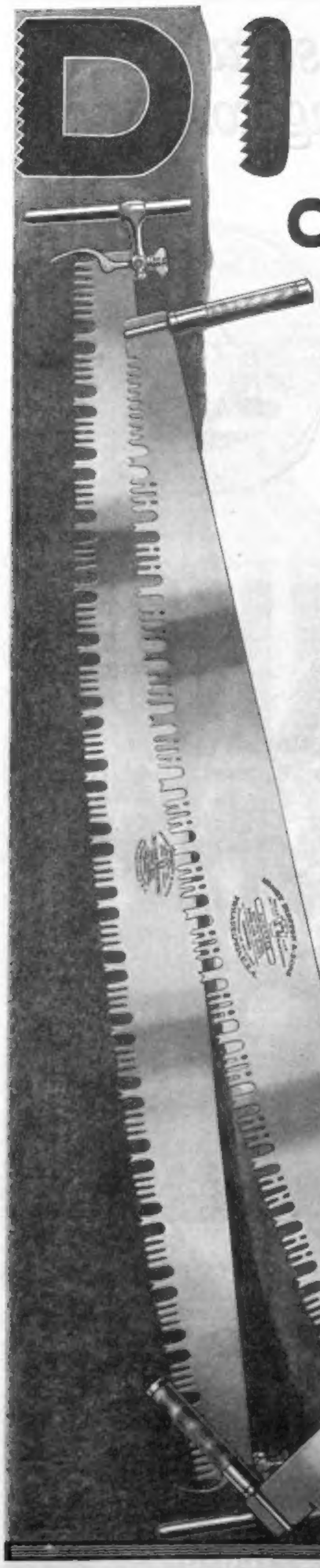

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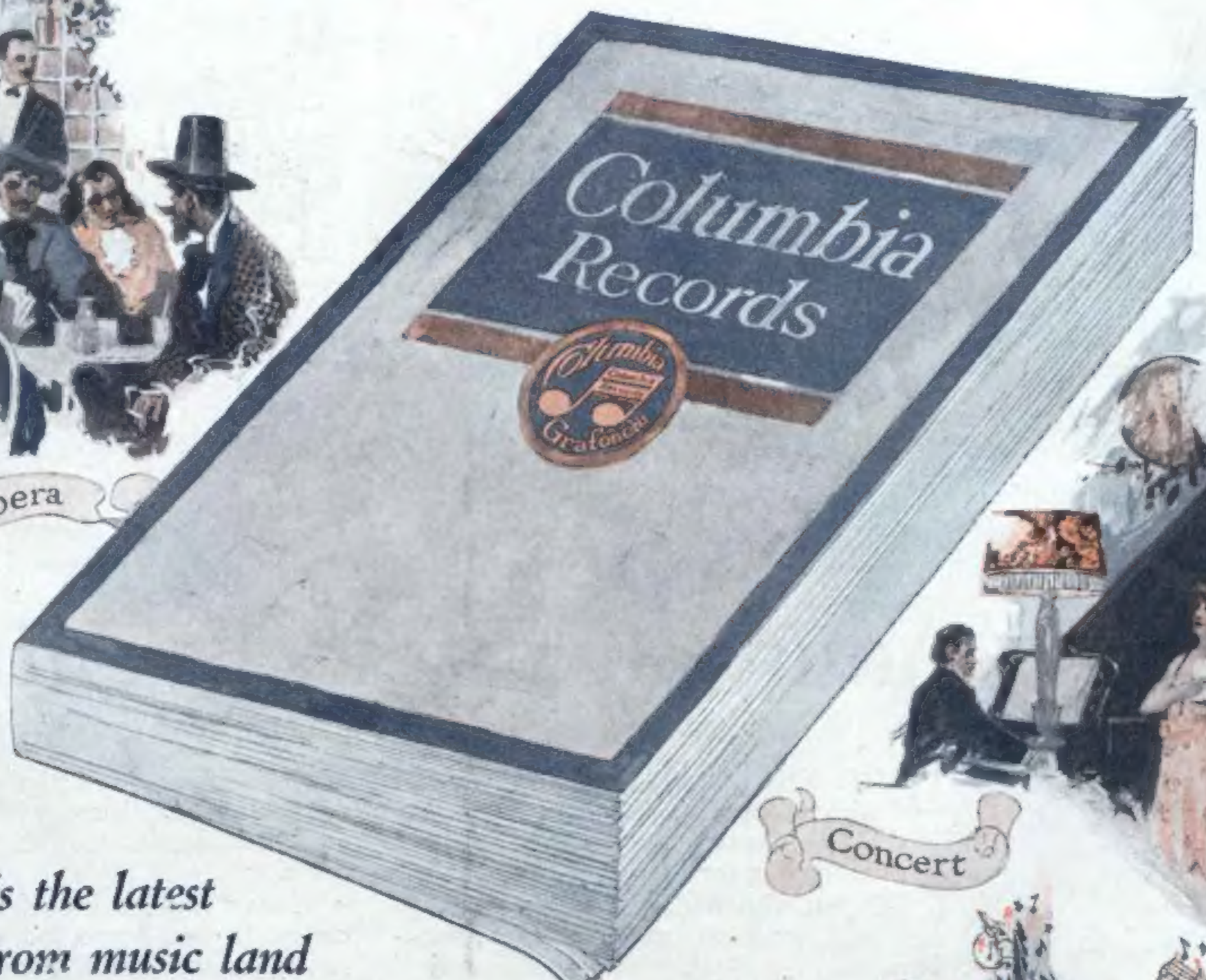

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